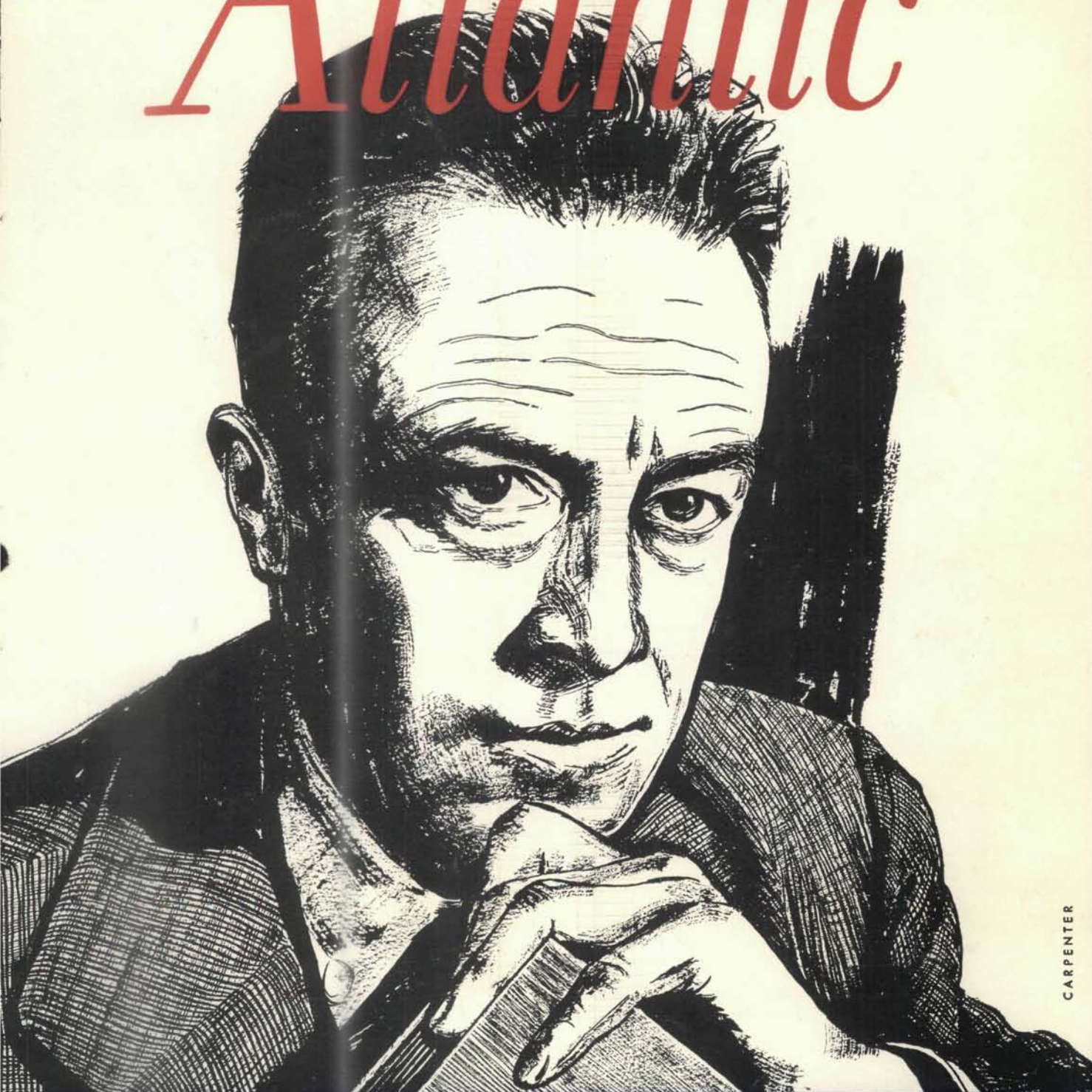


THE

May 1958, 60 cents

Atlantic



CARPENTER

ALBERT CAMUS: A Good Man
by Charles Rolo

and

CAMUS AT STOCKHOLM

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Juan Ramón Jiménez at the University of Puerto Rico, Río Piedras, near San Juan. Photograph by Michel Alexis.

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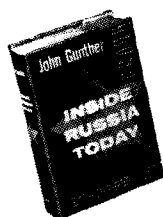
DRAWING OF ALBERT CAMUS BY RUSSELL CARPENTER
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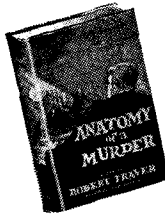
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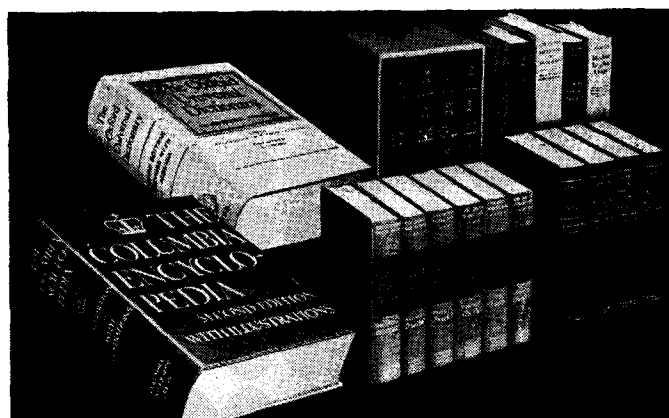
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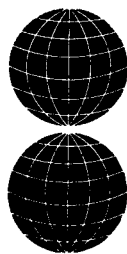
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SINGAPORE

AT THE end of World War II, when the British Labor Government bowed to Indian, Ceylonese, and Burmese demands for independence, Whitehall looked for a new Far Eastern base in which Britain's commercial interests in Asia could be coordinated with its foreign, colonial, and military policies. Its gaze rested on the island of Singapore, which hangs from the tip of the Malay Peninsula.

The Straits Settlements, consisting of Singapore, Penang, and Malacca, were broken up. Penang and Malacca came under the jurisdiction of Kuala Lumpur, the capital of the Federation of Malaya, while Singapore was officially designated a crown colony; and since Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, of the Honorable East India Company, had bought Singapore's 224 square miles of malarial swamp and jungle from the Sultan of Johore in 1819 for a down payment of about \$20,000, plus a lifetime annuity of \$8000, there seemed little reason why its status should ever change.

The population of Singapore when Raffles landed had totaled no more than fifty, and, as these were peripatetic Malay fishermen and pirates, there was no question of Britain's having imposed its authority on an alien people. Opportunity, not people, was what Britain had exploited in Singapore. Its growth could be attributed directly to Raffles' foresight. He saw it as the buoy on the southeastern corner of Asia, around which all seagoing traffic between India and China would have to turn, and he was sure it would grow as a free port into Asia's biggest shop.

Events justified his optimism. Within six months of its settlement, Singapore's population had risen to five thousand, and the harbor that had sprung up around its muddy little river was host to thirty-five thousand tons of shipping. Today the population, half of it under the age of twenty-one

and five sixths of it Chinese, is nearing the 1.5 million mark, and Singapore port this year is expected to handle more than eight million tons of general cargo and ten million tons of bulk mineral oil.

Smugglers' paradise

To some of Singapore's neighbors these figures are more a source of anger than of admiration. For instance, Indonesia, struggling to conserve its foreign exchange and to restrict expenditure on luxury imports, sees the colony as a protected smugglers' cove and a serious threat to its own economic well-being.

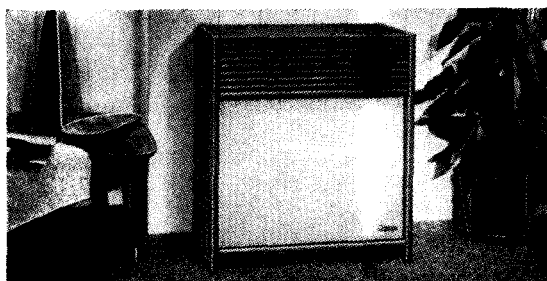
As the world's primary rubber market, Singapore handles upwards of three hundred thousand tons of Indonesian rubber each year. Of this, almost a third reaches its markets by methods that are illegal at the Indonesian end but of no concern to Singapore, which is untroubled by doctored manifests or the nighttime arrival of tongkangs loaded down with smuggled cargo.

The rebel leaders in Sumatra and the Celebes use Singapore freely as their chief barter center, and such are the profits of this trade that a tongkang may be reckoned to pay for itself in three trips. The smugglers make their money both coming and going. In place of the rubber and copra that they take to Singapore, they load up with consumer goods, and, judging by the quantity exported in this way to the adjoining Riouw Archipelago, the inhabitants of those islands must have enough pens, radios, bicycles, sport shirts, and other bric-a-brac to equip a population ten times greater. On the profits of this trade, Singapore's standard of living has been rising at the rate of more than 5 per cent a year; and the per capita income of \$400 a year is several times greater than that of most Asian countries.



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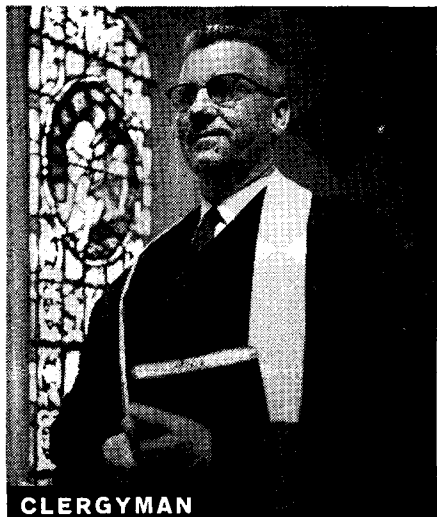
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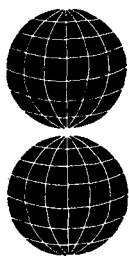
Mary Hammond supplements her income from General Electric's Pension Plan with dividends from General Electric stock.



GENERAL ELECTRIC DEALER

Share owner Allen Merriam also owns one of the 400,000 independent firms which sell and service General Electric products.

Report on Singapore



Last year the Singapore government briefly considered imposing a purchase tax on luxury goods. The plan was hastily dropped when it was discovered that almost all consumer goods were re-exported to countries that imposed a purchase tax. Of 134,500 radio sets imported into Singapore over a three-year period, for instance, only 31,000 sets were either officially re-exported or sold for use locally; the rest, it was clear, had left the colony in the bottoms of the tongkangs and junks that crowd into the Singapore River.

Population boom

With the exception of Tokyo and Peiping, no Asian city in recent years has grown, or improved, more rapidly than Singapore. A slum clearance program by the official Singapore Improvement Trust resulted in the rapid construction of scores of new apartment buildings, which were made available at low rates of rental to families that had hitherto existed in cubicles. The boom in rubber and tin during the Korean War also sparked private enterprise into action, and with a plenitude of unskilled labor, modern, California-style bungalows appeared like mushrooms in the residential suburbs.

Nevertheless, the annual natural increase in population of more than 50,000 continues to outstrip the colony's building and construction capacity and, despite the progress of the last decade, slum dwellers continue to number an estimated 10 per cent of the population. There are also serious income inequalities. On the one hand there is a substantial Chinese class that is wealthy, on the other an infinitely larger section of the population that works for a living in sweatshop conditions.

Since the Europeans total fewer than 20,000, the exploitation here is largely by Chinese of Chinese. The British have long been conscious of this situation, but remedial action has always been difficult in the face of what appears to be a complete lack of community consciousness among the majority of the population. Kidnaped Chinese millionaires pay the ransom rather than invoke police aid.

Life in Singapore, in fact, invites comparison with a Ferris wheel, with the Indian, Pakistani, Malay, European, and Eurasian minorities in their own little compartments revolving helplessly on

the periphery of the closed Chinese circle. By dint of much hard work, the British secured three hundred Chinese detectives for the Criminal Investigation Department and another hundred and fifty for the uniformed branch, but in a police force of approximately four thousand only slightly more than six hundred are Chinese.

Gang wars

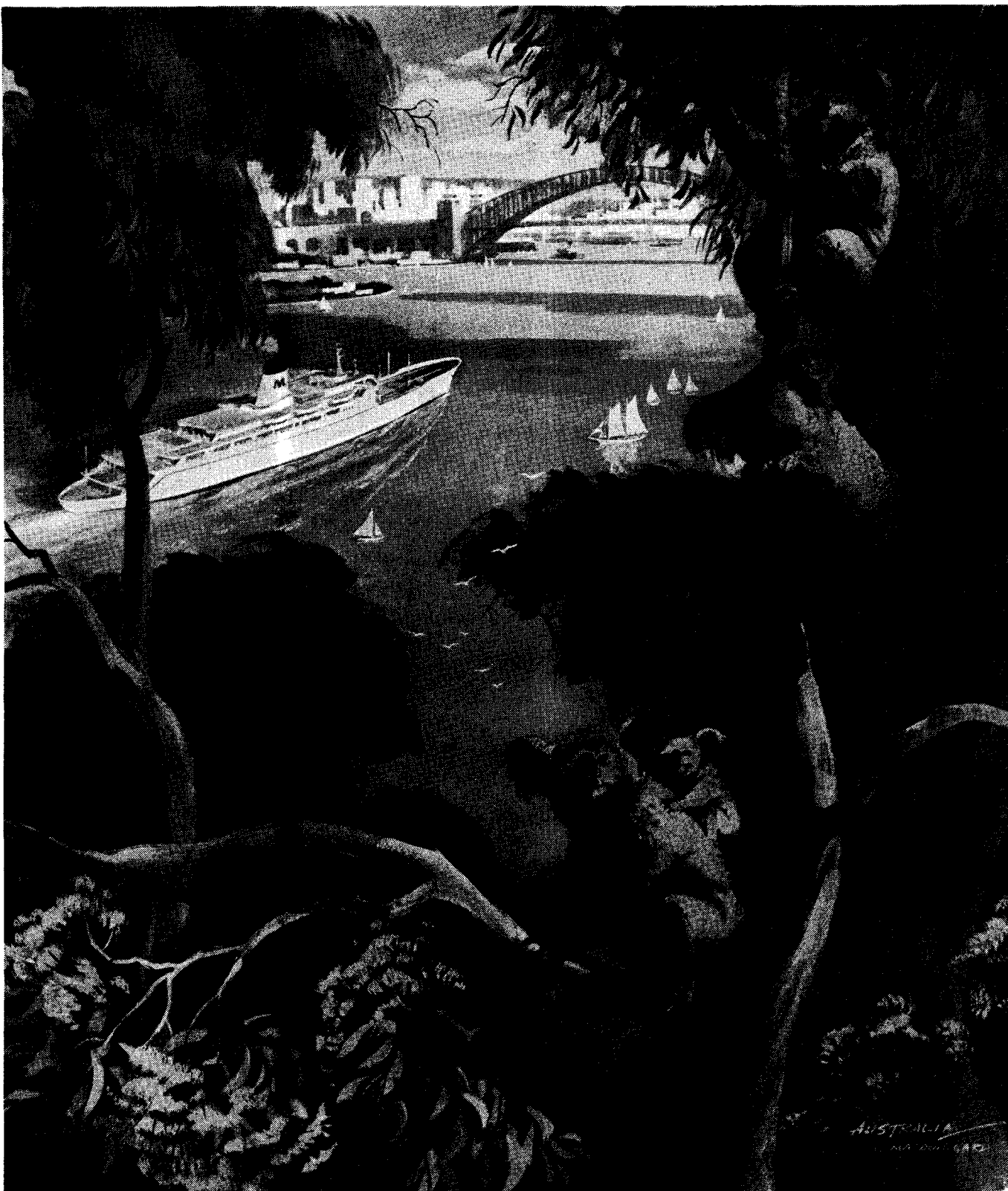
From the earliest days of Singapore the Chinese secret societies have acted as a state within the state, making their own laws and ruling with the knife and the gun. By conservative estimate there are still three hundred secret societies with a total membership of ten thousand in the colony. They have turned the city's shady night life into a vast protection racket, with taxi dancers, hawkers, and bar owners all paying protection money or the bloody penalties exacted by the societies' thugs. Early this year a society member was shot dead by a detective as he hacked at a hawker with a parang, the sharp-bladed Malay knife. Next day sixty members of the society, their faces shielded behind fans, attended their comrade's funeral.

Before World War II, the Kuomintang flourished in Singapore despite repeated British pleas that the Chinese when they came to Malaya should leave their domestic politics behind. But the Kuomintang's decline was accompanied by a corresponding increase in Communist support. The semiautonomous nature of Chinese society in the colony provided almost unlimited opportunities for subversion in the Chinese schools, which had become "little Marxist academies" before anyone suspected the danger.

The Communists also worked hard on the industrial front, finding mass support in factories and shops, where conditions of employment were often cause for legitimate grievances. Thus, the British found themselves confronted with a twin threat to their new Far Eastern headquarters: an inevitable demand for an increasing degree of self-determination, coupled with the unpalatable evidence that by granting a large measure of self-government they might find the air and naval bases that they proposed to retain in Singapore established in a de facto colony of Peiping.

Qualified autonomy

Second thoughts about the folly of separating Singapore from Malaya could not put the pieces together again. Malcolm MacDonald, former British commissioner general in Southeast Asia, saw a solution in the creation of a new British dominion that would include the Federation of Malaya, Singapore, and the British Borneo territories of Sarawak, Brunei, and North Borneo. The proposal had merit, but little that the colonial territories could see.



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Report on Singapore



Singapore was anxious enough to join Malaya, but Tengku Abdul Rahman shuddered at the thought. Singapore's Chinese population, added to Malaya's, would eliminate the Malays' already thin numerical majority and reinforce the ranks of the Malayan Communist Party.

Under normal circumstances Singapore, which is joined to Malaya by a causeway three quarters of a mile long and which handles most of Malaya's rubber and tin, as well as its banking and insurance, is, in effect, the New York of Malaya, and the separation of the two territories makes little economic sense. But since Malaya does not want Singapore, and the Borneo territories do not want one another, little progress has been made toward unification.

Instead, Singapore has moved steadily, if sometimes tempestuously, toward a form of self-government that will give it qualified autonomy. Britain will continue to accept responsibility for its defense and external affairs while a committee, under the chairmanship of the United Kingdom commissioner and consisting of two other British members, the prime minister of Singapore assisted by two ministers, and one minister from the Federation of Malaya, will have overriding authority in matters concerning the new state's internal security.

After a false start in 1956, an agreement was successfully negotiated in London in 1957 by an all-party delegation from Singapore, led by Lim Yew Hock, head of the Labor Front Alliance government. In his period as chief minister, Lim, a former trade union organizer, has been vigorously and courageously anti-Communist. Despite repeated threats against his life, he began a campaign to break up the Communist groups in the Chinese schools and dissolved the Chinese Student's Union, whose ten thousand members were a rioting force.

Lim then turned his fire on the Communist-led Singapore Factory and Shopworkers' Union and the Communist wing of the People's Action Party, using his special powers under the public security ordinance to throw the leaders into jail. His firmness encouraged both Whitehall and anti-Communists in Singapore to view the future with optimism.

Events in recent months have brought new clouds to the Singapore scene, however. In City Council elections, the anti-Communist Labor Front was eclipsed by the People's Action Party under the leadership of Lee Kuan Yew.

Political high jinks

Of the half million on the electoral rolls, only 176,000 turned up to cast their ballots. Lim is fighting for time. He plans to postpone the legislative assembly elections, which were due to be held in August as a prologue to self-government, until April of next year. He is also investigating the Australian system of compulsory voting, in the hope that by sending the politically ingenuous to the polls he may submerge the obedient and indoctrinated ranks of the extreme left wing. He concedes that his chances are doubtful. Both the left wing and the right wing of the People's Action Party have substantial mass support, and it is far from clear where the two divide.

Lee Kuan Yew, who studied law at Cambridge and is a gifted orator, represents the right wing. He is shocked by the extent of the Communist following in Singapore and in his own party, yet he often outbids the Communist wing of his party in his vituperative outbursts. He saw in the Indonesian expulsion of the Dutch a precedent that might well be followed in Singapore.

His colleague, Ong Eng Guan, the new mayor, also represents the right wing of the People's Action Party. He began his period in office by throwing out the mace as a "colonial relic," tearing down the Union Jacks in the council chamber, and inviting party followers to watch the council at work. Hundreds of barefooted and shirtless Chinese youths crowded into the chamber, jeering and hooting when council members spoke in English and cheering Ong and former Chief Minister David

Marshall, who saluted his followers' applause by waving a huge hammer, the symbol of the new left-wing Indian Workers' Party.

Singapore was still ruefully analyzing these high jinks when the British Government announced in its defense report that it planned to maintain an all-purpose naval force there. To many this seemed to point to the abrogation of the new constitution and a return to colonial rule.

Prime Minister Macmillan quickly scotched these rumors when he passed through Singapore at the conclusion of his Commonwealth tour. "We shall proceed with what we have undertaken," he said. "I regret Communism everywhere, but the proper people to deal with Communism in Singapore are the people of Singapore."

This shock treatment produced some unexpected results. Businessmen of all nationalities realized that they would have to prepare to live with the People's Action Party. It was also suggested that Mayor Ong was perhaps speaking the truth when he referred to the incompetence and corruption of previous city administrations.

Safeguard against extremism

The People's Action Party, which had been confidently predicting that it would win the assembly election and be denied, by Britain, the opportunity of forming a government, reacted unpredictably to the Macmillan statement. If it was too much to hope that the prospect of responsibility would breed responsibility, there were now some indications that it might beget moderation.

Realizing that socialism will not work in such a small entrepôt state, Lee Kuan Yew's objective is to persuade Tengku Abdul Rahman to accept Singapore as Malaya's twelfth state, thus providing him and his party with a wider and more fertile field for their endeavors. His chances are remote now; they would be wholly destroyed by irresponsible government. Here, then, is one unexpected safeguard against extremism. But the question for Singapore, for Southeast Asia, for Malaya for Britain, and for Lee Kuan Yew himself is whether he has the power to control the Communists in his party.



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The Atlantic Report WASHINGTON

THE economy this spring is, by every known measuring stick, far more fundamentally sound than it was in the years of the Great Depression. Congress acted quickly to pump cash into the economic bloodstream, as it had in the first months after FDR came to power, but there were differences of great importance.

For one thing, the legislative branch was moving faster than the executive branch, and moving in a coordinated direction. The two top congressional Democrats, Senate Leader Johnson and House Speaker Rayburn, had agreed on a program and had advanced it in the name of "non-partisanship," although this did not eliminate highly partisan references to the "Eisenhower recession" or prevent the Democratic National Committee from attributing an "erroneous economic policy" to "the Eisenhower-Nixon Administration." The more liberal Republicans, tired, as one of them put it, of "being clobbered," struggled to come out on top by demanding even faster action than the Johnson-Rayburn timetable called for on emergency housing legislation and on bills to extend unemployment insurance for the workers whose benefits had been exhausted.

This latter proposal, an Administration proposal pushed by Labor Secretary Mitchell, Vice President Nixon, and other colleagues of similar liberal persuasion, represents a landmark in both American and Republican history. In many ways it epitomizes the beginning of a new era.

Back in 1935 the Social Security Act was bitterly attacked by almost all Republicans, even to the extent of charges during the 1936 presidential campaign that FDR wanted to put a social security dog tag around every American's neck. The act set up the outlines of unemployment insurance; and during succeeding years the system was worked out which prevails today: a tax on employers alone of a basic 2.7 per cent of their payrolls to feed a federal Unemployment Trust Fund. The percentages vary, depending on an employer's unemployment record, but in all states except Alabama and New Jersey the money is

paid wholly by the employer, unlike taxes for retirement benefits, which are paid by both employer and employee.

In the last full fiscal year, ending last June 30, there were some \$8.5 billion in the Unemployment Trust Fund, invested in government bonds and therefore available to finance other government expenditures. In fiscal 1957, payments into the fund were some \$40 million more than the \$1.5 billion paid out.

The insured now include about 43 million of the nation's 65 million civilian workers, though the weeks of unemployment compensation and the dollar amount vary, depending on state laws. By early February, benefits were exhausted for a million and a half, and the number continued to increase into the spring.

It was in this context, then, that the Administration reached the decision that the federal government should extend unemployment benefits by at least thirteen weeks. The Democrats wanted a longer period, and Republican Senator Case of New Jersey offered a bill for such payments to run through the balance of the calendar year 1958.

The vital aspect of the Administration plan was that it put the federal Treasury in the unemployment compensation business. The money will come solely from the Treasury and, of course, will add to what clearly will be a huge deficit in the budget by the time this fiscal year ends on June 30 — the biggest deficit by far of the Eisenhower Administration, and following two years ending in the black, of which the GOP had been boasting.

The Administration shifts gears

More important, of course, than the budget or even the nature of the unemployment compensation measure is the philosophy that the measure bespeaks. In the 1952 campaign the Democrats tried once more to "run against Hoover"; that is, against Republican economic policies linked in the voters' minds, rightly or wrongly, with the Republican Administration during the Great Depres-

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food prices. At a time like the present, when there is upward pressure on the prices of everything, it seems we need more and more competitive forces, like trading stamps, in the marketplace.

* * *

REFERENCES: "Status of Trading Stamps in Food and Drug Stores." Selling Research, Inc., New York, 1957.

"Competition and Trading Stamps in Retailing." Dr. Eugene R. Beem, School of Business Administration, University of California.

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Report on Washington



sion. Eisenhower said from the start that his Administration would never permit another depression. After the 1953-1954 recession, the Administration was able to claim that it had brought an upswing by monetary measures without deficit financing. And for many months in the 1957-1958 recession the Administration hoped to do the same.

But as the trough deepened, and as a result of Democratic pressures in Congress and the fact that Senate Republican Leader Knowland is a candidate for governor of California and is therefore especially vulnerable this year, the Administration began to give ground. The President first backed down on his post-Sputnik call to Congress to sacrifice less essential domestic programs in order to increase defense spending within

a balanced budget. Then he began to release impounded funds, already voted by Congress but held up by the Budget Bureau, for all sorts of projects. Next, he asked new funds for rivers and harbors and flood control (which he formerly resisted, justifiably, as "pork barrel" projects) and for Health, Education, and Welfare Department programs. The President did not push for a return to plans for federal aid for school construction, which he had urged in previous years but abandoned last fall.

All of these actions fell within the Eisenhower thesis, as he described it to newsmen, that the government must be "watchful of the economy" and "must keep it prosperous" and "keep our prosperity widely shared." It was not, however, until the President agreed to the unemployment dole directly from the federal Treasury that he broke completely with the Republican past. And yet he could claim that he was acting within the generalization which he so often attributes to Lincoln, the first Republican President, that the federal government should perform

an essential task only when it cannot otherwise be adequately performed by the citizenry.

This new Republican policy with all its ramifications — and it is being stamped as party policy by the votes of election-fearful members of both House and Senate, despite the personal misgivings of many of the older, more conservative members — is an event of historic importance.

Every foreigner who comes to the Capital during these recession months comes with the memory of the Great Depression, a memory not only from the history books but one sharpened by the constant crowing from the Kremlin of the superiority of the Communist economic system, with its alleged abolition of unemployment. It was not by accident that Nikita Khrushchev recently declared that "the Russian people are not happy that so many American people are suffering. The older people in the Soviet Union still remember pre-revolutionary hard times. Now, however, the people see that the future belongs to the Socialist world, which does away with all hardship."

Thus the American economic recession bears directly on the East-West competition, the so-called peaceful coexistence. For that reason, what the Eisenhower Administration has been doing this spring, despite its reluctance or misgivings, has great importance abroad as well as at home. No American government, regardless of party, can ever again consider allowing a major recession to run its course; it is bound by precedent, which the voters will not permit it to ignore, to act aggressively to turn the economic curve upward. Only when the current recession has ended and can be fully analyzed will we know the importance of the steps taken, including the federal unemployment compensation move. But already it is apparent here that this recession has earned a place in the American history books for reasons beyond mere economics.

More talk

By spring the East-West dialogue, most of which was carried on in public, reached an impasse on the mechanics of arranging a Summit meeting, on who should attend, and

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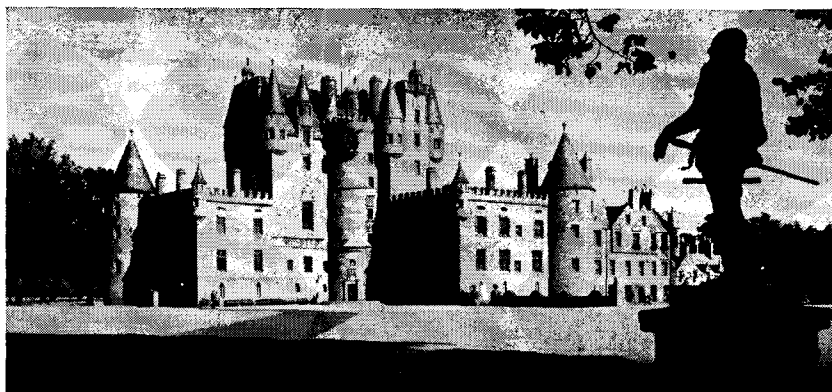
Last year was one of the worst disaster years of this century, and the year before, 1956, was almost as bad. Every month and in every state, the Red Cross strained to the limit as hurricanes, floods, tornadoes, forest fires swept across the country.

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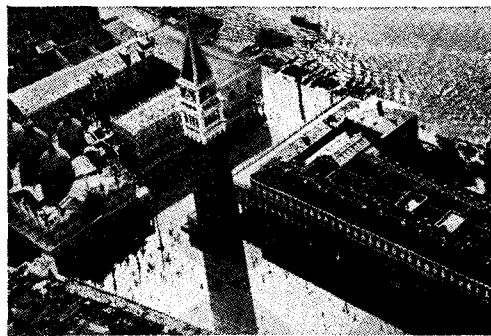
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Report on Washington



on the vital question of what was to be discussed by the heads of government. As it became clear that the Kremlin was in no mood to negotiate German reunification or even to permit discussion of what Dulles terms "the East European satellite question," the core of the problem is the arms race and how to slow it down.

Discussion of disengagement in Central Europe, either through the Soviet-backed Polish plan for an atom-free zone or through Kennan's idea of a militarily neutral area, became a side issue. So did the argument in Washington on whether or not the West should agree to a suspension of nuclear testing.

The central issue, it has now turned out, is over the control of what the United States terms "outer space" and which, for some reason, the Russians translate from their language into English as "cosmic space." It is the coming of the Russian intercontinental ballistic missile which has raised this issue — and the fact that the Soviets have the ICBM while, according to Atomic Energy Commissioner Willard F. Libby, the United States has yet to test its ICBM nuclear warhead.

The balance of terror

It is always a gamble to speculate on Soviet motivation. But Washington observers agree that the Kremlin had begun to worry lest the President's reiteration of the need to control outer space would touch an even more receptive chord around the world than the old Soviet cry of "ban the bomb." After all, how can one oppose the idea of making sure that outer space is used only for peaceful purposes?

The initial Soviet response to Eisenhower's proposal was limited agreement. Slowly this response has been spelled out. Khrushchev wrote the *New Statesman* in London that



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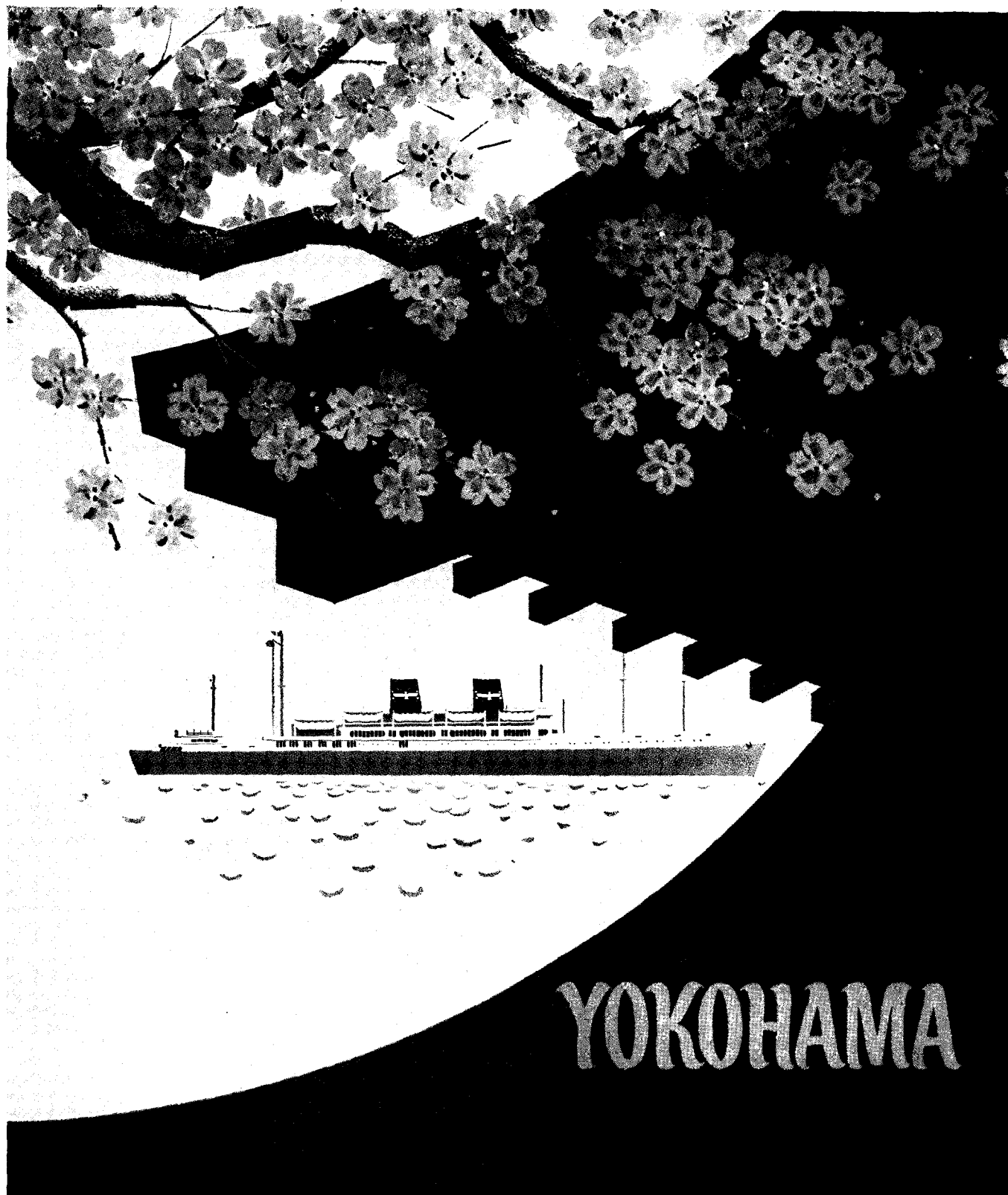
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Report on Washington



the ICBM gave Russia the means to strike back if the Americans attacked. He claimed that the real reason the United States wants to control outer space is to deprive the Soviets of this power of self-defense while leaving the Americans the ability to strike Russia from overseas bases, either by planes or short-range missiles. To prevent America from achieving "a more advantageous position," argued Khrushchev, control of our outer space must be linked to liquidation of those bases.

This argument is attractive in purely military terms, though both sides have omitted, thus far, what will soon be a complicating factor: the nuclear submarines with at least 1500-mile long-range missiles. Many Washington observers believe in fact, that only when such rival fleets are in being, in large numbers, will the balance of terror be established firmly enough as to deny each side the possibility of annihilating with a single blow the other's power to strike a deadly counterblow.

Dulles has, more and more, concentrated his thinking on the outer space issue. When he was in Manila at the SEATO conference, he said that the United States might agree to a Summit meeting on the single issue of outer space, provided it was well prepared—that is, provided there was reason to believe that the Soviet Union might come to terms. But the Russians responded with a four-point proposal for a United Nations organization to ban military use of space, to liquidate American bases, to set up international controls, and to provide for international cooperation in outer space research, along with talk of joint projects to control the weather, make the deserts bloom, and fight disease.

This was a clever turn of the card, and it was quickly recognized as such in Washington. There is a wide desire among scientists in the United States for such cooperation

with the Russians, military projects aside. The burden now has been put on the President and Dulles to argue that the Russians must give up the ICBMs while the Americans continue to use a ring of bases which come close to surrounding the Communist Eurasian land mass. This, indeed, will be difficult to do. Dulles had reached the conclusion, before the formal Soviet proposal, that the Soviet would reject control of outer space on American terms. But now once again the burden of saying no has been put on the United States.

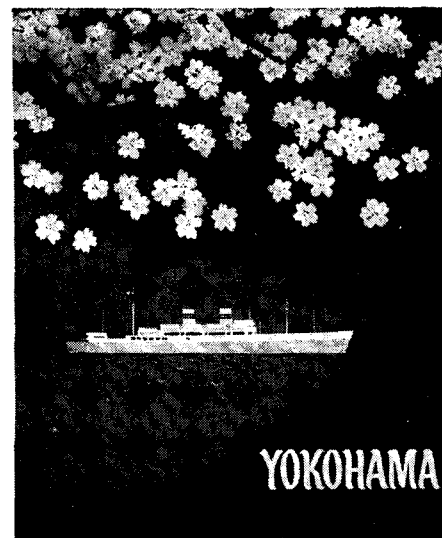
The impasse seems inescapable, despite all the continuing talk of a Summit conference this summer. If a conference does occur, it will be the result of some new factor. Here the Soviets are counting on allied pressures on Washington to force Eisenhower to the meeting on essentially Russian terms, not to mention on a basis of equal representation for the two sides among the others present. Whether this will occur may depend on issues which alarmed Washington this spring, especially the decay in France and the emergence of new power for Nasser in the Middle East resulting from his open row with King Saud, and the transfer of power to the King's brother.

Whether or not a Summit meeting is held, there can be no major arms limitation agreement (and Dulles will fight any minor agreement on the grounds that it would only lull the free world) until there is a world-recognized parity in the realm of intercontinental missiles.

Mood of the Capital

The hopeless deadlock over the presidential disability issue is attributable in large measure to fears by Democratic House Speaker Sam Rayburn, with an assist from former President Truman, that the Republican politicians may talk Eisenhower into making "Nixon "acting President" long enough to build him up for 1960, however groundless most observers feel such reasoning is.

The President's agreement with Nixon on the issue has added to that fear and increased Rayburn's opposition to any legislative solution which does not give Congress a say in the matter, something the Administration will not accept.



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The Atlantic Report LONDON



THE need for a settlement "at the Summit" is foremost in the thinking of large numbers of Britons this spring. Pressure for a Summit conference is one of several notable developments that seem likely to change the shape of the year. The others are the balancing of fears between slump and inflation, a fresh flowering of hope in the British Commonwealth as an expansionist entity, and the safe production within the hydrogen-power machine at Harwell of pulses of heat as hot as the sun.

Prime Minister Macmillan's cautious initiative in his replies to Bulganin is the product of the very best political advice. That advice, in brief, is to keep in step with President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles and if possible at least one pace ahead. Britons now judge each step, and each statesman, by the single criterion of how far each has advanced the West toward the Summit.

One immediate result has been a sharp deterioration in Anglo-American relations. Dulles has lost his last supporters outside the reluctant ranks of officialdom. The jokes about the President's golf grow more bitter. Remarks by columnist Joseph Alsop — "London is a city that all but stinks of defeat" and "They hunger for negotiation-just-for-negotiation's-sake" — have stung the British to a fierce resentment.

There can be no denying, however, that there exists in Britain a pressure for peace that is reminiscent of the thirties. At that time millions signed the Peace Ballot, and Oxford undergraduates passed a resolution that they would rather not fight for King and Country. (And both misled and encouraged Adolph Hitler.)

Today one does hear alarming phrases like this: "After occupation, life goes on. After an H-bomb, it ceases." Bertrand Russell, on the philosophic fringe, has been joined by a bluff military expert, Commander Sir Stephen King-Hall, in a demand for unilateral British renunciation of nuclear weapons. Both on the Conservative Right and on the Left there has been concern about the wisdom

of allowing United States aircraft to fly in British air with H-bombs. This has been augmented at times by a demand to Macmillan to "provide the leadership that President Eisenhower ought to be showing but is not."

The Labor Party is split more deeply and seriously than the Tories. It offers as its official policy a temporary halt to tests of bombs, but no more. Hugh Gaitskell has had to get tough to limit the rebellious activities of a "Victory for Socialism" group that wants much more and has threatened to become a party within the party. Bevan, strangely ineffective, has given Gaitskell his hand. But not his heart.

Analogy with Munich?

Macmillan no doubt sometimes looks uneasily back to Munich. Chamberlain in 1938 confused surrender and the seeds of war with "peace in our time." One recalls that at the time he was brought out on the balcony of Buckingham Palace by the King and Queen to share the cheers of multitudinous Londoners.

Today, of course, the British deny any possible analogy to Munich. Then there was no Anglo-American alliance. Then a single dictator quite openly threatened to extend his frontiers by the threat of military powers. Now, the British claim, even power itself has changed. The threat is different. And, in spite of alarms, the Anglo-American alliance is a fact. American airmen are in Britain; American rockets on the way. Britain itself provides extra H-bomb power for the alliance. It spends proportionately more on defense than any other United States ally. The Government has not been pressured aside from its predetermined course.

But Macmillan, while aware that no crowd these days would gather outside the palace to cheer if he traded West Germany, say, for "peace in our time," is well aware also that the British electorate would almost certainly put back in power a Government that had led the way to a settlement which genuinely relaxed world tensions. This is

the one issue that really stirs the electorate. Therein lies Macmillan's greatest, perhaps only, chance of turning the now ebbing tide to victory in 1959 or 1960.

The distrust of Germany

Germany, meanwhile, is not exactly popular with the British. Distrust goes deeper than the dispute over the £50 million that the British claim the Germans ought to pay toward the cost of supporting British troops on German soil. But the fear that Germany may take over Western Europe through the six-nation Common Market is for the moment overshadowed by another: that France will smash the Free Trade Area scheme altogether, as it smashed the European Defense Community, with serious repercussions to the whole free world.

French objections make it doubtful that the British plan for a ring of industrial-free-trade nations around the Common Market, linking it to a wider world, will ever materialize. The British say the involved French counterplan is unworkable. And they are afraid that the Common Market alone could become a divisive rather than a uniting influence, forming a new protective bloc cut off from its neighbors and dominated not by France but by Germany.

Commonwealth trade

Concern over Germany and France helps turn Britain's thoughts to its own Commonwealth. The Commonwealth trade conference, fixed for September, assumes much more significance than it was originally given. It is now seen to offer a possible hedge against delay in setting up a European Free Trade Area, or failure to promote it, and also against an American recession. A trade recession produced the Ottawa Agreements of 1932, which set the pattern of Imperial Preferences. Although they have been whittled down and renamed, they continue to this day. The Commonwealth can be a force for stability.

Whether the Commonwealth can be turned into an expansionist force remains to be seen. The odds at present seem to be against that. It is true that 40 per cent of Britain's trade is still done with the Commonwealth. But the trend of trade is in the other direction. Trade has ex-

"Are Catholics Afraid to Disobey The Church?"

"Catholics," said Joe Page, "go to Mass because they have to.

"I know some Catholics who would like to sleep late on Sunday mornings, but they don't dare. And some of them would like to eat meat on Friday, too. The Church tells Catholics they can't do this and they must do that ... and they're afraid to disobey."

Joe is partly right, of course. There are times when it would be more comfortable for a Catholic to miss Mass, more enjoyable to have steak instead of fish on Friday. And there are other laws and duties imposed by the Church that may conflict at times with the whim or convenience of the individual.

Observing these things, an outsider may well wonder why Catholics submit to such discipline. Is it because of fear, as Joe Page suggests? And with all the "do's and don'ts" imposed by the Church, does it really pay to be a Catholic?

Nobody knows better than a Catholic that his religion is not an easy one. It requires him to obey serious laws and fulfill burdensome duties which he would not have to do if he were not a Catholic.

What is it, then that impels hundreds of millions of people to remain Catholics instead of choosing an easier, less disciplined spiritual life?

Catholics remain steadfast in their faith primarily because they believe it to be the religion given to us by God Himself for the salvation of our souls. They believe, as they have from the time of the Apostles, that the Church was founded by Jesus Christ and invested with the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of Truth, to insure the infallibility of its teaching.

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provides all of the seven grace-giving Sacraments, instituted by Jesus to help us find the way of life pleasing to God. In purely human affairs, it stands invincibly for a code of Christian morality based upon the laws of God and the teachings of Our Lord.

Sometimes, even to Catholics who are personally inconvenienced, the attitude of the Church on a particular matter may seem harsh and arbitrary; yet knowing the Church to be founded in truth, and incapable of deceit, they willingly accept its teachings and abide by its discipline.

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Report on London



panded most since the war between manufacturing countries. The United States has become Britain's best single customer. Industrial Europe also claims a continually increasing share.

The British consumer's own preferences underline the trend. Since 1953 the average Briton's spending on automobiles has increased 50 per cent, on record players 108 per cent, on electric shavers 103 per cent, on washing machines 61 per cent. Spending on food has gone up less than 2 per cent per annum, on housing less than one per cent, on drink and tobacco between 2 and 3 per cent.

Britain's greatest export trade is in machinery, automobiles, household gadgets, radios, aircraft, and

steel. (And whisky.) It is hard to avoid the conclusion that expansion still depends upon the mutual trade of the industrial countries.

"Don't force us to choose between Europe and the Commonwealth," pleaded Reginald Maudling in Paris. But in fact there may be no choice possible. Exclusion from Europe would seriously weaken Britain and consequently the North Atlantic alliance, whatever happens to Commonwealth trade.

The riddle of the budget

Economically Britain is now in its usual position of paradox. Official opinion is neatly balanced between the fear of a slump and the continuing fear of inflation. The balance was reflected in Heathcoat Amory's April budget. This was presented to a Parliament containing as many as five recent Chancellors of the Exchequer. There were Thorneycroft, who resigned; Macmillan, who was promoted; Butler, who had had enough; Gaitskell, who was defeated; and Dalton, who was indiscreet. None successfully solved the riddle of the economy.

Thorneycroft may claim to have done more than anyone else to steady and then to strengthen the pound, even if in his term he achieved only stability. He emerges after his resignation a very much stronger Tory figure than he seemed before it. He is adamant that Britain's prime need is a stable currency, that this will in time produce greater individual benefits than subsidized welfare, and that a definite limit must be put on government spending.

Amory, succeeding him, has agreed to more government spending than was estimated last year. But Thorneycroft's gesture has focused a dazzling light on the high cost of government and the relation of that high cost to the value of money. Even socialists have had to admit that in the future, planning and controls will not be enough but that cuts in state spending will have to be made. Socialists would make them in defense.

The government is still intent on proving that an inflation, even if provoked by the continual increase of wages in excess of output, can be overcome by orthodox monetary means without producing a slump. It appointed a Council on Wages, Prices, and Productivity which infuriated trade-union opinion by heartily endorsing that conclusion.

Unemployment slowly increased (to 2 per cent) throughout the spring. But permanent officials of the Treasury have recently put forward a confident view that "the scope for more efficient production has been much increased by the extra capacity installed in the past three years."

But more people, notably among trade unionists, are beginning to wonder whether perhaps inflation was not the goose that laid the golden eggs. Is it victory that has been achieved, or execution? Certainly the "extra capacity" cannot be used unless there is an increase in effective demand.

The disturbing thought is that in Britain's circumstances an increase in demand has got to come from overseas. Were it to come from the home market it might unbalance Britain's trade again and cause another run on the pound.

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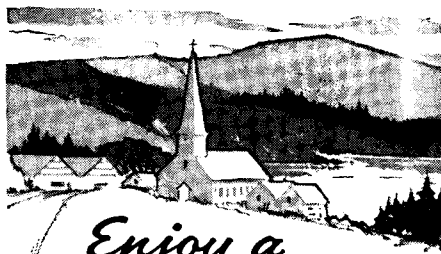
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Americans thus may be well advised to expect as close and critical an appraisal by Britain of American trade and economic policy as of American diplomacy. The recent phase of difficulty in Anglo-American relations, which has lasted longer than most periods of friction in the past, may by this token be extended a little longer.

For four months the United States recession had no visible effect on Britain. Even British cars went on selling merrily in America. This was indeed fortunate, for a reflected slump on top of everything else could have split the alliance.

Nuclear power

Americans may be surprised to learn that they have been accused of being ungenerous — not in cash, but in kindness. Some very hard things were said of the United States over the simultaneous Anglo-American release of information on joint progress toward useful thermonuclear power. The British believed they had achieved a “first” but had been denied credit for it.

That the letters in “Zeta” stand for Zero Energy Thermonuclear Assembly, describing a machine that was never intended to produce H-power, did not do so, and has not done so yet, has mattered not a bit. Zeta was and is the biggest piece of experimental thermonuclear hardware in the world. It first produced pulses of heat hotter than the surface of the sun (proving that H-power certainly will one day be practical) on August 30, 1957, three months before similar temperatures were reached in a much smaller machine and in pulses a thousand times shorter in duration at Los Alamos.

This record, the British felt, deserved more than a short acknowledgment between parentheses in the final sentence of the final paragraph of the last of the United States technical papers released on January 24.

Zeta, as a morale raiser, is Britain’s Sputnik and Explorer combined. The British may not be in the space race, but they are convinced they are the prime movers who before long will bring the world the immeasurable benefits of inexhaustible energy from the drops of water in the oceans.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Mrs. Bowen and the librarians

SIR:

I have just finished reading Catherine Drinker Bowen's "My Friends, the Librarians" (March *Atlantic*), and may I say "thank you" for printing it. Many times have I felt the same way, said the same things, thought the same thoughts. It was a blessing to read an article so well expressed, so true.

JAMES ARTHUR NELSON
Seattle, Wash.

SIR:

It was delightful to read Catherine Drinker Bowen's "My Friends, the Librarians" because of its charming and authentic report from a researcher of such distinguished performance.

It had the added charm of carrying me back many years to my first experience, in the 1890s, of reading in a public library — the old Astor Library on Astor Place in New York City. The library itself was hallowed ground. I used to sit by preference facing a large and ornate white alcove, which my father told me had been reserved in his day for Washington Irving and where he had often seen this writer at work. The well of the stairway at my back was outlined by shelves of reference books, and a corridor of open space surrounded it.

I had not been reading many days before I began to notice a scholarly-looking man who circulated around this corridor, sometimes stopped by a reader with questions to ask and often depositing on someone's desk a book or two which might prove useful. Not until I saw that he occasionally retired behind the barrier

marking off the section which the librarians could call their own did I realize that this was the chief librarian, whom I later came to know as Charles H. Bjerregaard. In my limited experience, no other head of a reading room has ever conceived his duty in quite such modest and helpful terms.

Charles Bjerregaard was continuously at the reader's service. A dignified man with even a touch of austerity, he was unfailingly responsive to every question I, for one, ever put to him. If he were busy on another quest or could not for the moment think of a solution, he would take the problem under advisement and presently appear, like a good genie, at the reader's elbow with a book or a suggestion.

ETHEL MASON EATON
Ridgefield, N.J.

India and Pakistan

SIR:

If India and Pakistan are to live as good neighbors, they will have to outgrow their mutual antagonisms. One-sided presentations such as Frederic M. Bennett's article, "Muslim and Hindu: The Sensitive Areas," in the February *Atlantic* expose us to the criticism of showing favoritism to Pakistan.

After other civil wars, at least one generation of peace has been necessary for healing. Hindus and Muslims have more important things to concentrate their efforts and money on than vengeance. By cooperating in their drives for national development, they can grow beyond their differences of the past. But these problems will not be solved if other world powers increase the friction by

taking sides like boys egging on a schoolyard scrap.

DR. CARL E. TAYLOR
Harvard School of Public Health
Boston, Mass.

SIR:

As a long-time reader and admirer of the *Atlantic*, I feel that I must write you that I regret exceedingly the publication of the very unfair and misleading article by Frederic M. Bennett. There has been a disturbing amount of such anti-Indian propaganda in American newspapers and periodicals recently. Having been in close contact with Pakistan ever since it was established as a separate country and having lived in India many years, I know that much of what Mr. Bennett has written is false and his conclusions are incorrect and can do only harm.

BISHOP J. WASKOM PICKETT
Boston, Mass.

SIR:

The very fine special supplement on "Burma Today" in the February *Atlantic* contrasts most unfortunately with Frederic M. Bennett's article. Since 1953 I have covered about 100,000 miles in the area, researching and writing a book about the life story of Buddha. Recently, on a State Department assignment to prepare film reports on uses of American economic and military aid in Pakistan, I worked with the government and armed forces there, spent some time in Azad Kashmir, and so on. Mr. Bennett's basic approach — which I have also encountered in many of our own policy makers — seems to me to be wrong and dangerous.

Kashmir is a political issue and explosive enough already without making it a case, in the United States or before the court of world opinion, of Muslim versus Hindu. To treat it so, and to approach other problems in non-Communist Asia from the view that the strange (to Westerners) religions of the East are in fact the enemies of democracy and peace is actually playing the game of the enemy whose religion rests on denial of the existence of God. It would seem far wiser, and perhaps more Christian (I use the word in the widest possible sense and mean to include Judaism, from which Christianity descends), to stick to the facts, which are sufficiently complicated, and leave religious conflict out of the mental processes that control our judgment of right and wrong. India and Pakistan are both trying with all their might to keep it out of their troubled march toward mutual understanding and respect, which are the only possible foundation for their future and ours.

ROBERT HARDY ANDREWS
Los Angeles, Calif.

The blue widow: pros and cons

SIR:

I especially enjoyed "Courtship of the Blue Widow" by Harry Mark Petrakis in the February *Atlantic*. He is a real find and writes with a delightful sparkle and wit.

MRS. CARMEN DE ROSTER
Grand Rapids, Mich.

SIR:

I have known the *Atlantic* for many years and thought highly of it. However, one must protest when one's sense of decency is offended. We are living in a degenerate age, and stories such as that by Petrakis, however well written, are not helpful.

MRS. I. R. McLAUGHLIN
Erin, Ont., Canada

SIR:

Shame on you! Hereafter let Mr. Petrakis tend to his steelmaking, and you to maintaining a magazine of decency (something that is fast

disappearing from the American scene).

MRS. C. D. ADAMS
New Albany, Ind.

One of the most natural limitations in any age is to seek to impose the standards of one generation upon those of the next. But writers of fiction, whether of short stories or of novels, are conditioned by their times, and a young author like Harry Mark Petrakis, who was brought up in the Depression and who survived the violence of World War II, cannot be expected to write with the serenity of a William Dean Howells. His idiom and his characterizations are both drawn from experience, and there is no doubt whatever that the conscientious readers of today, many of whom have come through similar experiences, are willing to grant contemporary writers a greater latitude than was thought necessary or desirable in the 1920s.

—THE EDITOR

Small cars

SIR:

A Volkswagen owner protests! John L. Hess, in "American Cars: A Narrowing Choice" (February *Atlantic*), hopefully urges the automotive industry to "maintain a healthy degree of variety" in its designing, but then berates the appearance of the Volkswagen as "A frankly homely little car, without style, chrome." Here is variety, but he doesn't seem to like it. I do!

MRS. EDMUND CHARLES TARBELL II
New Castle, N.H.

SIR:

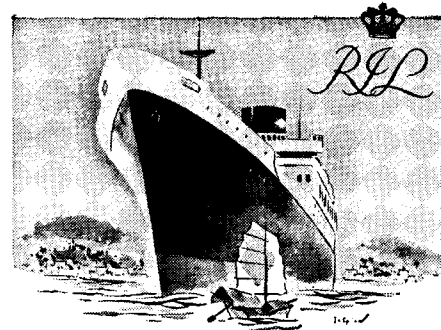
Foreign cars appeal to Americans simply because they are exotic, dashing, and unusual. Many of them are doubtless sold because they are cheap to run and easy to park, but no one wants to have it thought that he bought a Renault just because he couldn't afford anything better.

A rising young executive and his wife can toot around in a Volkswagen or a Morris Minor and still maintain equal status with the rest of their set, who drive Oldsmobiles. But they can't do it with a Henry J., a Crosley, or even a Rambler.

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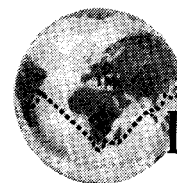


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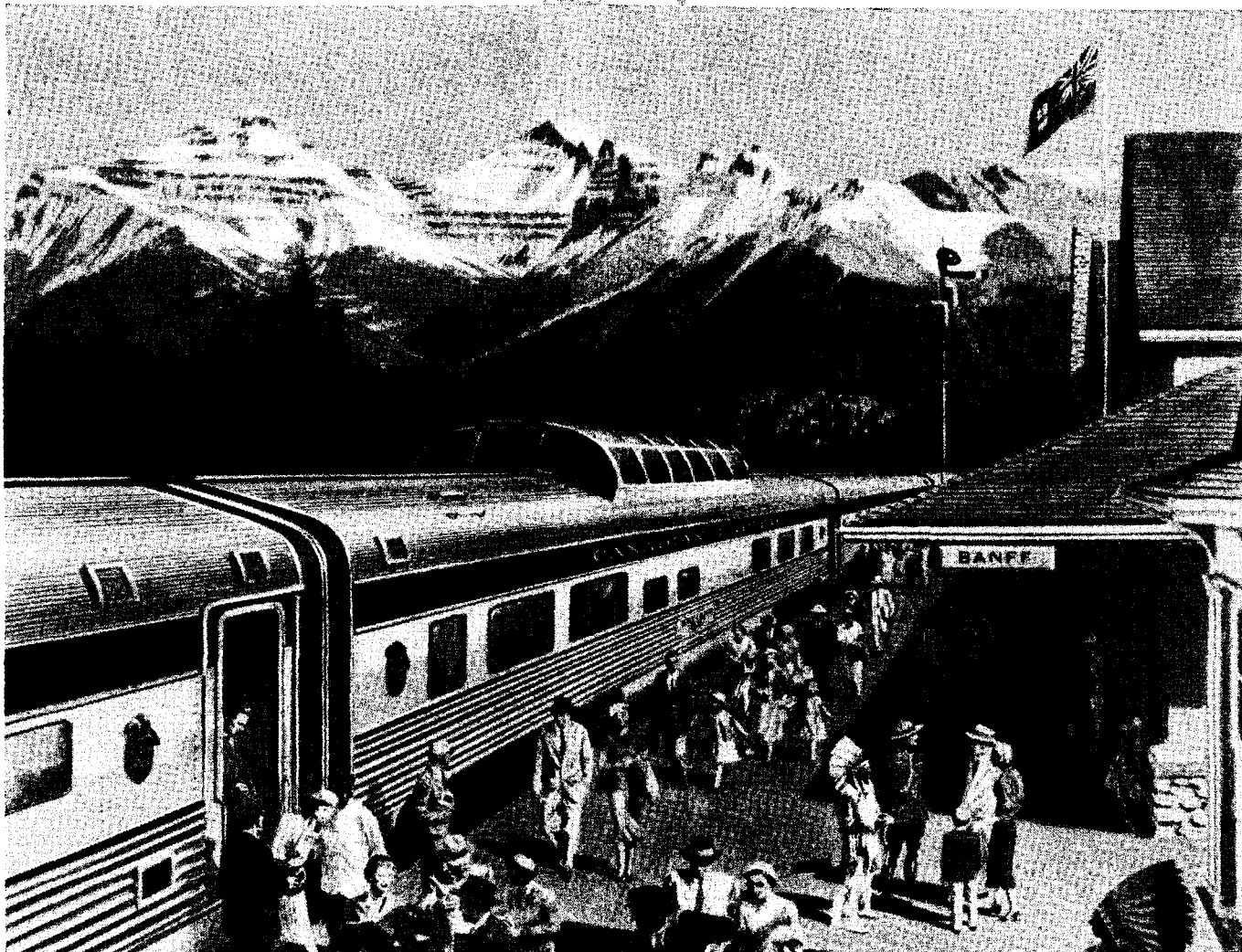
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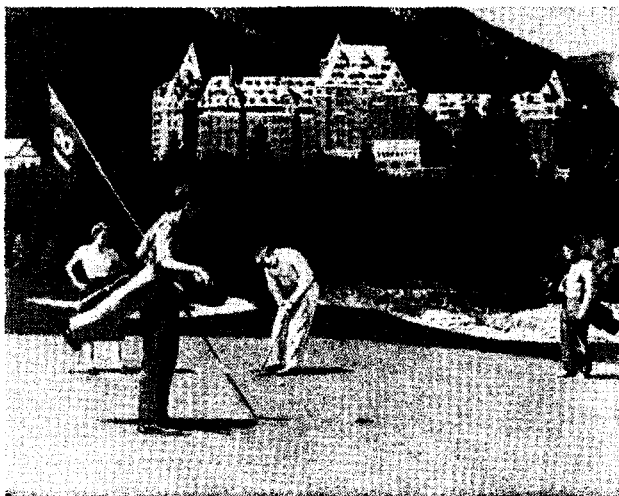
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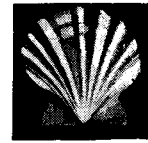
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ALBERT CAMUS: A GOOD MAN

BY CHARLES ROLO

Critic and author who was educated at Oxford, CHARLES ROLO was a valued member of the British Information Service during the war. He is the author of WINGATE'S RAIDERS, the editor of THE WORLD OF EVELYN WAUGH, and a reader whose tastes are cosmopolitan and discriminating.

MY LIBERTY is absolute," said the nihilist to the Englishman. "There is nothing which prevents me from punching you in the nose if I wish to." "Oh, yes, there is," replied the Englishman. "Your liberty ends where my nose begins." That each man's liberty has as its frontier the liberty of others is the hub of the humanist values which Albert Camus has been restating and revitalizing in terms of the intellectual framework of contemporary Europe. First known to us as a novelist vaguely associated with the French literature of despair, he is today Europe's foremost critic of ideologies which he finds rooted in despair — ideologies which treat man as the slave of abstractions such as history, the state, or the class struggle.

Born and raised in Algeria "on the shores of a happy sea," Camus opposes to the frenzied North and its demons of the absolute the *pensée solaire* or solar thought of the Mediterranean tradition: the Hellenic notions of measure, proportion, and limits. For Camus, the most instructive of the ancient deities, Nemesis, is the Goddess not of Vengeance but of Moderation. "There can be no attitude so free from error," Camus holds, "that men should give it their total allegiance. 'I've had enough,'

he says, "of people who die for an idea. What interests me is to live and die because of what one loves."

Albert Camus is the second youngest man ever to have been awarded the Nobel Prize; Kipling received it at forty-three, Camus at forty-four. The generation to which he belongs "grew up to the drumbeat of the First World War, and [its] history has not ceased to be murder, injustice, and violence." The European intellectuals most intimately involved in this history have been exposed to a host of corruptions — fascism, Communism, defeatism, collaborationism, reactionary nationalism — and few have emerged wholly uncompromised. One of the few is Albert Camus. He stands out, as did the late George Orwell, as a resonant spokesman for decency, a thinker of intransigent integrity and bracing independence — in sum, a good man.

Camus, who abhors self-righteousness and refuses to be counted among the moralizers, dislikes being called a moral force. He once said wryly that if he were to rape his grandmother in a public garden, somebody would argue that it was a moral act. However uncomfortable it may make him, he has come to represent, to his numerous admirers

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on the Continent, the conscience of his age. In the Nobel Prize citation, even that circumspect body, the Swedish Academy, honored Camus — ostensibly an atheist — not only for “his important literary production,” but also for illuminating “the problems of the human conscience in our time.” Some years earlier, when *The Rebel* first appeared in Europe, Sir Herbert Read wrote: “With the publication of this book, a cloud that has oppressed the European mind for more than a century begins to lift.”

Another token of Camus’s importance is that at least six critical studies of his work have already been published. The two written in English — *The Thought and Art of Albert Camus* by Thomas Hanna and Philip Thody’s *Albert Camus* — are excellent jobs of interpretation, which should help to make Camus better understood on this side of the Atlantic.

AN AMERICAN novelist said to me recently: “If a Frenchman was in line for the Nobel Prize, why didn’t it go to Malraux or Sartre? I can’t see what’s so great about Camus.” That a number of American readers should have doubts about Camus’s stature is hardly surprising. To begin with, one of the things that is great about him is his handling of the French language, and fine stylists lose in translation. With its combination of lucidity and lyricism, its controlled passion, its flashing turn of phrase, and its arresting aphorisms, Camus’s prose presents almost as many difficulties to the translator as poetry. Justin O’Brien has been scrupulously faithful (too faithful at times) to the wording and sentence structure of the original, but inevitably some of the luster has been rubbed off in the transition into a foreign language.

Although all of Camus’s most important books have been published in English, six volumes of nonfiction and two plays — roughly half of his output — remain untranslated; and they reveal attractive aspects of the man and of his thought which are not familiar to us. Camus is best known to Americans through his fiction, and in his fiction he is sometimes highly enigmatic. One of America’s best critics failed so completely to understand *The Stranger* that he sized up Camus as a hard-boiled writer of the stripe of James M. Cain. And most reviewers candidly admitted that they found *The Fall* something of a riddle. The trouble is that Camus’s imaginative work is partly incomprehensible without a grasp of his philosophic thought, which he has expounded in two books of nonfiction, *The Myth of Sisyphus* and *The Rebel*, not widely read by Americans, and in essays and editorials which remain untranslated. Camus, who regards himself as “an artist, not a philosopher,”

may be said to have *felt his way* into philosophy guided by the emotions which govern him as a creative artist. Thomas Hanna rightly emphasizes in his study of Camus that the “interplay between [his] philosophical and literary concerns is largely responsible for the richness and value of his writings.”

Like so many twentieth-century writers, Camus accepted, yet was anguished by, the picture of a world without God or justifiable values that was handed down by nineteenth-century science. The absurdity of this universe was heightened for Camus by the very bounties of nature and the keen physical joys amid which he grew up. To the youthful Camus — as he has told us in his first two books, *L’Envers et L’Endroit* and *Noces* — the sun and the sea were an insistent invitation to happiness. The naked bodies on the beach, the uncomplicated sensuality of the young couples in the dance halls — everything around him, in fact — celebrated the physical life as the sole reality and simultaneously proclaimed its brevity. “I learn,” he wrote in his early twenties, “that there is no superhuman happiness. . . . The world is beautiful, and beyond it there is no salvation. . . . Not that one must be an animal, but I find no meaning in the happiness of angels.” Faithful to this experience, Camus has refused to seek meaning on any suprahuman plane. He has summed up his quest in a single, telling sentence: “I want to know if I can live with what I know, and only with that.” What makes his conduct of this quest so original is that, as Philip Thody has acutely noted, Camus has “the feelings of the common man and the mind of an intellectual.” In his feelings there is a distinct penchant toward the normal, in his mind an abnormal rage for lucidity.

When Camus came of age, the European Zeitgeist was steeped in despair, and in the years that followed he “lived nihilism, contradiction, violence and dizzying destruction”; he shared the prevailing sense that man is a spiritual exile in a hostile world. Thus he found it necessary to create from scratch his own logical foundation for an ethic which was, so to speak, somewhere in his blood. “It is always easy to be logical,” he has said. “It is almost impossible to be logical all the way to the end.” Carrying logic all the way to the end, he posed in its most radical form the problem of *la non-garantie des valeurs* — the impossibility of justifying moral values; and on this foundation of systematic doubt, he started to erect a humanism of his own, akin to the lost humanist tradition.

Painfully involved in the dilemmas of his age, Camus is an artist in whose fiction and theater there is certainly a strong personal element. He has warned us, however, against identifying him

with his protagonists or taking their reasoning as a literal transcription of his thought. In an essay published in the *Atlantic*, he wrote: "I am not a painter of the Absurd. . . . What else have I done but reflect on an idea I found current in the streets? That I nourished this idea, like the rest of my generation, goes without saying. But I have kept my distance in order to treat it and determine its logic. . . . A man often retraces the history of his nostalgias or temptations — almost never his own biography." Here Camus furnishes us with an important clue to an understanding of his work. His method as an artist, like Gide's, might be described as the experimental method: he takes an idea (which holds for him an element of "nostalgia" or "temptation"), carries it, fictionally or theatrically, to its logical conclusion, and leaves the reader to judge it by its consequences. Thus the whole body of Camus's literary creation has a well-defined pattern of exploration and evolution, which can best be charted by chronicling his life together with the development of his work.

ALBERT CAMUS was born in the Algerian town of Mondovi on November 7, 1913, the son of a Spanish mother and of an Alsatian agricultural worker who was killed in the Battle of the Marne. In the preface to his first book, Camus wrote: "Poverty was not a calamity for me. It was always balanced by the richness of light. . . . Circumstances helped me. To correct a natural indifference I was placed half-way between misery and the sun. Misery kept me from believing that all was well under the sun, and the sun taught me that history wasn't everything." Camus has remained strongly attached to his origins: North Africa, the world of the underdog, and his mother's country, Spain. He felt passionately involved in the Spanish Civil War, and long after it, in 1952, he resigned from UNESCO as a protest against the admission of Franco's dictatorship.

A teacher helped Camus to win a scholarship to secondary school, and he financed his university education with a variety of jobs. He stamped driving licenses for the Préfecture, checked barometric pressures for the Meteorological Institute, sold automobile parts, and worked for a ship broker. A newspaper advertisement led him into what was to become one of the great passions of his life, the theater. He applied for the job of male lead in a touring company, got it, and for two-week stretches traveled around Algeria playing the French classics. Fortified by this experience, he formed his own theater group, L'Equipe, and adapted for the stage *The Brothers Karamazov*

and Aeschylus's *Prometheus*. He has since written four plays of his own, and he has translated and adapted works by Calderon, Lope de Vega, and William Faulkner — his version of *Requiem for a Nun* ran for three hundred performances in Paris. Camus usually directs his own plays and adaptations — he greatly enjoys the camaraderie with actors at rehearsal — and when one of the performers in *Requiem* had an accident, Camus stepped into the part himself. All of his plays have been performed in Paris; but only one of them, *Caligula*, has proved effective on the stage. Critics have complained that Camus's theater is "too intelligent" and that it sacrifices showmanship to content.

Another enduring legacy of his youth is Camus's enthusiasm for football (soccer), which he played for many years. He still goes regularly to soccer matches on Sundays, and he believes that the code of good sportsmanship is a fine teacher of decency. "It was on the playing fields," he once said, "that I learned my only lessons in moral ethics."

While he was at the University of Algiers, Camus had a serious attack of tuberculosis. He completed his studies, however, and obtained a master's degree with a thesis relating Hellenism and Christianity. His first book was the fruit of travels, hobo style, to Italy, Austria, and Czechoslovakia. It was quickly followed by *Noces*, essays about the Mediterranean world whose themes were referred to earlier. At the outbreak of war Camus was engaged in crusading journalism in Algiers as a supporter of the rights of the Arabs. He went to Paris in 1940 and later founded the underground paper, *Combat*, which became one of the leading voices of the Resistance. Meanwhile, in 1942, Gallimard had published in Paris the two books that were to establish Camus's reputation: *The Stranger* and *The Myth of Sisyphus*. These works — together with *Caligula* and another play, *The Misunderstanding* (written, respectively, in 1938 and 1942) — represent a phase in Camus's career which might be summed up as the exploration of the Absurd.

CAMUS's analysis of the Absurd begins by noting that normally man finds it easy enough to accept his daily routine, but one day there arises a "why," a questioning of whether life has any meaning. One finds oneself "in a universe suddenly divested of illusions and lights . . . an alien, a stranger." Nature, even other men appear hostile and inhuman. Ordinary gestures, the soundless movements of a man's lips behind the glass door of a telephone booth, assume the aspect of a "meaningless pantomime." Finally, one is filled with a horrifying awareness of death as a

mathematical certainty. The source of this malaise is that, in an irrational world, reason cannot satisfy man's "wild longing" for meaning — "and beyond reason there is nothing." The Absurd, then, is the result of thinking about the human condition. The impossibility of reconciling death and the desire for eternity, misery and the desire for happiness, separateness and the desire for union, the mystery of all existence and the desire for clarity — all this is the Absurd.

Malraux, Sartre, and others had developed this line of thought before Camus. His originality lay firstly in finding the world's absurdity not a cause for despair but, paradoxically, a spur to happiness. In his eyes, mortality and senseless suffering — perhaps his most haunting preoccupation — actually enhance the value of life: they invite men to live it more intensely.

Camus also refused to draw the nihilist conclusion that because the world is irrational, the irrational is the only logical principle of conduct. This is the theme of *Caligula*. Discovering that the world is absurd, the emperor imagines that he can somehow transform it for the better by becoming the prophet of absolute absurdity. He inaugurates a capricious reign of terror and topsy-turvy morality, rewarding crime and debauchery and punishing innocence. What gives the play its disturbing tension is that Caligula, in his dreadful way, is awakening his subjects to a truth: life is absurd; and at this stage in his career, Camus can invoke no values by which Caligula could be condemned. Nevertheless Caligula is destroyed by a revolt, prompted by the instinctive recognition that his conduct has exceeded life's absurdity.

Both in *Caligula* and in *The Misunderstanding* — the most somber of Camus's works — there is a spirit of revolt against the hostile aspects of the world's absurdity. In *The Stranger*, the revolt is against man-made standards of absolute morality. This short novel is written in a style which owes something to the early Hemingway. Each spare sentence forms a self-enclosed whole, with the result that life is registered as a succession of perceptions with no meaning beyond themselves. Camus's goal is to reproduce a *feeling* of the Absurd: nothing is explained.

Meursault, the hero of *The Stranger*, a clerk in an Algiers office, is a man completely indifferent to everything except his immediate physical sensations: he has the Absurd in his blood but no awareness of it. The death of his mother, the offer of a promotion, the love of the girl he is sleeping with — they have "no importance" to him. In due course he drifts into a situation in which, dazed by the blazing sun, he kills an Arab who seems to be menacing him with a knife. His lawyer assures him of an acquittal if he pleads self-defense

and expresses the right sentiments. But Meursault is incapable of pretending to emotions he does not possess. His complete honesty at his trial makes him appear a monster, and he is sentenced to be guillotined. The imminence of death makes him conscious of what he had always taken for granted: life is meaningless. "Emptied of hope," he realizes that he had been happy and "was happy still." Meursault is an improbable, at times an exasperating character, but the ironic tenderness with which Camus has portrayed him subtly wins our sympathy.

A masterly piece of storytelling — every detail has impact — *The Stranger* satirizes the concept that human conduct can be judged by fixed moral standards. It is not the killing of the Arab which dooms Meursault. He is found guilty because he is a stranger to the ethical absolutes of the court, and by this token all men are guilty.

The Myth of Sisyphus likens man's fate to that of the myth's hero, doomed forever to push a heavy stone up a hillside with the certainty that it will roll down again. "There is but one truly serious philosophical problem," Camus states at the outset, "and that is suicide." He finds the answer to it in the attitude of Sisyphus, who confronts his condition without illusions yet without despair. Sisyphus surmounts the Absurd through a rebellious defiance which brings with it passion and freedom. The essay ends: "The struggle toward the heights is enough to fill a man's heart. One must imagine Sisyphus happy."

This treatment of the myth is Camus's rough draft of a doctrine of metaphysical revolt, rooted in the spirit of the average man who, always and everywhere, has braced himself against his fate with injunctions not to "take it lying down." In his preface to the American edition of *Sisyphus*, which did not appear until 1955, Camus observes: "Written . . . in 1940, amid the French and European disaster, this book declares that even within the limits of nihilism, it is possible to proceed beyond nihilism." Despair, to Camus, has always been the ultimate sin, and he argues this point stirring in *Lettres à un Ami Allemand*. These letters to an imaginary German friend — originally published in the underground press — develop the viewpoint, nourished by Camus's experiences in the Resistance, that by revolting against oppression men affirm that they have a value in common, thereby establishing human "solidarity." This outlook is dramatized in *The Plague*.

CAMUS's major novel to date, *The Plague*, describes an epidemic that ravages Oran. It is an allegory of man's fate — "plague . . . is

just life" — and each character represents a way of responding to the problem of misery and evil. The physician Rieux (who is not disclosed to be the narrator until the end — Camus delights in a touch of mystification) devote all of his energies to fighting the epidemic, as does Tarrou, a former revolutionary whose insights anticipate the criticism of violence in *The Rebel*. Other characters illustrate how bourgeois complacency, or cowardice, or greed aid and abet scourges. And the Christian acceptance of suffering as the wages of sin is fiercely repudiated in a scene in which, after seeing an infant tortured to death by the plague, Rieux rails against Father Paneloux for preaching resignation to God's will.

Rieux acknowledges, however, that he and the priest are on the same side, the side of "victims." Camus has said that what concerns him most is, "How should one behave?" and *The Plague* gives what thereafter remains his answer: we cannot be sure of doing good, but we can exercise the utmost vigilance not to do anything which increases suffering, and this involves tolerance for everything except suffering itself. The temper of *The Plague* is resolutely anti-heroic. Rieux and Tarrou, in exposing themselves to exceptional risks, are "merely logical" — they have understood that resisting scourges is "everybody's business." The man referred to at one point as the story's hero is a minor municipal clerk who keeps the statistics of the epidemic and spends his spare time endlessly writing the first sentence of a novel. Through this slightly daft character — his name, Grand, is both ironic and suggestive, as are others in Camus's work — Camus expresses his affection and regard for the ordinary man whose eccentricities are harmless and whose devotion to his job makes him, in effect, a mute, inglorious Sisyphus.

The Plague is a bit too obviously a bearer of messages to be an artistic masterpiece, but it is certainly one of the half-dozen most important and finest novels published since World War II. The writing is crisp and vivid, the narrative tone quietly absorbing: a singular fusion of curiosity, emotion, and intense irony. And the novel's moral urgencies are communicated with an eloquent sobriety.

A play based on *The Plague*, *État de Siège*, and another play, *Les Justes*, preceded *The Rebel*, Camus's fullest statement of the doctrine of metaphysical revolt and of its application to politics and art. He had already progressed from the lonely and somewhat sterile revolt of Sisyphus to the affirmation that through revolt (against tyranny or simply fate) men lose their spiritual isolation and achieve that sense of unity and meaning which the world's absurdity denies them. He concludes, now, that man is by nature a re-

bellious animal — "the only creature who refuses to be what he is" — and that metaphysical revolt is synonymous with freedom and creativity. The supreme example of the metaphysical rebel is the creative artist; he is continually engaged in confronting the Absurd — the world is his raw material — and in rebelling against it through the imposition of form.

The political analysis sets out to inquire why a century of revolt has produced tyrannies and rationalizations of tyranny more vicious than the original evils it refused to accept. Camus's explanation is that Hegel and other apostles of absolutist thought transformed the spirit of revolt into its opposite, revolution. Revolt is a protest against unlimited power, and its moderate goal is to diminish the sum total of suffering. Revolution seeks unlimited power, and it claims absolute freedom to inflict suffering in order to gain its immoderate ends. The spirit of revolt requires that every man retain the freedom to revolt; and under no circumstances will it legitimize violence. If the rebel is forced to kill, even a tyrant, he must be willing to lose his own life in order to demonstrate that murder is a limit which can only be transgressed once.

The conviction that reverberates throughout the essay is that men cannot live by abstractions conned out of history: ideology corrupts, and absolutist ideologies corrupt absolutely. Not history, which makes men drunk with dreams, but nature, which sobers them with reminders of their limits, is the proper study of mankind. Today's political ills are the logical result of a despairing Utopianism, which finds life so horribly wrong that it shrinks from no horror to change it and is blind to the truth that nothing can transform the world into the earthly paradise. Because it is so profoundly opposed in spirit to resignation, so richly infused with the spirit of revolt, *The Rebel* is a singularly stirring statement of a philosophy of moderation.

Shortly after the publication of *The Rebel*, there occurred a break between Camus and Sartre, who had become close friends during the war. While insisting that he differed from the Communists, Sartre had for some time been taking a parallel stand to them on most issues, including the criminality of criticizing Russia. His journal, *Les Temps Modernes*, published an attack on *The Rebel* by one of Sartre's disciples, and Sartre later seconded it himself. Camus, they said, was an escapist who would not risk sully his purity by contact with history; and they accused him of giving aid and comfort to the reactionaries. Camus rejoined that the Existentialists claimed to exalt liberty, and "today they exalt servitude . . . [saying] it is the same thing, which is a lie."

Privately he added: "To me they have always been like the planet Mars." The break between Camus and Sartre was bitter and violent, and now they never meet.

The nature of Camus's enemies is a measure of his decency: he is as angrily attacked by the former Vichyites and other reactionaries as he is by the totalitarian Left and its followers. Responsible critics, however, have noted that it is easy to find contradictions and troublesome omissions in his thought; for example, the American Revolution, which did not give birth to tyranny, is not referred to in his discussion of revolutions, and it is difficult to square his refusal to sanction killing under any circumstances with his statement, "I am not a pacifist." Another objection is that his philosophy of political action might serve as a charter for the International Red Cross, but has little application to the political arena, which seldom presents a clear-cut choice between adding to or diminishing suffering. Camus could justly meet the first criticism by pointing out that he has never claimed to be a systematic thinker; and the second by arguing (as indeed he did in *The Plague*) that, in the present state of world affairs, there is a side which consists in *not* taking sides.

NINE years elapsed between *The Plague* and Camus's next novel, *The Fall* (1956), which readers have found the most ambiguous of his books. The only work by Camus with a northern setting (Amsterdam), it is the confession of a Parisian lawyer, brilliantly unfolded as a philosophical suspense story. The narrator has resolved a spiritual crisis by becoming what he calls a "judge-penitent." He has regained his sense of superiority, and is able to indulge his need to dominate others, by going around confessing that he is the lowest of the low, thereby provoking his listeners into judging and abasing themselves. Camus has described the narrator — Jean-Baptiste Clamence (John the Baptist, *vox clamans*) — as "the hero of today," and his summation of the novel is as follows: "Europeans are no longer believers; they are agnostics or atheists. (I have nothing against that. I am more or less a pagan.) But they have retained their sense of sin. They can't unburden themselves by going to confession. So they feel the need to act. They start passing severe judgments, putting people in concentration camps, killing. My 'hero' is the exact illustration of a guilty conscience. He has the European resignation to a feeling of sin." The "fall" referred to in the title is failure to rebel, and it makes Clamence a disseminator of corruption. Since Camus himself has warned against putting too simple an interpre-

tation on the novel, it seems probable that, for all his ironic detachment, Camus is expressing "nostalgias" and "temptations" he has known.

His latest book, *Exile and the Kingdom*, is a collection of six stories strikingly varied in style and subject, but with a common theme: all are concerned in some way with man's sense of exile and yearning for unity. "The Renegade" is an allegory of the power-worship which makes men converts to philosophies of nihilism. It is cast in the form of a horrifying monologue by a dying man, a power-obsessed missionary who has set out to convert fearsome barbarians and who, reveling in the tortures inflicted on him in the name of their idol, becomes its abject slave. "The Guest" reflects Camus's feelings about the Algerian tragedy. A schoolmaster who represents the civilizing and humane aspects of the French administration — he loves the country and feels he belongs to it — tries unsuccessfully to save an Arab murderer from being handed over to the police. In the climate of fanaticism, his effort is tragically misunderstood, and the Arab's associates announce their intention to wreak vengeance. "Artist at Work" amusingly charts the progressive demoralization of a dedicated painter, assailed by the intrusions and distractions that attend success. Its point is that it is through solitude that the artist achieves solidarity with his time: a dig at Sartre's insistence on "commitment."

Camus lives in Paris now, in an apartment near the Luxembourg gardens. He does his writing in the morning — always either standing at an upright desk or lying down — and in the afternoons works at Gallimard as editor of a series of books introducing young writers. He is married (to a pianist) and has twins, a boy and a girl. Like Faulkner, he resents intrusions into his privacy, and he refuses to be lionized or to play the social role expected of a leading intellectual in Paris. Paris is a bad place for an artist, he says, because it is a stage: it forces him to assume a posture. Though inaccessible to celebrity hunters and busybodies, Camus welcomes visitors from Algeria and keeps his door open to students.

A man of medium height, slim, dark, and muscular, he has an intense but controlled vitality which gives him an outward appearance of calm. He is capable of sitting silent in a group for long stretches or of seducing a room full of people with his gaiety and charm. His trench coat, habitual slouch, and cigarette dangling from the corner of his mouth give him a slightly proletarian air, which accords with his sympathies.

The event that has most moved Camus since the war was the Hungarian Revolt — "It blew to bits the biggest lie of the century" — and it will

serve as the concluding point of the novel on which he has started work: an account of a man's life, tentatively entitled *The First Man*. It warrants the highest expectations. Still relatively young, Camus already has to his credit fine achievements as an artist, and as a thinker he has traveled far. He wrestled long and hard with nihilism, and

cannot be accused of facile optimism when he says, "There is more to admire than to despise in men"; when he talks of the prospects of a European "renaissance"; when he declares, "In the midst of winter, I discovered that there was in me an invincible summer."

Albert Camus has found his real voice.

CAMUS AT STOCKHOLM

The Acceptance of the Nobel Prize

TRANSLATED BY JUSTIN O'BRIEN

UPON receiving the distinction with which your free academy has seen fit to honor me, I measured the extent to which that reward exceeded my personal deserts, and this only increased my gratitude. Every man and, even more understandably, every artist, wants recognition. I want it too. But it was not possible for me to learn of your decision without comparing its repercussions with whatever merits I really have. How could a man still almost young, possessed only of his doubts and of a work still in progress, accustomed to living in the isolation of work or the seclusion of friendship — how could he have failed to feel a sort of panic upon learning of a choice that suddenly focused a harsh spotlight on him alone and reduced to himself? And in what spirit could he receive that honor at a moment when other European writers, often the greatest among them, are reduced to silence, and at a time when his native land is experiencing prolonged suffering?

I felt that shock and that perplexity. I could recover my peace of mind, in short, only by adapting myself to an overgenerous fate. And inasmuch as I could not measure up to it through my own merits, I could think of no other help than what has always comforted me throughout life, even in the most adverse circumstances: the idea I entertain of my art and of the writer's role. Please allow me to express my gratitude and friendship by telling you, as simply as I can, just what that idea is.

I cannot live as a person without my art. And yet I have never set that art above everything else. It is essential to me, on the contrary, because it excludes no one and allows me to live, just as I am, on a footing with all. To me art is not a solitary delight. It is a means of stirring the greatest number of men by providing them with a privi-

leged image of our common joys and woes. Hence it forces the artist not to isolate himself; it subjects him to the humblest and most universal truth. And the man who, as often happens, chose the path of art because he was aware of his difference soon learns that he can nourish his art, and his difference, solely by admitting his resemblance to all. The artist fashions himself in that ceaseless oscillation from himself to others, midway between the beauty he cannot do without and the community from which he cannot tear himself. This is why true artists scorn nothing. They force themselves to understand instead of judging. And if they are to take sides in this world, they can do so only with a society in which, according to Nietzsche's profound words, the judge will yield to the creator, whether he be a worker or an intellectual.

By the same token, the writer's function is not without arduous duties. By definition, he cannot serve today those who make history; he must serve those who are subject to it. Otherwise he is alone and deprived of his art. All the armies of tyranny with their millions of men cannot people his solitude — even, and especially, if he is willing to fall into step with them. But the silence of an unknown prisoner subjected to humiliations at the other end of the world is enough to tear the writer from exile, at least whenever he manages, amid the privileges of freedom, not to forget that silence but to give it voice by means of art.

No one of us is great enough for such a vocation. Yet in all the circumstances of his life, unknown or momentarily famous, bound by tyranny or temporarily free to express himself, the writer can recapture the feeling of a living community that will justify him. But only if he accepts as completely as possible the two trusts that constitute

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the nobility of his calling: the service of truth and the service of freedom. Because his vocation is to unite the greatest possible number of men, it cannot countenance falsehood and slavery, which breed solitudes wherever they prevail. Whatever our personal frailties may be, the nobility of our calling will always be rooted in two commitments difficult to observe: refusal to lie about what we know and resistance to oppression.

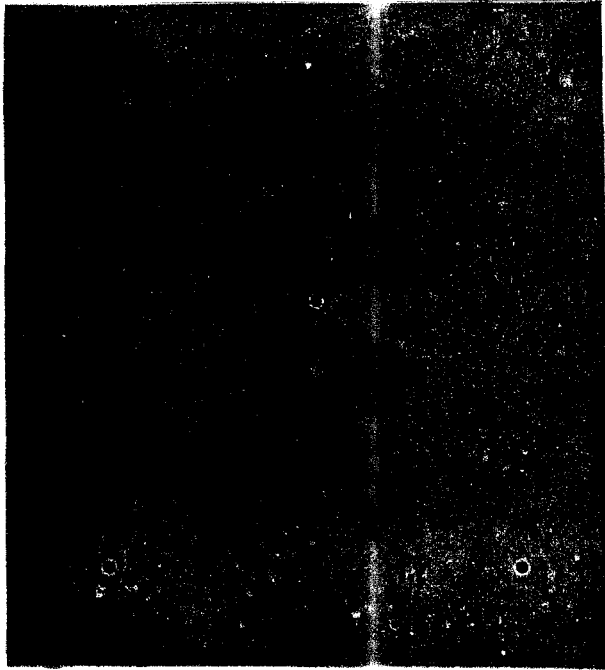
For more than twenty years of absolutely insane history, lost hopelessly like all those of my age in the convulsions of the epoch, I derived comfort from the vague impression that writing was an honor today because the act itself obligated a man, obligated him to more than just writing. It obligated me in particular, such as I was, with whatever strength I possessed, to bear — along with all the others living the same history — the tribulation and hope we shared. Those men born at the beginning of World War I, who had reached the age of twenty just as Hitler was seizing power and the first revolutionary trials were taking place, who then had to complete their education by facing up to war in Spain, World War II, the regime of concentration camps, a Europe of torture and prisons, must today bring their children and their works to maturity in a world threatened with nuclear destruction. No one, I suppose, can expect them to be optimistic. I even go so far as to feel that, without ceasing to struggle against those who through an excess of despair insisted upon their right to dishonor and hurled themselves into the current nihilisms, we must understand their error. Nonetheless, most of us in my country and in Europe rejected that nihilism and strove to find some form of legitimacy. We had to fashion for ourselves an art of living in times of catastrophe in order to be reborn before fighting openly against the death instinct at work in our history.

Probably every generation sees itself as charged with remaking the world. Mine, however, knows that it will not remake the world. But its task is perhaps even greater, for it consists in keeping the world from destroying itself. As the heir of a corrupt history that blends blighted revolutions, misguided techniques, dead gods, and worn-out ideologies, in which second-rate powers can destroy everything today but are unable to win anyone over and in which intelligence has stooped to becoming the servant of hatred and oppression, that generation, starting from nothing but its own negations, has had to re-establish both within and without itself a little of what constitutes the dignity of life and death. Faced with a world threatened with disintegration, in which our grand inquisitors may set up once and for all the kingdoms of death, that generation knows that, in a sort of mad race against time, it ought to re-

establish among nations a peace not based on slavery, to reconcile labor and culture again, and to reconstruct with all men an Ark of the Covenant. Perhaps it can never accomplish that vast undertaking, but most certainly throughout the world it has already accepted the double challenge of truth and liberty and, on occasion, has shown that it can lay down its life without hatred. That generation deserves to be acclaimed and encouraged wherever it happens to be, and especially wherever it is sacrificing itself. And to it, confident of your wholehearted agreement, I should like to transfer the honor you have just done me.

At the same time, after having extolled the nobility of the writer's calling, I should have taken the writer down a peg, showing him as he is, with no other rights than those he shares with his fellow fighters: vulnerable but stubborn, unjust and eager for justice, constructing his work without shame or pride within sight of all, constantly torn between pain and beauty, and devoted to extracting from his dual nature the creations he obstinately strives to raise up in the destructive fluctuation of history. Who, after that, could expect of him ready-made solutions and fine moral codes? Truth is mysterious, elusive, ever to be won anew. Liberty is dangerous, as hard to get along with as it is exciting. We must progress toward those two objectives, painfully but resolutely, sure in advance that we shall weaken and flinch on such a long road. Consequently, what writer would dare, with a clear conscience, to become a preacher of virtue? As for me, I must say once more that I am far from all that. I have never been able to forget the sunlight, the delight in life, the freedom in which I grew up. But although that nostalgia explains many of my mistakes and shortcomings, it doubtless helped me to understand my calling, and it still helps me to stand implicitly beside all those silent men who, throughout the world, endure the life that has been made for them only because they remember or fleetingly re-experience free moments of happiness.

Reduced in this way to what I am in reality, to my limits and to my liabilities, as well as to my difficult faith, I feel freer to show you in conclusion the extent and generosity of the distinction you have just granted me, freer likewise to tell you that I should like to receive it as a tribute paid to all those who, sharing the same fight, have received no reward, but on the contrary have known only woe and persecution. It remains for me then to thank you from the bottom of my heart and to make you publicly, as a personal token of gratitude, the same age-old promise of allegiance that every true artist, every day, makes to himself, in silence.



SEYMOUR E. HARRIS

*Chairman of the Department of Economics,
Harvard University*

IN OUR society, laws of the market place generally rule. High demand and small supply mean large rewards. Hence the millions for a performer like Frank Sinatra and \$135,000 for a major league baseball player like Ted Williams.

But our interests as a nation and even our survival often require values divergent from those fixed by the market. Probably education ought to count for more. We want more able scientists and teachers desperately. But somehow we seem unable, or unwilling, to divert the monetary stream into the appropriate channels and we pour more money into alcohol and tobacco than we spend for the education of 40 million Americans. No wonder the pay of a head of a distiller's corporation is close to \$400,000; the highest paid college president receives \$45,000; the lowest, \$1000; and the average, \$11,000.

No single explanation of our pattern of rewards is adequate. Certainly costs of preparation do not account for differentials. Professionals with sixteen years of education or more receive about the same income as managers, executives, and others with only twelve years of schooling; and the income of sales and clerical workers, each with an average schooling of twelve years, is roughly equal

to that of craftsmen with only nine years of schooling. I once told a group of incoming graduate students in my department that if they were interested in monetary rewards, they had better quit right then; for the A.B. economist (as in many other fields) earns substantially more than the Ph.D. economist with from three to four years of additional schooling.

Incomes generally rise in proportion to education, though there are notable exceptions. In fact, the college graduate of 1958, on the basis of expected differentials of income (and with no inflation), can look forward to a lifetime income of \$250,000 more than the noncollege graduate. For graduates of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and other outstanding institutions the differential is even greater. The high rewards to the college trained have persisted despite a tenfold rise in the number of living college graduates in fifty years.

Is organization the explanation of high pay? The high pay of union labor, notably in the entertainment field, may suggest this. But what of the high incomes of doctors, who are not organized into trade unions and who, on the basis of expected incomes, may look forward to a lifetime income of a million dollars from 1958 to 2008? Restrictions of entry into medical schools are relevant here. In both instances the workers profit from artificially induced scarcities.

Perhaps organization of skilled workers with income greatly influenced by productivity in the automated industries helps account for the low average pay of entertainers, just as the organization of nonfaculty employees in colleges tends to depress income of the unorganized faculty: the available income goes disproportionately to those whose incomes respond to market forces and the pressure of union organization. The actors, directors, and others are squeezed, as are the unorganized teachers, by the organized workers sharing the entertainment or educational dollars.

Low pay of teachers is related also to the large number of women in public school teaching. Wherever women predominate, pay is low. In *all* occupations, men receive 50 per cent higher incomes than women; in the professions, two thirds more. The explanation? Low productivity of women, with a short working life and preference for white-collar jobs; concentration where financial support is beset with obstacles — for example, teaching and nursing; and also male prejudices.

In a capitalist society, supply and demand are supposed to explain everything. When the public wants something badly enough, it pays the price. Compare the incomes of the head football coaches and the college librarians.

The table that follows gives some idea of the paradoxes of the American pay structure.

WHO GETS PAID WHAT

1956-1957 dollars (— means “or less”; + means “or more”)

	Average	Minimum	Maximum	Comment
Accountants	\$5100 (census)	7% \$2500—	12% \$7000+	Starting salary: \$4668 10 years' experience: \$9336
Airplane pilots and navigators	\$7473 (census)	15% \$2500—	32% \$7000+	
Architects: Beginners Maximum age 62	\$ 4900-5400 14,000	7% \$2500—	37% \$ 7000+ 6% 18,000— 25,000 7% 25,000+	Census: \$6975
Authors	\$5325	33% \$2500—	26% \$7000+	
Barbers, beauticians, and manicurists (female)	\$1409	84% \$2500—	0.5% \$7000+	Helena Rubenstein has earned more than \$25,000,000 in her career as a cosmetician since 1915.
Baseball players: Major league	\$14,700	\$6000	Ted Williams' contract for 1958 was reported to be \$135,000.	
Business executives	\$70,000 (900 top executives)		\$1,624,000	7% \$500,000+ 22% 300,000+ A 1957 survey of <i>Business Week</i> put the top income at \$809,000 — Grace of Bethlehem Steel — and listed 235 with incomes in excess of \$100,000. But the census reports 5,377,000 males in the proprietor, manager, official class with a median income of only \$5228 in 1955.
Clergymen (census)	\$3044	49% \$2500—	2% \$7000+	In large churches in large cities, as much as \$15,000 or even more.
College: Head football coach	\$ 6183	22% \$5000—	17% \$10,000+	Newspapers reported one football offer of \$60,000 in 1957.
Librarian	5437	38% 5000—	5% 10,000+	
Faculty President	5243 11,314	1% 3000— 1.5% 5000— Lowest = 1000	13.3% 10,000+ 0.5% 30,000+ Highest = 45,000	
Compositors (printing)		1st shift: \$4180 in Parsons, Kan. 3rd shift: 5250 in New Orleans	1st shift: \$6337 in Detroit 3rd shift: 6619 in Detroit	
Construction workers: Bricklayers Carpenters Electricians Plumbers All building	Based on union wage rates for full-time work: \$7240 6260 6680 6700 6440		Note: plasterers' full-time pay varies: Atlanta = \$4000-6750 Chicago = 6800-8150	The census figures are substantially lower because the census definition is more inclusive and the census income figures are based on income actually earned.

	Average	Minimum	Maximum	Comment
Dancing teachers and dancers (census)	\$3740	22% \$2500—	5% \$7000+	Ballet dancers' weekly minimum: New York City = \$93 Touring = 98.25
Dentists	\$8900			Census: \$8000
Newspaper editors and reporters (census)	\$6000	10% \$2500—	23% \$7000+	Top reporters: \$20,000; even as high as \$30,000–40,000. Columnists: as high as \$100,000. Hired publishers: as high as \$100,000.
Engineers: In government In education In private industry Employer and owner of business	\$ 6600 7100 8400 4,700	\$5360 (1955 graduates)	\$10,350 (1920–1924 graduates)	Census: \$6000 A top engineer in private industry: \$125,000+.
Farmers, foresters, and fishermen (family income)	\$1945	62% \$2500—	4.9% \$7000+ 0.2% 25,000+	
Government: Federal civil service, professional Federal public administration (census) State public administration (census) Local public administration (census) Governors Mayors: Population 500,000 Population 10,000–25,000 Health officers (public), local	\$ 6136 5640 4590 4200 6,900 9,903 2625 9,200	\$3410 5% 2500— 14% 2500— 22% 2500— 9000 (N.D.) 10,000 50	\$14,800 18% 7000+ 10% 7000+ 9% 7000+ 50,000 (N.Y.) 40,000 8500	
Hucksters and peddlers	\$1728	80% \$2500—	1% \$7000+	(Census)
Janitors and sextons	\$2632	73% \$2500—	0.2% \$7000+	
Lawyers	Mean \$10,218 Median 7833	5.2% \$3000—	55.5% \$7000+ 0.3% 75,000+	Census: \$7850 8% 2500— Leading lawyers in top New York firms: as much as \$200,000; some as much as \$300,000 or more.
Librarians (female, census)	\$3010	50% \$2500—	0.4% \$7000+	The maximum for director of a public library was \$17,560 (Boston), with New York not reporting. Maximum salaries for special libraries (for example, commercial) exceed \$20,000.
Motion pictures: All workers 1st cameraman Laboratory contact man Chief set, electrician Costumer, Class I Musicians	\$6325 \$1 per hour	\$26,150 12,096 13,653 7945	\$10,000+	Directors: many as little as \$10,000. Perhaps 30 will average over \$100,000. Free-lance directors: one gets \$300,000 per picture but top average nearer \$100,000.

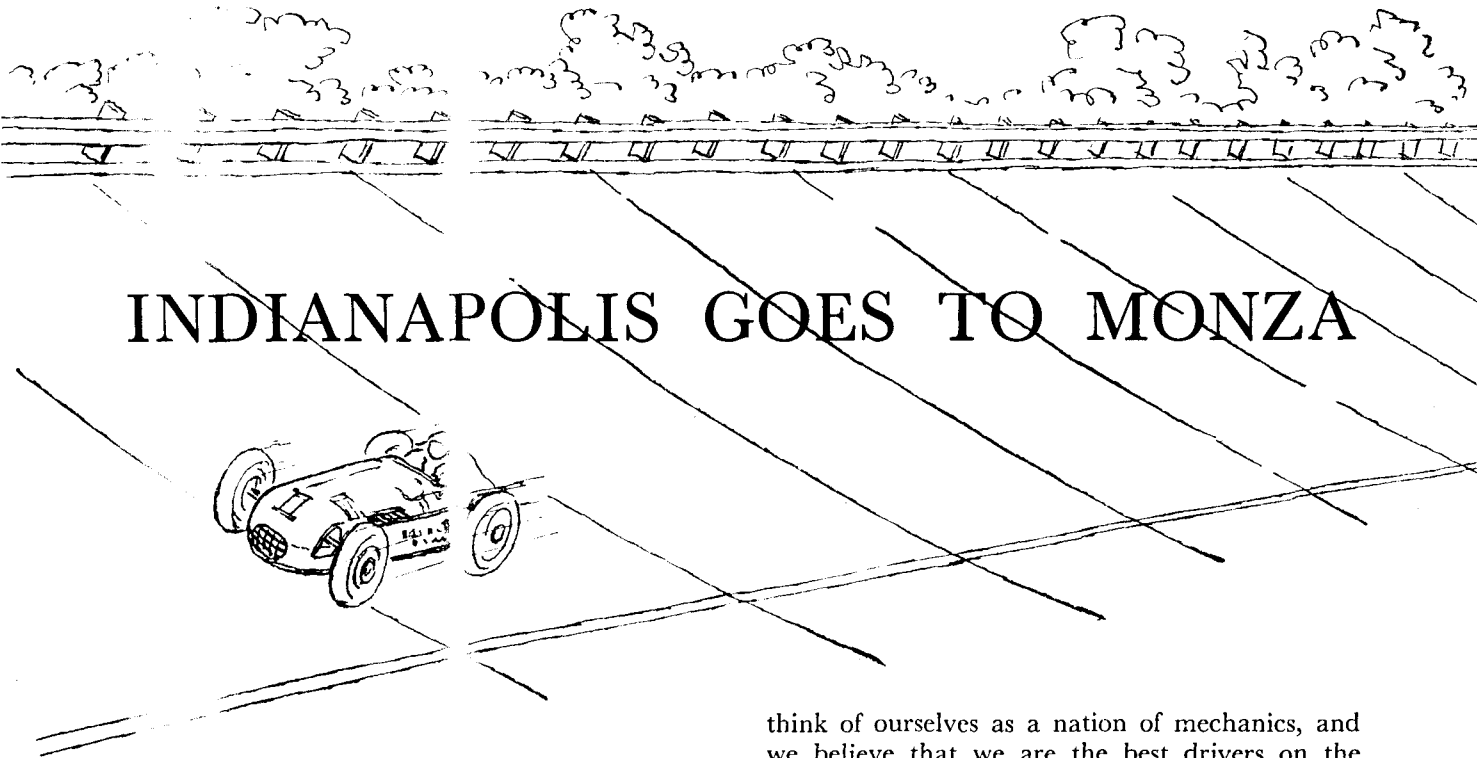
	Average	Minimum	Maximum	Comment
Musicians and music teachers (census)	\$2850	32% \$2500—	11% \$7000+	National scale: Phonograph = \$41.25 (3 hours) Symphony recordings = \$38.50 (3 hours)
Newsboys	\$392	92% \$2500—	0.3% \$7000+	
Nurses (female, census)	\$3000	51% \$2500—	0.4% \$7000+	Basic 8-hour day: Maximum (Calif.) = \$15 Minimum (Me. & Miss.) = 10
Physicians	\$16,017 (self-employed)	1% \$2500—	2% \$75,000+ At least one more than \$250,000.	Census: \$10,050 14% 2500— 59% 7000+ Includes salaried practitioners.
Social welfare workers (female, census)	\$3800	35% \$2500—	1% \$7000+	
Teachers, school	\$4285	\$831 (Miss. beginners)	\$5200 in 11 years (N.Y.)	Census: \$3410 (female) 39% 2500— 0.7% 7000+
Television: Producer Staff musician Cameraman	\$12,500—\$15,000 13,300 8750			Actor: lead in typical half-hour show, \$10,000 frequently and a few at \$25,000. For spectacular and other one-time shows, as much as \$50,000 or more.
Theater — New York Equity actors	5-year average: Yearly: \$800 (Average work per year = 10 weeks; average % membership at work during year = 17) Minimum weekly: Specialty act, \$248 5 lines or less, 77.50	37% \$1-499	0.5% \$50,000+	Census figures are much higher than New York Equity figures. At the time covered by Equity, census figures average \$2500-3000. The explanation in part is that income other than that earned in the theater is included in census figures; concentration of numbers is especially high in New York City and hence incomes are especially low.
Musicians — contract house	148.51			
Carpenters, electricians, propertymen	146.95			
Trade union officers	Mean \$18,800 Median 15,000	\$4730	\$64,719	
Truck and tractor drivers	Mean \$4640	\$3980 in Southwest	\$4860 in Pacific region	Based on 2000-hour year and union rates (1957). Census figure for 1949, adjusted for rise, yields income of \$3750.

This material comes from all kinds of sources: official documents (census and other branches of the Commerce Department, Department of Labor, Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Congressional Record, congressional hearings), publications of trade associations, letters from experts, municipal year books, trade journals, and so forth. Many figures give only rough approximations but are adequate for comparative purposes.

Census coverage is generally wider than that from other sources and hence tends to yield lower figures. The coverage of professional workers frequently is more extensive (reaching

lowest levels) by the census than in many other studies. I have, therefore, noted where census figures are used.

Where other information was not available, I used census material for 1949, adjusted by appropriate indexes for the rise since 1949 to yield the median for 1956 or 1957. But where the census figures are used, the distribution in each occupation is for 1949. Generally I have used the median (the income of the middle man), and from census sources incomes of males, except where females predominate. I have used census averages for female workers in schoolteaching, nursing, and social work.



INDIANAPOLIS GOES TO MONZA

BY KEN W. PURDY

In a closed circuit race on the steeply banked track at Monza last year, American drivers proved their prowess. But racing under such conditions afforded little basis for comparing the Indianapolis type of car with the road-racing machines of England and the Continent. KEN W. PURDY has covered many racing events and is the author of KINGS OF THE ROAD.

AMERICANS consider their national sporting championships tantamount to championships of the world. No foreign team contests the World Series, and only the Japanese, most respectfully and hopelessly, have fielded a team against Series winners. Boxing titles are expected to change hands in Madison Square Garden or the Polo Grounds. Sir Thomas Lipton expended a fortune trying to beat American sailors, and when British golfers took the Walker Cup from us last year it was viewed here as an almost incredible inversion of the law of probability.

But there is one sport in which we do not remotely approach world supremacy. This is automobile racing. Automobile racing is our biggest spectator sport. It outdraws even baseball by a significant margin: approximately 25 million to 16.5 million. We run more cars in more races, and more *kinds* of races, than any other nation. We build many more cars than the rest of the world together, we

think of ourselves as a nation of mechanics, and we believe that we are the best drivers on the globe. Yet no American has ever intervened successfully in the championship of the world, which is decided in Europe. No American has ever threatened the championship of England or Germany, France or Italy. The whole history of big league, or Grand Prix, automobile racing carries the name of only one U.S.-bred winner of a major event: Jimmy Murphy, winner of the Grand Prix of France in 1921, driving a Duesenberg. Two American road-race drivers who regularly campaign in Europe, Harry Schell of Paris and Masten Gregory of Kansas City, tied for sixth place in the world championship listings in 1957.

The American professional, whether he is driving a bathtub-size micro-midget, a battered stock car, or a hand-assembled championship racing machine, views Indianapolis, the 500-Mile Race, as Mecca and its winning as the ultimate triumph. He is a track racer. His whole career has been spent on circular, oval, or squared oval tracks. His car runs at a nearly constant speed. He never has to shift gears, and he almost never has to use the brakes. In his view, track racing *is* racing.

The European or South American driver competes infrequently on a track. He drives on regular open roadways closed for the occasion or on circuits built to simulate roadways. Running 160 to 180 miles per hour on two-lane roads, uphill and down, slowing through curves ranging from gentle bends to 180-degree hairpins, he believes he is expressing the classic function of the automobile. His car is designed for roadability, for violent acceleration and prodigious braking. He will race in pouring rain and he will race on ice-coated Alpine roads. He is contemptuous of track racing. "You put your foot down and steer left," he shrugs. "This is driving?" Usually he makes a

partial exception of Indianapolis, conceding that the high speeds involved on an out-of-date track (137 miles per hour in bends constructed for 90 miles per hour in 1911) require endurance and superior skill, although he is likely to consider the skill a freakish thing, inapplicable elsewhere, like a talent for tightwire walking. The American reciprocates by arguing that road racing is manned by gentlemen amateurs who would be terrified in the cut-and-thrust of dirt-track competition.

EXPOONENTS of the two worlds of motor racing rarely meet. A few European drivers, mounted on European automobiles, have essayed Indianapolis only to find their cars totally unsuitable (the Indianapolis car is a special breed designed solely for that track), and the Americans, in their infrequent assaults on Grand Prix racing, have usually seen the Europeans run away from them. But Indianapolis is one of the ten races (in 1957 there were only seven) counting toward the World Championship, and the world governing body of the sport, the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile, regularly credits the winner with eight points, the second finisher with six, the third with four, and so on. The ranking is *pro forma*, since Indianapolis drivers usually run in no other FIA-sanctioned event.

During the past ten years race promoters on both sides of the water have dreamed of bringing the two factions together, and on the 29th of last June an earnest attempt was made at Monza in Italy. A notable farce resulted.

The Autodromo di Monza is an asphalt and concrete circuit situated twelve miles from Milan. Its total length is 6.2 miles, including a banked oblong of 2.6 miles which may be used separately as a track. (The other 3.6 miles simulates roadway.) The circuit varies in width from 26 to 40 to 78 feet. The banked high-speed section is new, and when it was completed in 1955 an international race was proposed, and it was finally set up for 1957 under the sponsorship of the Automobile Club of Italy. Selected Indianapolis drivers were invited. In a departure from European custom, no starting money — money paid if a car moves away from its starting position under its own power — was offered, but the organizers guaranteed tourist-class expenses for ten drivers, ten alternates, ten mechanics, ten cars.

As additional inducement, it was stipulated that the race would be run entirely on American lines. It was to be run on the banked track, and the road circuit was excluded; it was to be stopped in rain, as Indianapolis is; it was to be run counterclockwise, following Indianapolis custom, instead of

clockwise as is Grand Prix practice; and it was to be run not as a straight 500-mile event but in three heats, with sixty-minute intermissions between them. At least one of these conditions was imperative: Indianapolis cars will not run clockwise. Most of them carry extra weight, ranging from 150 to 300 pounds, on the left side, and their Firestone tires are molded for cars turning left only. Since Monza is rough at high speeds and has proved destructive to springs, shock absorbers, and so on, it was felt that some intermission time might be useful for repairs. As things turned out, two hours were barely enough.

Earlier in the year, the leading European drivers had banded together in a small organization called the Union des Pilotes Professionnels Internationaux, in order, they said, to find strength against the rapacity of the organizers and promoters with whom they had to deal. To everyone's astonishment, the UPPI announced that its members would not run at Monza. It would be too dangerous, they said. This seemed a curious sentiment to be entertained by men who had repeatedly driven such hair-raising circuits as the Nürburgring in Germany, a mountain course 17.6 miles to the lap, with grades running as high as 17 per cent and most of it 26 feet wide, or the Mille Miglia, 1000 miles of open Italian road to be driven at speeds up to 175 miles an hour. Astonishment was voiced in the European press, and impolite remarks were made about such luminaries as Stirling Moss, the great British driver who ranks No. 2 in the world, Peter Collins, Louis Chiron, Harry Schell. Next the Monza sponsors heard that prior commitments required Juan Manuel Fangio of Argentina, five times champion of the world, to be elsewhere on June 29.

In fact the UPPI position was based on immutable technical grounds: the drivers had no suitable automobiles and no suitable tires. The matter of tires was paramount. Two Italian racing cars dominated Grand Prix events at the time: Ferrari and Maserati. Ferrari uses the Belgian Engelbert tire, Maserati the Italian Pirelli. The Engelbert, while safe in bursts up to 190 miles an hour, will not sustain continuous running over 150; Pirelli, not long before the race, stopped making high-speed tires. Dunlop would not guarantee its tires for sustained use over 160 miles an hour. For the Americans, tires offered no problem: U.S. tire makers have only recently begun to make road-racing tires, but Firestone in particular, long having had a monopoly at Indianapolis, knows all about track tires. The American cars were provided with four hundred special tires built after a study of the circuit and said to be based on a jet-aircraft tire required to sustain six bounces to the rim at 150 miles an hour!

Thus the European drivers, if they ran, would face two alternatives: They could cruise around at 160 miles an hour and be beaten, or they could run at top speed and be certain of tire failure, and tire failure at around 160 miles an hour is usually fatal — and often not only to the driver of the car. European drivers, with nearly one hundred spectator fatalities in the immediate past, are sensitive on that point. They do not want to see legislation deprive them of the sport that is both passion and livelihood to most of them.

In the matter of automobiles, they were no better off. Grand Prix racing is done to a formula established by the FIA and usually changed every three years. Currently it restricts the big cars (Formula I cars) to engines of 152 cubic inches displacement. Indianapolis has not conformed to international rules for years, and currently runs engines of 252 cubic inches. To compete on level terms, therefore, it would be necessary for Ferrari and Maserati to build teams of new automobiles at costs that could easily amount to \$30,000 each. Enzo Ferrari said that if he felt like building cars to run in one race only, his contract drivers would handle them, UPPI or no UPPI. However, he went on, the economic logic of such a move escaped him. Maserati made a halfhearted attempt: the factory tried two machines powered by sports-car engines and using Firestone tires on American wheels. The larger and heavier tires made the cars unmanageable at high speeds.

FOUR days before the race date the Americans arrived in force. They were among the best we have: Johnny Parsons, Troy Ruttman, Jim Bryan, Paul Russo, Bob Veith, Andy Linden, Eddie Sachs, Jim Rathman, Pat O'Connor, Tony Bettenhausen. (The 1957 Indianapolis winner, Sam Hanks, was unable to make the trip.) They impressed the Europeans, and particularly the English motor-racing reporters, by their size and volubility, their frankness in discussing the technical aspects of their cars, and by the rates at which they blasted over the banked circuit. By the end of the second day of practice they were getting around in well under a minute for average speeds of 160 miles an hour, and on the day before the race Tony Bettenhausen made three consecutive laps at 177, which meant that he was reaching maxima of 190 on the straightaways. All of the American cars had different make names — Dean Van Lines Special, McNamara Special, Sumar Special, Agajanian Special — but they were nearly uniform, with chassis by Kurtis, Kuzma, or Watson, four-cylinder Offenhauser engines by Meyer-Drake. There were two Novi Air

Conditioning Specials carrying eight-cylinder supercharged engines.

For a time the Monza organizers had feared that they were committed to an expenditure of \$120,000 to show ten American automobiles parading around the track, but help arrived from, of all places, Scotland. David Murray, a sporting industrialist, maintains the Ecurie Ecosse, a team of Type D Jaguars, and Ecurie Ecosse had placed first and second in the 1957 Le Mans 24-Hour Race. The D-Jag, as it is known to the fancy, is not a Grand Prix car. It is a sports car, equipped with headlights, spare tire, and so on and technically, at least, capable of carrying two people. So remote was any possibility of three Jaguars beating ten big Indianapolis cars that Sir William Lyons, head of the English firm, pleaded piteously with David Murray to abandon his mad scheme, lest he bring lasting disgrace to Britain.

Murray would not listen. He shipped his cars and three of his drivers, Ninian Sanderson, Jack Lawrence, and Jack Fairman, to Monza. The little blue cars went out to practice assured by the attendant Dunlop tire experts that if they exceeded 160 miles an hour they could expect blow-outs. When Jack Fairman went around at 161, in 59.8 seconds, the tire people asked Ecurie Ecosse to restrict him to 62 seconds.

Saturday the 29th was sunny and very warm indeed. The crowd was small. As the flag fell to start the race, Jack Fairman's Jaguar screamed into the lead and ran away, and for a few seconds the Americans, horrified as he went into the first curve ahead of them, suspected that once again the wily Europeans had somehow tricked a band of honest colonials. The truth was simpler. The Jaguar, a road-racing machine designed for great acceleration, has a four-speed gear box. Fairman had used second and third gears, with maximum engine revolutions, to reach his 160 miles per hour top speed more quickly than the American cars, with rudimentary two-speed transmissions, could reach their own.

Fairman led for the first lap only. By that time the big booming Offenhauser and Novi engines picked up speed and they passed him on both sides. The first 63-lap heat settled into an intra-American contest, ending with Bryan first, O'Connor second, Linden third. Bryan had averaged 162 miles an hour. The three Jaguars finished in order at the end of the field.

The hour interval was spent in a frenzy of repair to the American cars: oil tanks were loose, frames cracked, shock absorbers broken, fuel tanks split. The Novi driven by Bettenhausen had been twice in the pits during the heat, and was withdrawn altogether with a split oil cooler, broken shock absorbers, and a cracked chassis. The Scottish

Jaguars changed tires, put parasols over the drivers' seats, and let the cars stand on the track to await the second heat. Bryan won that one, too, at 160, with Ruttman second and Parsons third. Four of the other Indianapolis cars retired with mechanical or structural failures, and the Jaguars came along in order, dead last, and broke out their parasols again.

Four American cars started the third heat, and one dropped out after eight laps. The three survivors, Ruttman, Bryan, and Parsons, continued to run nearly as fast as before, and they finished in that order at 158 miles an hour average speed, Bryan the overall winner. The Jaguars were fourth, fifth, and sixth. The average speeds were the highest seen in Europe since the war, although they had been exceeded twenty years before by Mercedes-Benz on the Avus circuit in Germany.

What had been proved? Very little, except that Indianapolis cars, running counterclockwise on a dry track, are very fast and somewhat fragile. Opinion of most competent observers was that if the race had been run as a straight 500-mile event, the Americans would have run out of welding rod and the three Jaguars would have finished alone. Jim Bryan, who had consumed three cigars during the race, went home with \$34,679.26, and Jack Fairman, whose Jaguar finished fourth, made \$3642.43. The total prize monies amounted to \$91,865.18, of which \$12,500 was contributed by Firestone, Champion, and Mobiloil. The organizers totted up a deficit of 80 million lire.

The cause of international good will, always cited first and foremost by supporters of such endeavors, fared poorly. The behavior of the American contingent did not vary greatly from the pattern long since laid down by our tourists: they were generous, kindly, loud, and they demonstrated no addiction to modesty. One member of the group could not restrain himself from asking a hotel clerk to change his lire into "real money," and Troy Ruttman, Indianapolis winner in 1952, announced on his return to these shores that any good American driver could beat any so-called European champion. Ruttman's reference was obviously to Juan Manuel Fangio. In 1954, when Fangio won the 12-Hour Race at Sebring, Florida, the only American race that attracts major European drivers, Ruttman competed, but he was not among the first nine men who followed Fangio to the finish line.

Juan Manuel Fangio has won more major automobile races than anyone else in the history of the sport. He is a driver of such astounding virtuosity that men who have driven behind him for years are unable fully to understand his skill. Stirling Moss, who has run second to Fangio many times, and who beat him three times in 1957, once told

me, "Up to a certain point you can follow the old man, and you can do what he does. Beyond that point, he passes into another sphere, and in that sphere, no one can do what he does." Roscoe Ford, a veteran Indianapolis racing mechanic, watched Fangio win the French Grand Prix at Rouen after the Monza affair. He told Denise McCluggage of the New York *Herald Tribune*, "In 33 years at Indianapolis I've never seen anything like that. No wonder they call him The Master." Last summer in winning the Nürburgring race Fangio broke the lap record, covering the 14.1 miles of curves and blind hills faster than any driver had ever done before. He then broke his own record *eight times*. He is forty-six years old, and men who have followed racing for decades consider that only the legendary Tazio Nuvolari, the greatest driver who ever lived, can be compared to him.

Five days after Monza, a letter was addressed to Fangio by Floyd Clymer, a Los Angeles publisher of automotive books and magazines. Clymer headed his letter "Poor Sportsmanship" and began: "Dear Fangio: By your failure to compete at Monza against U.S. and other foreign drivers after the Italians had done so much to make a success of the Monza 500-Mile Race, I contend that you are not only a poor sportsman but a phony Champion of the World. Thousands of other race fans feel as I do. I think you knew that the U.S. drivers would have *beaten your pants off* and that alone is the reason why you did not appear at Monza."

Clymer offered to pay Fangio \$500 if he entered the 1958 Indianapolis race, \$1000 if he qualified, \$2500 if he finished better than fifth in an American car, and \$5000 if he finished better than fifth in a European car. Simultaneously Clymer began a fund to bring the three Scottish drivers to America to witness the 1958 Indianapolis with a \$100 contribution of his own.

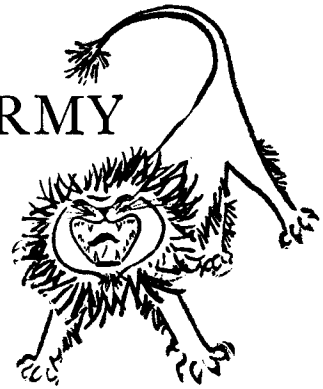
Fangio did not reply to Mr. Clymer's communication. Since he is a millionaire, he was presumably not moved by the possibility of financial gain which Clymer offered him. And otherwise?

"Monza was a very foolish thing," he said to me. "As for Indianapolis, to travel to Indianapolis, practice, and run, one must miss perhaps three races in Europe. One must miss a chance at twenty-four points in order to win eight. Still, I should like to see ten European drivers at Indianapolis. And even more, I should like to see ten Americans on the Nürburgring." He smiled. "Yes, that I should very much like to see."

It seems unlikely that the battered promoters of Monza, contemplating their 80 million lire deficit, will recommend that either their American or their German confreres indulge Sr. Fangio in his wish.

ANDROCLES AND THE ARMY

BY FRANK O'CONNOR



Irish man of letters, Frank O'Connor is loved and admired for the wit and warmth he has shown in his stories. Mr. O'Connor, who has taught several courses on the writing of fiction, is now living in the United States.

POLITICS and religion!" Healy said when Cloone announced that he was joining the army. "Even a lion tamer you can't trust not to get patriotic on you. The next thing will be the Clown wanting to join the Trappists." He argued, he pleaded, he threatened proceedings for breach of contract, but Cloone retorted with arguments about the state of the country. Threatened by the Germans, threatened by the English, threatened even by the Americans, she needed all her children. Healy's long red nose, that ascended and descended like a helicopter, shuddered and began to mount at the very mention of Ireland.

"Look, Cloone," he said, reasonably, "there's nothing wrong with the bloody country. It's the show I'm thinking of. 'Twill only be the mercy of God if we can keep going at all. And if you leave us there isn't another man in Ireland can do the job, and with a war on, I'm not going to be able to get one in."

"Ah, damn it, I know, I know," Cloone replied in anguish. "I'm not against the show, and I care more for my lions than I do for the show, but if I have to choose between my lions and my country, I have to choose my country. It's as hard on me as it is on you, but war is always like that. Look at the sugar!"

Till the last moment Healy continued to plead. He knew that not only would it be impossible to

get another lion tamer, but even if he did, the man would not be as good as Cloone. Healy knew an artist when he saw one and Cloone was an artist. What others could do by fear, he could do by a simple dropping of his voice. Healy couldn't hear the magic in that sudden change of pitch, but he could see the result, for an angry lion would suddenly uncoil his tightened springs of muscle and lie down to be stroked like a cat. Cloone would play with it like a cat, his blue eyes soft with emotion, and mutter as though to himself, "God, Ned, isn't he beautiful?"

"Beautiful my ass!" Healy would think as his red nose began to ascend, but he would keep it to himself.

Anyone seeing Cloone with animals would be bound to think at once of St. Francis of Assisi, but Healy knew that that was all the saint there was in Cloone. He had a devil of a temper, and brooded for months on imaginary insults and injuries. He would begin to mutter about a half-a-crown that he swore had been unjustly stopped from his pay six months before till Healy, in despair, raised his eyes and hands to Heaven. "Listen, Cloone," he would say, "I told you fifty times that there was nothing stopped. If you don't believe me, I'll give you the bloody half crown to take your puss off me." Then spasms of injured pride would run through Cloone like electric shocks, and he would cry: "It's not the money, Ned! It's not the money! It's the principle." But Healy, who had been in the show business from the time he was five, knew that when artists talked about principle, it was never anything but temperament, and it took a man like him who hated animals but loved human beings to put up with it at all. Cloone knew that too, and knew that Healy had some sort of hold over him.

Drawing by Juliet Kepes from BOY BLUE'S BOOK OF BEASTS by William Jay Smith

"Cloone tames lions but I tame Cloone," Healy had boasted one night in a pub, and Cloone had agreed with an exasperated giggle. He would do things for Healy he would do for no one else, but even Healy couldn't persuade him to stay on for the emergency. And it wasn't just because the show was only a ghost of itself, stripped by restrictions and regulations. It was pure, unqualified, bloodthirsty patriotism, a thing Healy simply could not understand in a mature man. "If," he added darkly, "you can ever say an artist is mature."

IT WAS a wrench for Cloone, because he really loved the few animals that had been left him; he loved Healy, and he loved the wandering life of the circus and the crowds of the small towns and fair greens. He went away with a breaking heart to be shut up in a Nissen hut, dressed in uniform, stood to attention, stood at ease, presented, formed twos with, formed fours with, as if he himself were only a mangy old circus lion, jumping to a cruel tamer's whip. Besides, he was an awkward, excitable man who could never remember his left from his right, and shouldered arms when he should have presented them, and he had to listen to tongue-lashings from a sergeant and not tell the sergeant what he could do with himself. It often reduced him to mutinous tears, and he lay on his cot at night exhausted, thinking of himself as a caged old animal, its spirit broken, dreaming of the jungle. Then he shed more tears because he felt he had never understood wild animals till his own turn came. All the same his desperate sincerity won through. They had to make a corporal of him, and, in the way of other great artists, he was prouder of his two miserable stripes than of all his other gifts. Drinking in a pub with another man, he couldn't help glancing at his sleeve with a smirk of delight.

Then one day he opened a local paper and saw that Doyle's World-Famous Circus was visiting Asragh one evening the following week. Filled with excitement, he went off to ask for a pass. Of course, everyone in the battalion knew his trade, and he had no difficulty in getting the pass. The trouble was that everyone from the officers down wanted a pass as well. They all felt that they had a personal interest in the circus. On the afternoon of the show two lorryloads of troops left the camp for town. In the main street they scattered to the public houses to wait for the circus, but Cloone hurried off joyously to the Fair Green, where Healy was waiting for him. In his temperamental way he threw his arms about Healy and sobbed with pleasure till Healy, in embarrassment, grabbed him by the shoulders and mockingly

inspected his uniform, with the green gloves tucked neatly in the shoulder strap and the natty little cane.

"Give it up, John," he said with a grin. "They'll never make a soldier out of you."

"How well they gave me the stripes!" Cloone said defensively, and followed Healy to his caravan.

"Stripes never made a soldier yet," said Healy. "A raw recruit is all you'll ever be." He took down a bottle and poured half a tumbler of neat whisky for Cloone and another for himself. "And why? Because that's not where you belong at all, John. You belong round here with the rest of the crowd."

"Ah, God, Ned, I know, I know," said Cloone, wriggling miserably on the edge of the bed. "I wake up in the night and think about it. But the Germans have it all planned out. They caught a parachutist with the plans. You have to face it, Ned."

"I do not have to face it," retorted Healy, his delicate nose vibrating at the very thought of it. "You'll never see a shot fired in this country, man. Sure, who the hell would want it? And anyone that did would be welcome to it as far as I'm concerned. I have enough of it."

"I'll give you my word, the moment it's over, I'll belt it back here," said Cloone. "Sometimes I think it'll never be over. Tell me, who have you on the lions?"

"Who do you think?" Healy asked gloomily. "Darcy — the Strong Man." The last words he added not by way of information but as a sneer, for Healy, who had a wretched stomach, had seen the Strong Man screaming his head off with a toothache, and it had left a terrible impression on him.

"Ah, God, Ned," Cloone moaned, shaking his head, "sure Darcy could never handle a lion. Darcy is too rough."

"Darcy is too frightened," Healy added sternly. "Drink that and we'll finish the bottle."

"Is he any good with them?" asked Cloone.

"Ah, he's all right," Healy replied with a frown — he was a fair man. "They don't like him, that's the only thing."

"But how could they, Ned?" Cloone asked feverishly. "Lions could never get on with a Strong Man. Lions are sensitive, like women. What possessed you to give them to Darcy?"

"Who else could I give them to?" Healy asked angrily. "Damn grateful I was to him for taking them off my hands."

It was like old times for Cloone, sitting in the twilight with his friend, and the old hands dropping in to ask how he was. He told them all about the importance of the army and the danger

to the country, and they listened politely but with utter incredulity. It was at times like this that you could see Cloone wasn't really one of them.

When Healy went to take the gate, Cloone with a foolish smile nodded in the direction of the big cage and said, "I'll slip round and have a look at Jumbo and Bess." They might have been two old sweethearts, the way he talked of them, thought Healy.

"Oh, plenty of time, John," he said with a toss of his head. "They won't be on for half an hour yet."

THE main satisfaction of the evening from Healy's point of view was the number of soldiers who came, officers and all. Healy could not help liking a bit of style, and style was something that was disappearing from the Irish countryside. He was only sorry for the miserable show he had for them, and the two lions that were all he had left him. And then their turn came, and Darcy stood ready, a huge and handsome man with a self-conscious air as though he did not even see the audience.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," the Ringmaster explained, "owing to emergency restrictions, Doyle's collection of wild animals — the greatest in the world — has been considerably reduced. But the two lions you are going to see aren't just ordinary animals. No, Ladies and Gentlemen, these two terrible lions are among the most savage ever captured alive. In the capture of these two lions — especially for Doyle's Circus — no less than eight famous big-game hunters lost their lives, as well as an untold number of simple natives."

Then the big cage was rolled on; Darcy smartly whipped the curtains back; there was a moment of incredulous silence, and then a laugh that grew into a roar. For, inside the cage with his cap off and his tunic open, was Cloone, sprawled on the ground against the bars, embracing Jumbo with one arm and Bess with the other. The two lions had a meditative air, as if they were posing for a photograph. At the tumult in the audience they raised their heads suspiciously, and fresh screams broke out, because Jumbo was seen to be holding Cloone's green gloves in his jaws while Bess sedately held his cane. There was an atmosphere of intense domesticity about the scene that made one feel that instead of a cage there should be a comfortable living room with a good fire burning.

"Mind the lions or the soldier will ate 'em!" roared someone from the back row, and this brought fresh shrieks. As a turn it was superior to anything that had yet been seen, but to the circus hands it seemed like disaster.

"Oh, my God!" muttered the Ringmaster.

"This is awful! This is terrible entirely! How could a thing like that happen, Darcy?"

"That's Cloone," said Darcy with a puzzled frown.

"Sure I know damn well 'tis Cloone," said the Ringmaster severely. "But how the hell did he get in there, and how are we going to get him out? Come out now, John," he called appealingly. "Come on out and let the show go on!"

"In a minute now, in a minute," replied Cloone with a knowing smile. "We'll give ye yeer show when we're ready."

"Ah, come on now, come on!" snapped the Ringmaster. "We'll be the laughingstock of Ireland. Darcy, you go in and get him out!"

"Is it me?" Darcy asked indignantly. "How the hell can I go in with him there? They'd ate you, man. Where's my hot bar?"

Two policemen who had been sitting near the front approached with their uniform caps in their hands to indicate that this was merely friendly curiosity on their part and that nothing had yet occurred that required their official attention.

"Now, lads, what's this disturbance about?" asked the Sergeant in a friendly boom. "Come out of that cage now like a good man, and don't be obstructing the traffic."

Then Cloone began to giggle feebly as the humor of it struck him.

"Ye can't get me," he said coyly.

"What's that you said?" asked the Sergeant.

"You're afraid," said Cloone.

"Who's afraid?" asked the Sergeant.

"You are," replied Cloone with an explosion of laughter. "There's nothing to be afraid of. We're all friends here."

The Sergeant looked at him for a moment and then put on his cap. It had something of the effect of a judge's donning of the black cap in a murder trial. The younger policeman with a shy air put on his own.

"Someone will have to get him," the Sergeant announced in an entirely different tone, the one that went with the cap.

"All right, all right," Darcy said irritably. "Wait till I get my hot bar." He grabbed it with a determined air and opened the door of the cage. The two lions rose and growled at him.

"Put down that bar!" Cloone said in an outraged voice as he staggered to his feet. "Put it down, I say!"

"Get out of my way, God blast you!" snarled Darcy. "Haven't I trouble enough without you?"

All in a moment the atmosphere of domesticity had vanished. It was clear that Darcy hated the lions and Cloone, and Cloone and the lions hated Darcy. For a few moments the lions eyed the Strong Man hungrily and growled; then they

slunk slowly back to the end of the cage where a separate compartment was opened. Darcy, white in the face, slammed the door behind them, and then the Ringmaster and the policemen, followed by Healy, entered the main cage.

"Come on, John," Healy said, taking Cloone by the arm. "Come on now."

"That's no way to treat my animals," Cloone said, pointing at Darcy.

"John," Healy said in a low voice, "remember the uniform!" A remark, as he said afterwards, that he'd have to answer for on the Last Day because he cared as much about the uniform as he did about the state of the country. But he was a man tamer as Cloone was a lion tamer. Each of them made his own sort of soothing, nonsensical noise.

"All right," muttered Cloone, heading off in the direction of the lions. "Let me say good-bye to them and I won't trouble ye again."

"Don't let that man open that cage door again or I won't be responsible!" Darcy shouted in a frenzy.

"I'll be responsible, Darcy," Healy said shortly. "Go on, John, and do whatever you want to do, but do it quick — and for God's sake don't let them out on us! Come on outside, boys, and we'll shut the gate."

And there they had to stand outside the cage, powerlessly, watching the performance within. Cloone opened the gate of the inner cage and stood there for a moment, overcome with emotion. The lions seemed to be overcome as well. After a moment Jumbo sadly raised his big head and joined Cloone. Cloone bent and kissed him on the snout. As he did so Bess came up to him and licked his hand. He kissed her as well. Then, before he closed the door behind him, he drew himself up and gave them a military salute. The soldiers in the audience were delighted with this. "Company, present arms!" yelled one of them. As Healy said, "There was never the like of it seen as show business. If you could have put it on as an act, you'd be turning them away."

But for Cloone, it was anything but show business. As he came out of the big cage he strode up to Darcy.

"You big, bloody bully!" he said. "You had to take a red-hot bar to frighten those poor innocent creatures! Like every other bully, you're a coward."

He gave Darcy a punch, and the Strong Man was so astonished that he went down flat on the grass. There were fresh roars from the audience; the soldiers were getting restive. Darcy rose with a dazed expression as the two policemen seized Cloone from behind. To give them their due, they were less afraid of what Cloone would do to

Darcy than of what Darcy would do to Cloone. He was one of those sad powerful men whose tragedy is that they can't have a little disagreement in a pub without running the risk of manslaughter. Cloone pulled himself away, leaving his tunic in the policemen's hands, and dashed for the side of the tent. He disappeared under it with the two guards close behind, and a score of soldiers after the guards, to see that their comrade got fair play. As they were pulling off their belts while they ran, two officers got up as well and ran through the main entrance after them to protect the guards. It was all very confusing, and the show was as good as over for the night.

THEY ran Cloone to earth at last in the kitchen of a cottage down a lane from which there was no escape. By this time he had had the opportunity of considering his behavior, and all the fight had gone out of him. He apologized to the woman of the house for the fright he had given her, and she moaned over him like a Greek chorus, blaming it all on the bad whisky. He apologized to the guards for the trouble he had given them and begged them to go back to the circus while he surrendered himself at the barrack. He apologized all over again to the two young lieutenants who appeared soon after; by this time he was trembling like an aspen leaf.

"It's my lions!" he said in a broken voice. "I'd never shame the uniform only for them."

At his court-martial he appeared on a charge of "conduct prejudicial to good order and discipline, in that he, Corporal John Cloone, on the eighteenth day of September, of the current year, had allowed himself to be seen in a public place with his tunic in disorder and minus certain articles of equipment: viz. one pair of gloves and one walking stick (regulation)." The charge of assault was dropped at the instance of the President, who suggested to the prosecution that there might have been provocation. The Prosecutor agreed that, considering the prisoner's occupation in civil life, this might be so. But armies are alike the whole world over, and, whatever their disregard for civilian rights, they all have the same old-maidish preoccupation with their own dignity, and Cloone was lucky to get off with nothing worse than the loss of his stripes. Healy asked him what better he could expect from soldiers, people who tried to turn decent artists into people like themselves. As if anybody had ever succeeded in turning a soldier into anything that was the least use to God or man!

But Healy, as Cloone knew, was lacking in idealism.



Caricature of Harold Ross by Rea Irvin, adapted in 1926 from his original NEW YORKER cover.

THE YEARS WITH ROSS

BY JAMES THURBER

To be a Miracle Man on Harold Ross's NEW YORKER was a summons that few of those tapped for the position knew enough to refuse. But the miracle proved to be the velocity with which the incumbents came and went. Poets, editors, writers, and men about town were hired, only to be fired, often for non-existent reasons, after a short and painful interval on the job. This, the seventh part of JAMES THURBER'S series, continues his discussion of the long line of Ross's Miracle Men.

SO MANY people have told me that Harold Ross was a simple mechanism, and so many others have assured me that he was a complex character, it is small wonder that I dreamed the other night that he was both complicated and simplicated. There are those who contend that the multiple editor of the *New Yorker* never stepped off the elevator on his office floor without putting on an invisible military uniform. He was accused of having a secret respect for rigid military discipline, in spite of his waggish and scalawagish experiences in the AEF. His frequent and profane denunciations of all top brass were supposed to cover a sneaking admiration for GHQ red tape. I can't go along with this, if only because I'm unable to dispel the image of Ross as the jittery skipper of a schooner

out of Coleridge, a ship's master with more than a dash of mutineer in him. When he is not that figure in my nightmares, he is an "aw shucks" farm boy from Colorado trying to land a 1900 biplane in the middle of Fifth Avenue.

When, as Private H. W. Ross, he was editor of the *Stars and Stripes*, the situation was more comic opera than American Army. He was once put in the guardhouse for some insubordination by Captain Guy T. Viskniskki, but he had to be released or the newspaper could not have been got out. As editor, he could give orders to Captain Franklin P. Adams and to Sergeant Alexander Woollcott, who once called him, in Paris, "the best editor in the world." Where and how he finally learned his obsessive reverence for Order and Or-

ganization nobody will ever know for sure. Although he was always scornful of American big business and big businessmen, he talked constantly of "running this place like any other business office." He was vociferous in his contempt for the way most metropolitan newspapers were run, but I always felt that his urge to tear down walls and set up a Central Desk was an unconscious tendency to create a vast city room, with everyone in full sight of everyone else. I go on feeling this in the face of his continual scoffing at all things intramurally journalistic in any writer's copy. He didn't want any stories by reporters and ex-reporters about their work on newspapers. "It makes me self-conscious," he would say, and he once went so far as to insist when I used "city room" in a Talk story that it be changed to "the room where the reporters write their stories." Whatever the origin of his driving desire for Order and Organization may have been, it satisfied two of his deepest needs: something to keep trying for, and something to keep grouching about.

When I was in Columbus, Ohio, in the summer of 1927, on vacation and on my way out of the job of "running the magazine," I got a six-word note from Andy White that read: "Thurber. The new passing system. White." The new passing system, typed on an enclosed piece of paper, went like this: "White passes to Levick who passes to Ross." I have no copy at hand and it may be that I have left out one of the passes. Perhaps it went like this: "White passes to Barnes who passes to Levick who passes to Ross." If there was a Barnes, he has long since passed and been forgotten. Sometimes I wake up at night and chant to myself, "White passes to Tinker who passes to Evers who passes to Chance who passes to Ross." This old system, indicating the official route for "Notes and Comment" from White's typewriter to Ross's desk, was one of a hundred similar systems devised by distraught executive editors in a futile effort to set Ross's organization-conscious mind at rest. These systems formed what Stanley Walker, who later got involved in them, called "the rigmaroles."

The man who had thought up a way to reroute Comment, so that Ross wouldn't worry about its getting lost between Andy's office and his, was named William Levick. He lasted about as long as I had in the untenable job of mastermind and whipping boy to Harold Ross. Levick's final frantic response to the editor's demand for a method of keeping track of everything was an enormous sheet of cardboard, six feet by four, divided into at least eight hundred squares, with fine hand lettering in each of them covering all phases of the scheduling of departments and other office rigmaroles. This complicated caricature of System, this concentration of all known procedural

facts, hung on a wall of the Talk meeting room until one day it fell down of its own weight. Ross had stared at it now and then without saying anything. When it crashed, he told his secretary, "Get rid of that thing." I suppose this was also what he said about a sign I made at the time and hung on a wall near the elevators: "Alterations going on as usual during business."

BILL LEVICK, one of the few men Ross always called by his first name in the office, had been a friend and colleague of the editor in his San Francisco newspaper days. He had greatly impressed Ross at that time by his calm and efficient direction of a staff of reporters one night when some disaster struck the city. Levick, as I remember it, had been night city editor of the paper. His calmness and efficiency, which had stood up under disaster, did not long stand up under Ross's continual badgering and heckling. After he gave up the hopeless task of trying to please Ross in the Big Job, he did not leave, like most of the others, but became the art make-up man. He was unhappy in that role, too, because he didn't like artists, and thought most of their drawings were silly. "You're the only cartoonist that can spell," he once told me sourly, "and you may be the only one that can read and write." I wasn't ever close to him, but we got along well, although he rarely had much to say beyond his invariable morning greeting, "One day nearer the grave, Thurber."

A now tottery graybeard says he saw Levick one day in the office with tears in his eyes — tears of fury or frustration were not infrequent in some of the men who worked for Ross. But Levick could be tough, too, and his faint, gentle smile could turn cold when Ross backed him into a corner. One day the editor went up in flames because of the similarity and proximity of two drawings in the front of the book, but instead of bawling Levick out himself, he sent his secretary to the make-up man with a sharp reprimand. Levick took a swing at the fellow and, when Ross sent the young man back with an even sharper message, knocked him down, resigned, went away, and was not seen again.

Bill Levick died a few years later, somewhere in New Jersey, out of work and down on his luck, and I told Ross about it. He was genuinely saddened, and the news depressed him for days. "I didn't treat him right, goddam it," he told me. "But he kept calling me 'Sir,' and standing there mocking me and grinning at me. He called Woollcott 'Foolish.' He would say, 'Foolish is late with his copy this week for 'Shouts and Murmurs.' ' He kept saying 'sked' for schedule and 'pix' for

drawings. All he cared about was his goddam pianola rolls. He had millions of them, there wasn't anything else in his house. You don't play the pianola every night unless there's something the matter with you. He even *edited* the damn rolls, pasting them up with tissue paper, collaborating with guys like Beethoven. He was a good man, though. I was fond of him, but he didn't belong here." I thought of asking him, "Who does?" but I just went away and left him with his memories and miseries.

When a system fell down, Ross was usually dejected until he or somebody else thought up a new one, but once in a while the mutineer in him took over. He was gleeful if he falling down or pushing over of a system disturbed, or tangled up, the business department, "those guys upstairs." Once when a rebuilt typewriter I had been using broke down, I phoned the Underwood Company at noon, ordered its most expensive machine, and charged it to the *New Yorker*. The typewriter, delivered at the office two hours later, was held up by the alert business office, and a deputy was sent to Ross with the complaint that I had got the machine without authorization or the signing of any requisition slips. The typewriter had been hidden from me in the art stock room, but an office boy told me where it was and I went and got it. The whole illegal procedure delighted Ross. "It's the only direct action there's been around here in years," he yelled at the nervous man from the business department. "I'll okay it," and he grabbed pencil and paper and okayed it.

When he found out that I was in the habit of going to the supply stock room, getting in with a passkey and taking whatever I wanted — paper, paper clips, typewriter ribbon, pencils, and wire baskets — he sauntered into my office and asked, "How do you get your supplies?" I told him, and he went away grinning. A monthly checkup by the business office had shown a discrepancy in supplies on hand, and again someone had complained to the editor and he had suspected me. I was thwarted for a while when the guys upstairs installed new locks on all the doors, but I smuggled the master key to a locksmith and had a dozen keys made from it. I told Ross about that myself, adding that I had given a few of the extra keys to girls I knew for souvenirs. Ross didn't believe that, even though it was true. The heartiest laugh of the mutinous skipper came the day I found out, and told him, that the master key to the former system of locks had been retained and hung on a hook beside the new one. I showed it to him. Attached to it was a small wooden plaque on which someone had printed in India ink "master key" and, under that, "doesn't work." Ross told the story all over town. It represented to him not

merely the bewilderment of some office boy, but the total inefficiency of the business department, which had had nothing whatever to do with it.

AFTER Levick came Arthur Samuels, out of an advertising agency, with previous experience as a newspaper reporter and a magazine promotion man. Art Samuels, who had been a member of the Cottage Club and the Triangle Club in his Princeton days, was a close friend and idol of another Princeton man, Raoul Fleischmann, and any friend and idol of Fleischmann, who was the chief backer of the magazine, was a target for Ross's slings and arrows, and doomed from the start. Raoul once told me, "Art is one of the funniest men in the world on two Martinis." When I mentioned this praise to Ross, he said, "I guess I always got to parties when he was on his third, or left before he finished his first."

Samuels had taken over one of the largest *New Yorker* offices and furnished it with rugs, large handsome bridge lamps, and other fancy appointments that must have brought Ross's disapproving tongue out of his mouth when he first beheld this change. He himself liked a plain newspaper-type office — "I don't want to look like the editor of *Vanity Fair*." Samuels lasted until just after he came back from a six-week leave in Europe. I learned later that Ross had intended to fire him while he was abroad, but he put it off until Art's ship was back in the harbor of New York. Then, just before Samuels disembarked, he got a telegram from Ross telling him he was through. Late that afternoon the editor called me into his office. He was sitting with his head in his hands, and he said, "Samuels was just in here bawling the holy hell out of me. No white man would have fired him the way I did, I guess." I could tell he had taken quite a verbal lashing, and he was to get others.

Later, hell and high voices broke loose in his office when Geoffrey Hellman gave him a verbal going over, which no doubt Ross had coming to him. Some weeks after that, Ross held up a Hellman piece so long that Katharine White said to him one day at a Talk meeting, "Why haven't you put the Hellman piece through? We all think it's very good." Ross turned this over in his mind for ten seconds and then said, "He called me a liar," picking one of the least provocative of Geoffrey's descriptions of him. (He bought the Hellman piece that day.)

It was a basic fact of Ross's nature that he really respected no man who didn't, at one time or another, fight back and yell him down. I had many a yelling bout with him in his office, but we always

ended up on good, even affectionate terms. One day ten years ago he and William Shawn were trying to explain to me what they thought was the matter with a couple of pieces I had written in a series on soap operas, and Ross snapped, not out of his heart, but out of his ulcers, "If you could see, you would know what we mean." That sent me rocketing into the higher reaches of lurid damnation of all editors. He said he was sorry, and he was, but he never immediately got over the effects of one of our yelling spells. That noon I was having lunch at the Algonquin with my wife and daughter (then sixteen), when Ross came over to our table. We talked amiably for a while and then he spurted, "Something happens to Jim once a month that makes him carry on like a woman." This indelicate allusion was remarkable in a man as self-conscious as a choir boy in the presence of women, and embarrassed to death if anyone then made a reference to the functional. My daughter had met him first when she was only nine and he was in one of his most blustery moods. I asked her afterward what she thought of him, and she said, "He's gruff, but I'm not afraid of him." She might have been speaking for her sex in general.

Thorne Smith doesn't properly belong in any *New Yorker* or, for that matter, any other category, but he underwent a stretch of torture, both give and take, as a member of the staff during the winter of 1929-1930. I had brought him in and introduced him to Ross, saying that he had given up an advertising job to write a book — it must have been *The Stray Lamb* — and found himself unable to get work. Thorne Smith, straight out of Wonderland, looked like a cousin of the White Rabbit, and completely befuddled Harold Ross. The editor took him on, though — mainly, I am sure, because he had edited a service magazine during World War I, a Navy publication called *Broadside*. The two men, disparate if there ever was disparity, talked about the *Stars and Stripes* and a mutual acquaintance who had been on the wartime *Army Gas Attack*. Everything went wrong between Ross and Thorne, who once didn't show up for a week. "You ought to know where he is," Ross told me. "He's your responsibility." I said that Smith was God's responsibility, not mine or any man's. When he finally did appear, Ross said, "Why didn't you telephone and say you were sick?" Thorne had a lovely answer to that: "The telephone was in the hall and there was a draft."

The *New Yorker* had in a special file at that time a stack of profiles that needed editing before they could be used, and Smith had been given an office and told to try his hand at fixing them up. It didn't work out. "He can't use a typewriter, or if he can, he won't," Ross told me, and then, with

dramatic voice and gestures, "He sits out there writing on foolscap with a quill pen."

"By candlelight?" I asked.

"You have me there," said Ross. "Where the hell did you find him, anyway?"

"I didn't find him," I said. "God sent him to you." Smith departed soon after that, to join the other poor little lambs who had gone astray. It was only the other day that I found out he had once written, on foolscap, but with a modern fountain pen, an entire Talk department which was never used. Ross must have put him up to that secretly. I count it among my sorrows, and literature's losses, that his Talk department is nowhere to be found.

JAMES M. CAIN was a puzzle to Ross, too. All men puzzled him to some degree, but Thorne Smith and Jim Cain were much too much for his understanding. "We called him Dizzy Jim," an old-timer told me recently. "You were Daffy Jim." It seems that Cain liked to work on the floor, where there was a lot of room, and used to put the Talk department together down there. He once lifted high the hearts of Andy and Katharine White, at a Thanksgiving Day dinner at his apartment, by putting the turkey, platter and all, on the floor and carving it, blandly going on with the story he was telling, and he told stories exceeding well.

Jim wasn't at the *New Yorker* long, only a few months, but the memory of him has not dwindled there. When he got the hell out, he didn't want to see Ross or the *New Yorker* again, and I don't blame him for leaving any mention of it out of the piece about him in *Who's Who*. He had been on the *Baltimore American*, the *Baltimore Sun*, and the *New York World*, and he was at one time a professor of journalism at St. John's College in Annapolis, where he had been born. Cain must have known Ross in France, when he was editor of the 79th Division's *Lorraine Cross*. Jim is a big man, and Ross was always a little wary of big men. Once when he got into a hassle with Joel Sayre over a projected profile on Ross's detective friend, Raymond Schindler, the wary editor said to me, "Jeezus, your friend Sayre is a big guy." My researches and reflections have turned up the interesting truth that all of the Miracle Men were of short physical stature except Cain and Ralph Ingersoll, and maybe one or two others out of the more than thirty. I am over six feet myself, but when Ross and I tangled, I weighed only 150. (I have reached 186 now, a weight, alas, I'll never be able to throw around in Ross's office during a monthly yelling spell.)

In 1931 my daughter had about seven months

to go before she was born when her mother and I bought a house a mile outside Sandy Hook, Connecticut, and Ross pretended to be frightened when he heard about my plans to live in the country. Timid, as usual, about taking up personal matters with a man face to face, he assigned Cain the task of trying to dissuade me from moving out of the city. Jim had approached the subject gingerly in my office, saying only a couple of sentences that I recognized at once as bearing the stamp of a Ross panic, when he suddenly stood up and said, "This is none of my business, or Ross's, either. I'm sorry I mentioned it. Live where you want to and the way you want to."

One day Jim had sent on to Ross some manuscript of which the editor could make neither head nor tail. He sent it back to Cain with a memo attached that is still in existence. It read, "What is the signifigance of it all?" Anyway, that is the misspelling of "significance" as I had remembered it for twenty-five years, but, as you will see, I was wrong. Just before Jim left he had the memo framed in leather and presented it to his successor, Bernard A. Bergman, who still has it. I wrote him a few weeks ago to check the spelling of the big word and got this reply: "signifigance (sic)." Harold Ross's spelling was often grotesque. He was always looking up words he questioned in copy he was reading, but he never seemed to doubt his own accuracy. In all the years I knew him he never got "prodigal" right. He spelled it "progidal" and pronounced it as if it were spelled "progdidal."

It was in 1934, to get back to Jim Cain, that he brought out *The Postman Always Rings Twice*. I once asked Ross if he had read it, and he said, "It wouldn't be my kind of stuff." I have no doubt that, if he had started reading it, he would have put it down, thus becoming the only reader in the country able to do that. He didn't even try to read *A Farewell to Arms* and dismissed that novel with "I understand the hero keeps getting in bed with women, and the war wasn't fought that way."

I HAVE a recent letter from Bernard Bergman about Ross that ends: "He was a great man. I wish I could have been close to him, but I never was." Bergman lasted almost two years, beginning in 1931. He quit because Francis Bellamy had appeared on the scene, and Bergie was wise enough to realize the newcomer was to become the new Genius; the old ritual of firing and hiring was about to begin once more. After Bellamy disappeared, in his time and turn ("He smoked cigars," was Ross's epitaph for this victim), the editor phoned Bergman, who had just left the Philadelphia *Rec-*

ord, and tried to get him to come back. He rambled on, in his loud voice, about the job of "editorial publishing," whatever that meant, and the rebirth of his conviction that Bergman could handle "certain tough problems in the office." Bergman said, "That's just what I *was* doing," and he laughed, and Ross laughed, too, and they both hung up, laughing.

Bergman, like me, went to Ohio State, helped edit the *Daily Lantern*, and was a reporter on the *Columbus Dispatch*. We had been friends since 1915, and I persuaded Ross to hire him to supervise the "Talk of the Town." Ross had finally found out, after years of hit and miss, what manner of man and writer I was, but I don't think he ever knew anything about Bergman. A man's past dropped away, and his life began anew, when he went to work for the *New Yorker*. Bergie had been a regimental sergeant major in World War I, a newspaper reporter and editor, and a New York press agent. In high school, in Chillicothe, Ohio, nearly fifty years ago, Bergman organized a four-piece orchestra to play for Saturday night dances at the Knights of Pythias Club. His clarinetist (Bergman played the violin, and played it well) was a youngster named Theodore Friedman, whom Bergman paid two dollars and a half a night until he let him go because he jazzed up everything, did funny things with a plug hat, and disconcerted the other boys. A decade later Theodore Friedman, alias Ted Lewis, was earning \$10,000 a week (the Palace, the *Ziegfeld Follies*, the Ziegfeld Roof), and Bergman was his press agent. For a long time, starting about 1928, Bergie had contributed to "Talk of the Town" the best items and suggestions of any outsider, and when Ross asked me, after the vanishing of Ingersoll, Raymond Holden, Ogden Nash, and several others, if I knew a good man for Talk, I brought Bergman in and he was hired.

I had asked Ross to promise me that he wouldn't elevate Bergman to the Genius chair, and he said he wouldn't, but he did. "I'm going to give Bergman a crack at that job," he told me. "I think he can run the magazine. Don't say anything about it, though, because I haven't told him yet." I left the room, giving the door a good slam. I hated to lose the man who had brought to Talk facts and anecdotes about a dozen New Yorkers whose careers fascinated Harold Ross, the Gee Whiz Guy. They included Jake Volk, the building wrecker, Louis Marshall, an eccentric millionaire lawyer who rode to work on the El and back home on the subway, George and Ira Gershwin, and George Grosz, the German artist, with whom Bergman and I once had dinner. Grosz, I told Ross, wanted to meet the *New Yorker* artist "whose work began where the other cartoonists' left off."

"Well, did he?" Ross asked.

"He meant me," I said shyly.

"Hogwash," said Ross, who didn't believe a word of it. The day that Ross promoted Bergman, I sat outside his office and eavesdropped. Bergman got the works, the whole rigmarole, from "You got to hold the artists' hands" through "I'm, by God, going to keep sex out of this office" to "I want to run this place like any other business office." I got up in disgust, went to the men's room, and put up the window because it was a hot day. I heard the door open and close behind me, but I didn't see who it was. Then I went out and met Bergman coming down the hall. "Ross's secretary just came in and said you were going to kill yourself in the men's room," he told me. "Ross turned to me and said, 'That's my life! Do something about it.'"

Bergman had one great failure and at least one great triumph at the *New Yorker*. His failure lay in his inability to build a "fake partition" by means of which Ross could get to the men's room unseen and ungreeted in the halls. Nobody else could have designed such a crazy partition, either, and the dilemma wasn't solved until someone suggested he have a lavatory built just off his office. "Well, I'll be damned," Ross must have said, when this simple way out of embarrassment was presented to his astonished mind. The lavatory was installed, and it not only saved Ross the torture of being spoken to by employees, but it eliminated uncomfortable dialogue with writers and editors in the men's room. Once, standing trough to trough with John Mosher, he grumbled, "Why aren't you writing any more casuals?" "Because I have lost the slight fancy that sustained me," Mosher explained. It was the kind of Mosher retort that left Ross flabbergasted, and he was miserable when he had nothing to say.

Bergman's great triumph was the hiring of Alva Johnston, and I'll let him tell that story himself:

"When I first took over the M.E. job, Ross said he had been trying to get Alva Johnston to come full time to the *New Yorker* for a long while. But Alva always refused. Said he was too old to change his field. He was a reporter and he didn't want to take a chance on magazines. Ross said to me that if I could get Alva to come to the *New Yorker*, that's all I'd ever have to do.

"How much did you offer him?" I asked.

"Oh, we never discussed salary," Ross said.

"Well, let's offer him \$300 a week," I said.

"That's double what he's getting on the *Herald-Tribune*. And if we offer him a lot of money, he just won't be able to turn it down."

"Bergman, you're a genius," Ross said. "I never thought of offering him money."

"So I made a date with Alva. I told him we'd guarantee him \$300 a week. I can still see Alva turning pale, standing up, and saying, 'Gee, I'll have to think that over.'"

"I went back to Ross and told him we got Alva. We had, too."

This incident, certainly important in the history of the *New Yorker*, "showed Ross's occasionally naïve and charming impracticality, although he was the world's greatest." The quoted words are Bergman's.

Harold Ross's loss of Bergman was William Randolph Hearst's gain, for the former *New Yorker* editor was hired to build up the New York *American's* daily "March of Events" page, known to the printers as "the highbrow page," and build it up he did. A few months later Ross ran into him somewhere and said, "You're causing a lot of excitement at the *New Yorker* — and worry, too, I guess. But keep it up, I like it." I don't see how he could have liked it, because Bergman had signed up, among others, for one or two columns a week, Bob Benchley, Frank Sullivan, Clarence Day, Ogden Nash, and Jim Cain. He also got stuff from Mencken and Oliver Herford which Ross would have liked for the *New Yorker*. I did some columns for the highbrow page, and quite a lot of drawings. The appearance of my drawings there caused Ross to pass the buck to Someone, who passed it to Someone Else, who passed it to Katharine White, who wrote me a note asking me if I hadn't broken my *New Yorker* contract by not first letting the art meeting see my drawings for the *American*. The *New Yorker* had seen them all and turned them down. I passed this fact to Katharine, who passed it to Someone Else, who passed it to Someone, who passed it to Ross.

My drawings ceased appearing in the *American* when Bergman got a note from old Hearst himself, which read: "Stop running those dogs on your page. I wouldn't have them peeing on my cheapest rug." In 1934 the Old Man stopped Cain's columns, too, over Bergman's protest that Jim was one of the best and most popular *American* writers. Hearst's final note on this matter read: "Get rid of Cain. I thought Abel had done it. Sorry he failed."

(To be continued)

VANCE PACKARD

PUBLIC RELATIONS

GOOD OR BAD?

*Author of the best-selling book, THE HIDDEN
PERSUADERS, VANCE PACKARD turns his at-
tention here to certain operations of some public
relations firms which mislead the gullible.*

RECENTLY the pages of a public relations journal proclaimed the happy news that in just five years the number of American corporations advancing their public relations chiefs to the rank of vice president in the corporate hierarchy had increased by 50 per cent. Similarly, another PR organ exulted that a "growing number" of PR men are going onto boards of directors and serving "on policy boards of important groups," and that in the past year "the PR profession" had advanced to new levels of "prestige." Less enthusiastically, the *Wall Street Journal* stated that "press agency, or as its practitioners prefer to call it, public relations" has become one of the nation's fastest growing categories, with some 100,000 practitioners — an increase of 700 per cent in a decade — making incomes ranging from \$5000 to \$100,000.

Public relations men, whether as corporate staffmen or as hired counsel, are acquiring power

and acceptance in America's executive suites. Outside their business they can be witty and irreverent, but when they talk about their "profession," many tend to posture and pontificate. They are affronted if you address them as press agents or publicists even though they may spend 99 per cent of their time seeking free publicity for their client or company or the company's products. (The Blue Angel night club has a director of public relations.) A female acquaintance of mine doing publicity for a large advertising agency says: "I still admit I'm a press agent, but everybody else at the office is a PR counsel. Press agent has become a dirty phrase."

The loftier practitioners eschew the word "publicity" and are more likely to explain that their function is to "create a climate of favorable opinion" for their client or to reshape their company's "image." Some even desire to be credited with large-scale mind molding. One leading PR counselor, E. Edward Pendray, has said: "To public relations men must go the most important social engineering role of them all — the gradual reorganization of human society piece by piece and structure by structure."

Almost invariably the PR men and publicists (if we assume that a distinction can be made) refer to themselves as belonging to a "profession." Traditionally, professions in America have been confined to those pursuits which require rigorous

academic preparation, licensing, and adherence to a stern code of ethics. None of these is required in the PR "profession." The PR people in their journals prefer to advertise themselves in a section headed "Professional Directory," and in talking about their operations compare themselves with doctors, educators, and lawyers.

To help them achieve the air of profundity, they have recently been cultivating the social scientists, hoping to acquire lore (and lingo) on the psychological forces which can be harnessed to motivate people in directions desired.

I suggest they might, while they are at it, explore the psychopathology underlying the motives, conflicts, and anxieties of their own group. As a group they are as apprehensive as a flock of waterbuck, and as easily stampeded. In their speeches they are often on the defensive.

Some public relations men and firms operate in a courageous, forthright manner. I have had frequent contact with people in two of the nation's largest PR firms and have always found them candid, and engaged in reasonably forthright projects. Many of my acquaintances on the PR staffs of corporations seem to be thoughtful and matter-of-fact in their approach to helping their employer maintain good relations with the public. But the devious maneuvers of certain operators in the trade force PR men to be defensive about their calling. The *Public Relations Journal* recently asked: "Why do public relations people hit the panic button so readily?" It wondered if perhaps the difficulty sprang from the fact that the craft, while striving to become "more professional," is still so very young. The young, it said, are "sensitive."

I would suggest that something more than youthful sensitivity is involved. Despite their accomplishments, PR men have grounds for being uneasy about certain aspects of their operations. The public would have a hard time understanding some of their disguises, blinds, and fronts. What follow are some cases in point. Some are simply intriguing in their ingenuity; others are disquieting.

Consider first some of the flags the PR firms like to fly in identifying themselves to the public. One PR firm on New York's Madison Avenue calls itself Opinion Leaders of America. A Miami firm calls itself The Public Opinion Foundation of Florida, Inc. New York publicist Robert Nathan has named his firm Opinion Builders, Inc. One of its major preoccupations has been to counsel the Melville Shoe Corporation in that company's campaign to persuade high school students to think of the name Thom McAn when they set out to buy their first pair of shoes. This is done by working through schools and newspapers to sponsor the Thom McAn Success

Awards and the Thom McAn Football Trophy and Scholarship with local and national winners among high school students. In each town staging a competition, a Thom McAn store manager presents the local football winner, usually at a high school assembly, with a personal letter laminated in plastic from the president of the shoe company along with one of the player's own football shoes, bronze plated. In all this "opinion building" among our youth, Mr. Nathan insists there is "no commercialization." But he is proud of the fact that its effects "are reflected in the extraordinary response of teenagers to Thom McAn advertising. Thom McAn dominates this market."

Other public relations firms describe themselves as survey makers. There is, for example, American Surveys, headed by Morris V. Rosenbloom, which promises prospects it can perform "effective public relations in the nation's capital." Still another variation is to suggest that these firms are news services. In New York there is The New York National News Bureau, and in Chicago a firm called Newsography-95. The "95" was inspired by the fact that newsmen have been conditioned to give special consideration to any dispatch carrying that code, which in newsmen's language means urgent attention.

And then there are public relations firms that represent themselves as information centers. This is particularly the case of firms—such as the Medical & Pharmaceutical Information Bureau, Inc.—operating in the prescription drug field where manufacturers must be discreet about publicizing products. One PR firm in this field, The Medical and Science Communications Associates, Inc., reveals that it provides medical and science writers and editors with a stream of helpful research material having no bearing on any client's product, along with items that do have a bearing. It admits that it operates primarily in behalf of drug manufacturers but will not reveal their names. Another practitioner in this field acknowledges that he provides science writers with four innocently helpful releases of non-loaded medical information to each one that is loaded.

SEVERAL of the major advertising agencies have adopted the practice of setting up subsidiaries with different names to handle public relations. Young & Rubicam calls its PR stepchild The Bureau of Industrial Service, Inc. McCann-Erickson now has Communications Counselors, Inc. Some of these seemingly independent firms confine themselves to working in behalf of clients of the mother firm, while others seek outside

clients as well. There are apparently several sound business reasons for such a divorcement. One certainly is that when PR men from advertising agencies go seeking free publicity for an advertising client, the media folks are likely to ask the disagreeable question: "Why don't you pay for your ads?"

Some of the most artistic endeavors in name coining have developed in the creation of citizens organizations that can clamor indignantly as their PR creators dictate. One fascinating aspect of the revelations of the lawsuit in Pennsylvania which truckers brought against the Eastern Railway Presidents Conference has centered on testimony indicating the use of such front organizations. In this particular case, according to the testimony, the companies were set up for propaganda purposes by the railroads' PR counsel Carl Byoir & Associates. One so described was the New Jersey State Tax Study Foundation. Another was the Empire State Transport League in New York. The explanation offered, testimony disclosed, was: "We needed an organization that could legitimately mail all types of propaganda on the general subject of trucks and highways." What the judge thought of such practices has now been revealed. In ruling against the railroads and the Byoir organization, Judge Thomas J. Clary made this caustic comment: "The chief device used by the railroads and to a lesser extent by the truckers . . . is one known long to political experts as the big lie. This technique, as it appears from the evidence in this case, has been virtually adopted in toto by certain public relations firms under the less insidious and more palatable name of the third party technique."

A public relations spokesman for the railroads argued, in justifying some of the PR tactics used against the truckers, that it was generally considered preferable in PR practice to have an opinion expressed by an "independent" organization rather than by a directly interested party. *Tide* magazine, which has a wide readership among PR executives, headlined one of its stories about the trial: "Some PR practices stand trial with Byoir and the railroads." One of the hottest issues was this use of fronts. *Tide* surveyed one hundred "top counselors" in PR about the wisdom and ethics of using fronts and reported the results in an article. Some of the men queried thought the word "fronts" was just a loaded, naughty term and that the more estimable equivalent was "allied interest group." Others suggested that the use of fronts was ill-advised for a strategic reason: a smart opponent could blow up your campaign just by exposing the deception. Then the magazine reported:

"Assuming that the use of third parties is an

essential PR technique, *Tide* asked whether legislation (similar to the Lobbying Registration Act) should be enacted to require some kind of public disclosure of 'fronts.' A very small number liked such a plan but the great majority emphatically did not."

MORE widely exploited as a persuasion technique is the use of glamorous public figures as carriers of sly, often unspoken promotional messages. Every day, the media, virtually all of them (newspapers, magazines, TV, radio), are crowded with such loaded material. W. Howard Chase, president of Communications Counselors, Inc., related with pride his efforts on behalf of the Millinery Institute of America. The industry, Mr. Chase explained, had been on the skids for several years because of the trend for women to go bare-headed. Then CCI stepped in and within a year reversed the trend. One technique CCI used was to prevail upon the mayors of several U.S. cities to proclaim millinery days.

More significant, CCI prevailed upon feminine luminaries (TV, radio, motion picture) in great numbers to start wearing hats (by giving them free hats and free publicity). Chase says: "We've had the cooperation of almost the entire entertainment industry."

Here are some typical accomplishments listed in a recent "progress report":

"Arranged for Mrs. America to wear hats on all personal appearances.

"Talked with Warner Brothers . . . regarding hats for *Marjory* [sic] *Morningstar* motion picture.

"Arranged 12 separate showings of hats on NBC-TV network show, *The Price is Right*.

"Supplied hats to be worn by Helen Hayes on NBC-TV network show, *The Alcoa Hour*.

"Utilized celebrities Ann Miller and Kathryn Grayson by making them guests of honor (at a hat show) and photographing them in hats.

"Initiated having celebrities wear hats for publicity pictures at leading restaurants."

Another PR man is making a bolder use of celebrities by contracting with about two hundred radio stations to supply the stations with a daily five-minute interview with a celebrity, free of charge. The client paying for each celebrity's appearance is not readily apparent. In the case of Candy Jones, the model, she chatted during her interview about a number of things, including the fact that one way she keeps slim is by eating bananas. The client who picked up the bill in this case was United Fruit.

A PR firm with the hardly forthright name of Executive Research, Inc., has been aiding the National Consumer Finance Association in its

crusade to remove the rather unsavory image that has developed around small loan companies and to persuade Americans to do more installment buying through small loan companies.

The campaign produced a manual entitled *Using Consumer Credit*, which the association forwarded to me as one of the "highlights of our public relations program." The manual, subtitled "A Unit for High School Students," is widely distributed in high school classes, purportedly to help young people become more effective consumers. It includes chapters on "Installment Buying" and "Borrowing Money." One point it stresses with a cartoon is: "Don't be afraid to use credit" on a "reasonable" basis.

What is interesting is that the manual makes no reference whatever to the National Consumer Finance Association. In fact the title page states that it is put out by the National Education Association through its department, The National Association of Secondary School Principals. In the fine-printed acknowledgments, however, there appears this line: "Much credit should be given for the expert and generous assistance of Paul L. Selby, William H. Blake . . ." It doesn't say so, but Mr. Selby and Mr. Blake, among their other duties, do public relations work for the National Consumer Finance Association.

A few years ago a small Bible college in the Ozarks, Harding College (eight hundred in student body) began pouring out across the land a mighty flow of propaganda extolling the benefits of free enterprise. It sent students and professors on coast-to-coast lecture tours and produced a series of animated Technicolor movie shorts offered free to clubs, churches, and theaters, a newspaper column called "Looking Forward" which appeared in 3600 U.S. newspapers, a transcribed radio program carried by 185 radio stations, and material that ended up in more than 1000 trade journals and company magazines. At one point it was estimated that 25 million Americans were being reached each week by the symbolic heart of America in the Ozarks.

All this prodigious output certainly was not paid for by student tuitions. Even today tuition at Harding College costs only \$144 a semester. The college, it seems, had suddenly become the darling of many conservative industrialists and their publicists — a sort of Mecca for tycoons. At one time more than a hundred executives of major corporations journeyed into the Ozarks to attend a forum on the subject: "How To Sell the American Free Enterprise Story to Americans" (particularly company employees). The sponsor of this forum was a joint committee of the American Association of Advertising Agencies and the Association of National Advertisers, under the

direction of a professional public relations man and organizer, Kenneth Wells.

Recently the Harding operation has proceeded on a more modest scale, and Mr. Wells has moved his base to another symbolic site, Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. There, with an advertising man and a Wall Street broker, he founded The Freedoms Foundation. With \$400,000 a year now at his disposal, he is seeking to encourage Americans to count the blessings of the "American Way of Life," including notably the "right to freedom from arbitrary government regulation and control." Awards are given to ministers, students, advertising men, PR men, and so forth. The principal award of \$5000 in 1956 went to J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The board of directors that Mr. Wells has drawn together includes two particularly well-known lovers of freedom (and the oil depletion allowance), Clint W. Murchison and Sid W. Richardson, the Texas oilmen who rank among America's very richest rich men.

STILL another stratagem some PR men use is the "free lance" writer. At the moment, the PR office of a major manufacturer is employing a well-known author to write a book in which the company's name will never appear. Since the company dominates its particular field, however, it is bound to benefit. Furthermore the book will make some points about a product's virtues which the company is most anxious to impress upon Americans. The book will also be serialized in a major magazine.

The testimony of the trucker suit against the railroads uncovered some interesting relationships with "independent" writers. According to the testimony, a syndicated New Jersey columnist was paid for research bearing upon truck damage to highways. The columnist allegedly printed verbatim under his name publicity releases handed to him. This man was described in interoffice correspondence as being particularly valuable "because he has never been known to operate as a front man in the past."

A few years ago a writer respected by editors was hired by a major PR firm at an annual retainer of \$12,000 and then told that he could continue writing articles for magazines as before — and could keep all the payments made for his articles. The only condition was that each article should contain in it somewhere a reference pleasing to some client of the PR firm. The writer in the first year made an additional \$12,000 for such loaded articles, but became conscience-stricken and resigned.

Finally, a favorite activity of public relations men is to demonstrate the civic-mindedness of their clients and themselves. They push their clients into the role of dedicated citizens. The wisdom of all this is explained in *The Engineering of Consent*, a manual for PR men edited by a leading practitioner, Edward L. Bernays. He counsels:

"The [company] president's acceptance of membership on advisory boards of national importance . . . indicates corporate interest in the national welfare. Speaking engagements of plant managers before local service groups highlight management's civic mindedness. . . . All of these symbol-projected themes — civic mindedness, interest in education and youth and the like . . . gradually form a composite and favorable picture in the public mind" if "continuously publicized" and if they have a basis of truth.

IN ALL their activities — and this applies both to the devious and the forthright — public relations men proclaim their dedication to "truth." The motto of CCI is "Truth Well Told." Opinion Builders says it seeks to help a company "present a true face to the world." The PR men of the National Consumer Finance Association stress that their goal is to "acquaint the public with the true story" about small loan companies. Newsography-95 states that it operates on "cold, hard facts."

Whatever the truth of their campaigns, the specific practices of PR operatives in many instances give us grounds to keep a wary eye on their industry until it is able to effect a general raising of standards.

The massiveness of the impact of 100,000 PR voices straining to reach our ears (often by the employment of wives) makes it harder and harder for the average citizen to know which are telling the truth and which are selling a bill of goods.

Public relations men themselves frequently are critical of the behavior of their colleagues. E. Harden Bishop, the head of Executive Research, says that "public relations" has frequently been used "as a shield of words for practices which are not in the public interest." Elvell Crissey, head of a PR firm in Bloomington, Illinois, with the

intriguing name Words At Work says: "When a man presumes to mold others' thoughts, he takes on an ethical responsibility. The PR profession is vulnerable right here because too many in our field imagine that glib deception and half truths (especially when lubricated by fat fees) are quite permissible. Moral responsibility, to tell the truth — even when it makes the client squirm — requires guts. But that is the only caliber of public relations which justifies our calling public relations a 'profession.'"

Some PR men, I should add, do exhibit the kind of guts Mr. Crissey calls for. A PR firm with the title of Group Attitudes Corporation (it's really a branch of the giant firm Hill & Knowlton) was called in to counsel the Hat Corporation of America after the company had gotten itself mired for six months in a bitter, costly strike over the issue of moving some of its operations South. Neither side would budge. GAC began by interviewing 306 townspeople at length. I have before me a photostat of the summary of findings it presented to the company. It reported bluntly that the prevailing opinion in town was that the management was unnecessarily stubborn, that the town's businessmen were sharply critical of the company for its behavior in the strike, and that the townspeople were not persuaded that the company really intended to keep most of its operations in that area (Norwalk, Connecticut). Within a few weeks the strike was settled on a basis which permitted the townspeople, union, and company to resume a good-will relationship.

At a dinner of the Society of Magazine Writers a short time ago, a spokesman for the public relations industry talked frankly about the "problem people" of PR. In describing the wide assortment of those who classify themselves as PR people, he said: "We're struggling to find a way to protect ourselves. We haven't found it yet. We have no mechanics for licensing. We have no firm code on malpractice for weeding out these people. But gradually we'll find some way of establishing standards of ethics so that you can tell us apart."

When public relations people become as a group more forthright, less designing, more strict in their standards, and more respectful of the public, then — and only then — will the discerning public accept them as real professionals.

MARGARET McGOVERN

FAITH OF MY FATHER

Swearing his age and festering leg
Robbed him of sights miraculous,
My Father raged. I heard him beg
That one of us, "one coal" of us,
Might lead him to the young priest's grave.

Our madman, who believed in things
Immortal, would not understand
Or grieve for men born underlings.
"Creatures!" he scorned. "Sure, God's left hand
Behind Him all the worlds could save.

"This little ball! Your sun and moon!
Every star in the heavens lit!
And seeing *you*, ye lifeless loon — "
(The hawk eyes glared) "where is your wit?
Do you not know how to behave?"

It was a dreamlike, death-cold day,
Since I had come from prison cold,
With bars to tell me how to pray
For death alone, still something tolled
From far away, *so old, so brave . . .*

So we went forth. I took his arm
And held him upright on his knees
Beside the mound. He found no balm.
Great winds screamed icy threnodies
To skies of steel. No thing forgave.

No vasty wonder was revealed.
As for his everlasting dream:
The young priest's cure of men was sealed,
Immured forever it would seem,
Under the earth's appalling nave.

On our way home the old man laughed,
Like a boy coming from a fair,
“Ah, did you see the poor soul daft?
Ah, the queer tinkers kneeling there!
You’d think them wanderers from a cave.

“Make us a little song, asthorc,
And I will say a rosary . . .
The road is long and my leg sorc.
Sing an Ave that I may see
The throne of God. No more I crave.”

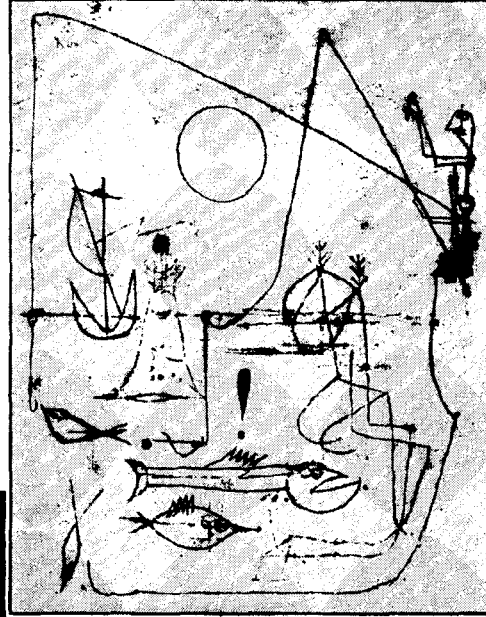
I could not sing, and by and by
I would have slept, but in that sleep
I heard his strange and lonely cry:
“Agraheen, sing! Our Lord will keep
Listening on high and hear no slave!”

But stranger still, the night he died,
When dark blood from his nostrils poured,
And my lost soul in anguish cried:
Light him a candle to his lord!
Thou of his childlike faith, O save!

Struck to my knees beside his bed,
I saw the dead hands seize and hold
A cross of Christ. And where it led,
I swear by all the seers of old,
Went upward in a blinding wave.

And on his burial day so dim,
So deathly cold for early spring,
Now I could hear a distant hymn
Telling of God, a wondrous thing
Singing above my Father’s grave.

NEWTON F. TOLMAN



HOW TO CATCH THE REALLY LARGE ONES

A NEW HAMPSHIRE IDYL

NEWTON F. TOLMAN, a New England Yankee, is now operating a tree farm in New Hampshire and enjoying the perquisites of a bucolic life, which include fishing in the spring, hunting in the fall, and writing in between times.

CERTAIN upland birds and animals have become so adjusted to traffic, as every hunter knows, that they take fright only when a car stops and the motor is shut off. Here in New Hampshire the fish are learning a few tricks too.

Around 1918 a summer visitor arrived at one of our ponds with what he called an "outboard engine." It would have discouraged Ole Evinrude himself; the best its owner could do that season was to coax it into running about ten minutes. But the local anglers all rose up in arms, sure every fish would be scared out of the pond. They gave the power pioneer such a hard time he never came back.

Some thirty years later we went over to the same water one spring day to try the trout. The pond had been "cleaned" and stocked with rainbows; it was becoming a favorite with the car-top and boat-trailer crowd from far and wide. (The state hatchery sends down a truckload of trout every Friday after starving them a couple of days.) We took merely a canoe, not wanting to bother

with a motor. Fish were rising, at a distance; but all day long we couldn't get a strike, and we exhausted the tackle box. At the same time we noticed the outboard people were able to take fish, some of them on trolling lines fairly glittering with assorted hardware. Finally light dawned — we realized these fish had never seen a craft in their lives without the familiar rumbling and rattling outboard, and they would have nothing to do with us.

Now the traffic at that pond follows a set routine on weekends. A line of cars creeps toward the landing, while those ahead unload their trailers and roof racks. When you finally get waterborne, you ease out into a parade all going clockwise around and around the pond, with a low blue haze of gasoline fumes close to the surface. And when the evening rise begins you see that even the trout are all swimming in a clockwise direction. Every once in a while some novice tries to run his boat counterclockwise, and quickly gets rammed and sunk. Fishing has al-

Painting reproduced by courtesy of the trustees of the Tate Gallery, London.

ways been a friendly and sociable pastime, and this is the most sociable place to fish north of the Jersey Turnpike.

One aspect of the New Hampshire stocking program known as the "put and take" method is seldom understood. Every spring we hear, "Say, your fish-and-game people up here aren't very bright, are they? Why, last weekend we saw some chaps dumping a whole load of trout into a stream right beside the state highway, in broad daylight!" We try to explain that the department is supported, to a large extent, by license fees of fishermen who follow the hatchery trucks; but we can see the point isn't getting across. The average American fisherman instinctively feels that game wardens are always on the side of the fish. When he gets a big catch he puts one over on the man with the badge. This attitude is a historical hangover from Europe, where the eagle-eyed English bailiff or the German Herr Einforgotvatissdertitle still patrols the majority of the streams.

Now many of our states are transforming their wardens into something more friendly sounding, such as Game Protectors, Wildlife Agents, and New Hampshire's Conservation Officers. "Contact your Friendly Fish-and-Game Distributor, and let him plan your vacation for you. . . . Nabbed with too many trout, or without a license? We will show you how you can pay your fine in easy installments."

Actually our officers are fish salesmen. It is one of their jobs to see that as many as possible of their hand-fed hatchery pets are promptly hooked, because fish escaping downstream will for the most part fall victim to predators, lack of food, or the turbines.

Out-of-state deer hunters buy expensive licenses every year whether or not they ever kill a deer. They never really expect to get one anyway; and they're so thankful if they end the season without getting shot themselves that they feel the money was well spent. Most fishermen are different. If a fisherman doesn't catch something, pretty soon he'll go somewhere else.

But New Hampshire doesn't overlook the hardy minority: anglers who love to back-pack folding boats into remote ponds where they can listen to the beaver slap his tail, and the kind who spurn spinning rigs or bait. There's the chap who will tramp all day to catch two or three small trout he thinks are "native." One patron of our guide service not only used nothing but the driest of dry flies, but refused to make the slightest attempt at hooking a fish when it rose. Said he was accustomed to fish that hooked themselves, and all he had to do was reel them in.

I guess this man had fished "up north." You

have to get up into the north country to find real trout fishing. We're told about it every season. Northern part of the state, the squaretails run two, three pounds. Laurentians — three, four pounds. Hudson's Bay country — five, six pounds. I suppose up near the North Pole you would need a tuna rod and a swivel chair to land them.

When we have heard enough about the fishing up north, we tell them about our brook. This is a wild stream that rises on our place and is well hidden along its entire run to the lake by dense undergrowth. There is no road or trail. It is never fished by anyone except ourselves. The cold, crystal-clear spring water is teeming with *native* trout. They are darker than is common, brilliantly speckled, and full of fight. And they can be taken easily any time. We may also explain — at our discretion — that the brook is about a foot wide and the maximum length of the trout is five inches.

Once a year or so we do indeed fish this Lilliputian rill. It is the only place where we stoop to bait. A fly rod could never be managed in the tangled jungle, and a can of worms is the only way. (As Charles Dudley Warner remarked in the 1870s, a real sportsman never uses anything but flies, except when he's alone.) On a warm June afternoon, when the pokeweeds are up so you can hide behind them, there is no pleasanter way of obtaining the main dish for supper. Especially if there is a very small niece or nephew along, to keep those delicious four- or five-inch trout in proper scale.

[Note from Conservation Department: Small trout indigenous to small streams do not move along to larger waters, as we formerly assumed. If you put these little fish into Lake Winnepesaukee and gave them all they could eat, they wouldn't grow an inch.]

THE states are now pooling their conservation knowledge, with happy results. Today you hear more talk around the hatcheries of enzymes, genes, protozoa, and plankton than you do of poachers. It wouldn't surprise us if they should come up any day now with a line of trout bred to subsist entirely on artificial lures.

In our lake (up here the nearest one is always "ours" though the state owns all waters of more than ten acres) it was found that "natives" of the lake proper had almost no chance to run up the inlet brooks to spawn. The lake is mainly spring-fed, and the inlets run largely underground. And as mentioned earlier, the pygmy trout inhabiting the brooks were not helping to stock the lake at all. A few hours with a bulldozer cleared

a jeep trail. Then a few thousand fat cousins imported from the hatchery gave the population a shot in the arm that bids fair to last indefinitely. For the new recruits, differently conditioned, don't seem to mind spawning right in the shallows of the lake itself. Riding around the country in a jeep seems to give a trout a broader point of view.

The newcomer to these waters may always pick up some tips from an Old Expert. Every New Hampshire lake has one. Ours can be found out in the middle on any fine day, still-fishing with a mysterious array of lines over the side of his flat-bottomed scow. The Old Expert is almost as broad-beamed as his craft, and he has removed the stern seat in favor of a large armchair. When you get within hailing distance of this floating oracle he greets you with the reminder he has fished right here for fifty years, and his Ancient Mariner's voice echoes from shore to shore. Then follows the announcement that the squaretails are all but extinct.

"What's happened to them?" you ask, and the old man intones mournfully, "It's the togue! The togue has et them all. I've been telling 'em for years they'd ought to screen the pond, but nobody does anything." He shakes his head. "There's only a few little ones left. Why, I used to take my limit of three- and four-pound trout, even five-pound, up in the channel every spring. Dry flies, five-ounce rod. Prob'ly I caught the last big squares there was in the whole pond. Now I just fish for togue, don't even wet a fly no more."

We mutter something sympathetic and move along, still rigging up our fly rods in spite of the prophet's words. For we've heard the story before, and still the squaretails always seem to show up when the fly hatch starts, along in May. And there will come a certain day, if you happen to be there . . .

IT WAS a cloudy afternoon, warm and just breezy enough to keep the black flies away. Buzz Williams was with us. He is a retired scientific man and thinks nothing of taking ten minutes to de-

bate about what fly he'll start off with. But this time he got his rod rigged up in ten seconds flat. For as far as we could see up the shore, perhaps half a mile, thousands upon thousands of black sticks were being thrust up into the air from beneath the rippled surface by unseen hands. And when we got out on the rocks, we could see that the sticks were squaretail trout.

It made no difference at all what flies we used, wet or dry, large or small. There would be a savage strike at every cast, often by two or three fish at once. There were rises aimed at a knot in the line, the line itself, and the leader. We took up stations about a line's length apart, and the shallows between us looked like feeding time at the rearing pools. Trout swarmed up from below, pushing the ones on the surface half out of water. When you laid out your line it rested across the backs of half a dozen, and if you weren't careful you would foul-hook one.

We decided to avoid taking our limit until we had each hooked a "big one." After a time I heard a sound, over near Buzz, like a wet hand slapping a rubber boot. "What's going on over there?" I yelled, above the churning and splashing of hundreds of trout all around.

"I was retrieving my fly, right at my feet," Buzz said, "when a trout — maybe two pounds — made a jump at it. From the opposite direction another big one came up, and they met head on — smack! Knocked one of them out cold for a minute, but I was too surprised to net him before he recovered."

Even as Buzz was talking, as though to accent his story, close by my fly a twelve-incher shot out of water and struck the back of a three- or four-pounder rolling on the surface. The smaller fish ricocheted in a fifteen-foot arc, flipping end over end, before regaining the water.

And so, although we don't have anything to compare with that north-country fishing, when the ice starts breaking up in the spring we begin to think again about certain old names: Parmachene Belle, Silver Doctor, Brown Hackle, Jock Scott, Queen-o'-the-Waters. Guess I'll start off with a Black Gnat, dry — what's your choice?



BY MAURICE FLAGG

Born in Littleton, Massachusetts, MAURICE FLAGG grew up on his father's 200-acre farm, which he left at the age of twenty-one. Since his graduation from Bates College in 1949, Mr. Flagg has been in newspaper and publications work in Washington, D.C. This is an Atlantic "First."

BILL MURRAY came onto the old Washington *Times-Herald* at the bottom of what has become known as the 1949 recession. He was hired as a copy boy, and he was one of the many at the time who had a college degree. He had not planned to be a copy boy. In fact, he didn't even know that such a calling existed until he was loosed into the World and began looking for a newspaper job. He looked in four cities, and the only thing offered to him was the job as copy boy on the *Times-Herald*. Because he was almost broke and too proud to go home again, he took it along with an advance on the first week's pay.

He did reasonably well, all things considered. He wasn't fired during the first four weeks, and at the end of six months no one prevented the IBM machine in the payroll office from granting him a fifty-cent-a-week raise to \$31.50. Since he appeared regularly for work, the paper assumed without asking that he had found a way to subsist on the princely salary it paid him.

For the first six months he labored at the copy desk. He ran copy from the slot to the desks and back. He dashed upstairs to the composing room with late bulletins. He went after coffee and cigarettes and aspirin for the headline writers and the desk men. He marked race-wire copy for the afternoon editions. He endured the sadisms of the slot man, who hated copy boys, doing daily

battle with his impulse to bury scissors or spindle between the slot man's shoulder blades. At the first opportunity he got himself transferred to city desk, whose copy boy (it was said) got first consideration on appointments to the reporter staff. Further, the city editor, a pudgy, crew-cut, ex-rewrite man named Ringgold, was less obtrusively obnoxious than the slot man.

Murray worked hard around city desk for about a month. That was the length of time it took him to realize he had merely traded masters without diminishing his slavery. It was true that Ringgold was not so hard a man to work for as the slot man had been, but that was only because Ringgold's misanthropy expressed itself in a glittering wit that loved itself too well to care about breaking its objects. Ringgold made a man feel like dirt and was satisfied with that; the slot man, of course, had to grind the dirt into the floor as well. The slight difference in the two men soon became negligible in Murray's mind, especially as it became obvious to him that Ringgold knew him only as "Copy!" and resisted learning any other name. The final stroke in Murray's disillusionment was delivered when a spot opened up for a general assignment reporter and the paper imported someone to fill it.

Ordinarily, a copy boy's story, except for some random and engaging incidents, would have ended

where Murray now found himself. He was a nobody without prospects of any kind. Or at least he had none apparent to him at the moment. He did as most copy boys do as soon as they accept the hopelessness of their place. He went after the scraps available to him. He rewrote handouts because his name went at the top of each. He took dictation from reporters for the same reason. He sat at the city desk telephone box during lunch hour, partly because he had a glum pleasure in barking "City desk Murray" into the receiver, partly because he hoped to fall in the way of something that would bring him a place on the paper. He did filler book reviews and several small Sunday features. He attended citizens' association meetings in the evening and did his best to write neighborhood trivialities in banner-headline fashion. He played poker with the photographers and night men, living on coffee when he lost and gorging food when he won. He learned how to be available when he had to be and how to pass the buck to a newer and less sophisticated copy boy whenever he could get away with it. He assumed, without really meaning to, the bored, tired manner of newsmen; developed that keenness of mind that spots newsworthy angles in situations and a repertoire of small talk and ironic incident, came to doubt that much in the world was worth the trouble. He hated the paper with a passion that only a mauled ego can engender.

UNLIKE most copy boys, who just give up and go away or at last find a place, all without particular incident, Murray got his revenge. Not, to be sure, in the manner of Lubin, the chief copy boy, who ran berserk one day, rounded up two dolly baskets of trash, wheeled them into the sanctum reserved for Colonel McCormick, upended them, and kicked the mess all over the office (he would have gotten away with it, too, if he hadn't left his jacket behind). And not in the way of Robey, who climaxed his stay on copy desk (and at the *Times-Herald*) by casually opening the compressed air tube to the composing room and feeding in four bulletins without bothering to put them in the cylinders, chanting to himself the while, "Shove it . . . shove it . . ." And not as did Fissell, one of the night copy boys, who did some careful art work with acid on a negligee ad in the make-up bank and filled in certain portions of the female form usually left blank in newspapers.

Murray came by his revenge accidentally, but honestly.

One day all hell broke loose in the newsroom. A particularly important hearing on the Hill drained off a good number of the reporters to

chase down all the angles, charges, and counter-charges about an error committed in United States foreign policy fifteen years before. Hardly had the first bulletins come down from the ant heap of senators, witnesses, reporters, cameramen, and public on the Hill when advice reached the newsroom of a particularly complicated sex murder. Off went another phalanx of reporters and photographers to document this fine bit of Americana. Copy boys had of course gone along on both jaunts to run photographers' negatives back to the newsroom. The two events came somewhere near cleaning out the newsroom. The third — a spectacular warehouse fire — did it. When the frantic reassignments were completed, there remained just five persons in the newsroom: the slot man, Ringgold, two desk men, and Murray.

Ringgold put Murray on the telephone box and detailed the two desk men to take dictation at Murray's direction. Murray found himself in the novel position of telling someone to do something.

At first he was timid about it. A reporter would call with a bulletin and Murray would ask one of the desk men to take it. He caught on fast, however, and soon no longer asked. An evil delight flickered in him when he found that he could call out, "Callow, take Edwards on three," and the foreign editor would snatch up copy paper, run it into the typewriter, snap on the headphones, and take Edwards on three.

Murray ran the copy himself. He snatched it from the typewriters before the desk men, carried it to Ringgold and from Ringgold to the slot man. After the slot man put a head on it, Murray shot it upstairs to the composing room in a tube cylinder. Along with this he answered the wildly jangling phones. He was soon swamped. He tried to keep up for perhaps four minutes. It was hopeless. He decided a change in things was in order. On his next trip back to the copy desk he steeled himself and told the slot man to shoot the copy upstairs himself. To Murray's amazement, the slot man made no protest.

From that moment there was no holding Murray. He smiled secretly and malignantly. He snapped at the desk men to take so-and-so on such-and-such telephone, and when they didn't move along through the stacked-up calls fast enough, he signaled sharply at them to speed it up. Their harassed glances, their wild grabbing at phones, their yells at the operator to get that damned connection straightened out gave Murray an intense, almost indecent, pleasure.

Then he discovered he could make the slot man jump. In the middle of a jangling by what seemed every telephone on city desk, Ringgold flipped a piece of copy at Murray, chanting in his flat way, "Copy copy." Murray, answering two

phones at once, pressed both mouthpieces against his shoulder and yelled "Copy!" Nothing happened. He took a deep breath and said, "Hey, slots, copy here," and immediately involved himself once more in the two telephones. But not before catching out of the corner of one eye the way the slot man leaped up as though struck and came running for the bulletin.

"Getting too big for your shoes, boy," the slot man muttered, snatching up the bulletin.

"Just do your work like a man," Murray returned, putting every last ounce of six months' fury into a phrase the slot man loved to belabor copy boys with. Several minutes later he told Ringgold that he had too many calls stacked up for the two desk men to handle. Ringgold agreed to his proposal that the slot man be put on dictation, too. Murray turned around casually and yelled, "Hey, slots, get on the other typewriter over there and take Tisby on four."

The slot man stood up, enraged. "Dammit, Ringgold," he began.

Ringgold did not even look up from the copy he was marking. He merely lifted an arm and pointed to the typewriter. Slots went. Murray felt like singing.

The moment arrived when the calls got ahead of the three taking dictation. Murray stacked them up until a reporter called with the scoop on the sex murderer. Here was no waiting matter. A deadline was right on top of them, and this was something that had to get in. Murray grabbed up a piece of copy paper, reached for a nearby typewriter on a wheeled table. In the middle of the movement genius lighted on him. He rolled the typewriter in behind the desk, cleared his throat, and commanded, "Ringgold, take Evans on six."

Ringgold looked up, startled, opened his mouth to tell Murray to go to hell, saw in the same glance the three men bent over their phone sets and Murray pointing frantically at a flashing light on the phone box. Murray flicked a piece of copy paper at Ringgold, who sighed, smiled crookedly, ran the paper into the typewriter, and picked up his phone. In a moment he was banging out Evans' story.

Murray jerked up the receiver on the phone box and barked, "City desk Murray."

A serene female voice, oldish, said, "Could you please tell me the dimensions of the Lincoln Memorial?"

Murray made a face, covered the mouthpiece, looked at the four men clattering typewriters, smiled, brought the mouthpiece back to his lips, and said sweetly, "Just one moment, please, ma'am."

He set down the receiver, walked casually back to the reference book table, and hurriedly found the

requested information, brought the book back to the desk, and began reading off the information so the woman could jot it down. She told him how the other two newspapers in town had cut her off and how considerate and helpful he was. The pleasure, Murray said, was all his own.

Ringgold, the slot man, and the two desk men went on pounding out copy.

THE WEB

BY LEAH BODINE DRAKE

Sir Lancelot was bad cess to his women.
From his courtship they suffered a loss of crown
Or death by drowning. Didn't he have one leman
More hardy of heart than most, who refused to pine

At the top of the house when he left? In all
His laded landscape surely there had to be
Some tower snugged by a marsh, a sea-stung hall
Holding a love light missed by Malory.

Some unrecorded damsel — perhaps a clever
Changeling skilled at weaving (they always were) —
No lily maid to seek doom in the river,
No queen to take the veil in her despair.

An artist — one to whom no farewell angers
Came with the dawn, nor tears. She wouldn't have
waited
For him to be up and off, before her fingers
Would fly to her woofs to get the affair translated

To tapestry! Over the loom her shuttle
Would weave the sparkling pattern of her thought
Into mailed saints, and unicorns a-battle:
The heart's brisk interlude sublimed to art.

And the web would grow larger than life, enormous,
Till it left no place for anything else in her room:
Not that she would have wanted anything else! —
But that, of course, in itself was a kind of doom.



THE OLD HOUSE AT SENLIS

BERNARD S. CARTER

A graduate of Harvard, BERNARD S. CARTER served in both world wars. As a lieutenant colonel he was in Military Intelligence with the Seventh and later with the Third Armies in World War II. Today he is president of Morgan & Cie., Inc., in Paris and spends his holidays in the forest town of Senlis.

THE latter part of May, 1940, in Paris, in spite of the gorgeous weather, was easily the most depressing period of my life. Night after night we sat at the radio listening with sinking hearts to the news of the advance of the German armies from the east. I can still hear the lugubrious little refrain from the *Marseillaise* which preceded every devastating announcement of the names of fresh cities captured by those Panzer divisions.

To make matters worse, we received instructions from the Bank of France to move the office of the banking firm of Morgan & Cie., of which I was a partner, to the small town of Niort in southwest France, this move to include all our securities — a nightmare in those troubled times, as every banker will realize. I can still see the faces of my New York partners when I later told

them of driving across war-stricken France with all our short-term French government notes in the back of my car. These represented the countervalue of nearly all our franc deposits.

My wife had left for New York in 1939 to spend the summer at home and had not been allowed to return to Paris when the war broke out in September, so that it was left to me to decide what to do about our country house in Senlis, twenty-five miles north of Paris.

My house at Senlis dates back to the reign of Henri IV and was, in fact, constructed by this monarch's secretary, a Monsieur Rose, in 1590. It lies on the very edge of the town and has four acres of garden, which give us room for a tennis court and the usual French *potager*. Advanced old age has brought great beauty to our house but also, unfortunately, an almost constant need for repairs. Around the whole place stands a twenty-foot wall, part of which has a rather unusual decorated top. It has been classified as a *monument historique*, and repair work can be done only after negotiation with the Institut des Beaux-Arts, which, however, offers no financial assistance.



Follow the signposts—a carefree way of touring Britain

SUPPOSE you saw *Milton Abbas* on a signpost. What would you expect to find? A poet's paradise? You wouldn't be far wrong. The village in our picture is Milton Abbas in Dorset. It's not far from Ryne Intrinsic and Melbury Bubb. What visions do *they* suggest?

Motorists in Britain can carry on this guessing game indefinitely. John Betjeman, the poet, is an expert. To him, the

names are music. "Lord's Day bells from Bingham's Melcombe, Iwerne Minster, Shroton, Plush/Down the grass between the beeches, mellow in the evening hush..."

Of course, your guess won't always be right. Just as well perhaps. What on earth would you expect to find at Blubberhouses, Wrangle, Sinwell and Ugley? The latter is one of the prettiest villages in

Essex—the county that Constable loved.

For pure euphoria, you can't do better than Warmley, Idle and Inwardleigh. And we throw in Adel cum Eccup, Bwlch, Plwmp and Bishops Itchington merely as a filip to see your travel agent.

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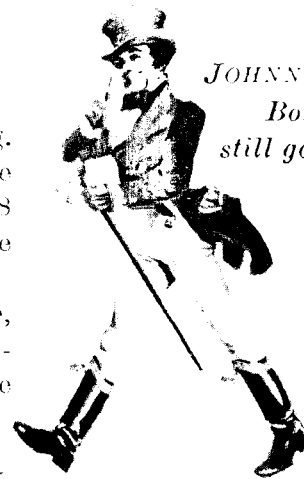
"Champion" by PETER HELCK



The Artist at the Wheel

Peter Helck has put a lot of nostalgia into this painting. There's the model of his beloved "Old 16." Peter owns the actual car—the huge Locomobile racer that won the 1908 Vanderbilt Cup. That's a replica of the Cup next to the car. Highball glasses hail from Indianapolis Speedway.

The classic that completes the picture is, of course, Johnnie Walker Black Label... champion among champions. No other Scotch whisky in the world could be more at home among symbols of a great tradition.



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Although we live within the town limits, we have always considered our place as a country house, and it is accordingly furnished with comfortable chintz chairs and French *rustique* furniture, charming old eighteenth-century pieces we have picked up over the past thirty years on our motor trips. Naturally I had done nothing about moving any of our possessions from Senlis to Paris. This was due partly to laziness, but also to my fear that such an action would be construed by my neighbors as an admission that I thought France was on the verge of defeat — an inconceivable idea to most of us at that time.

It was only when the radio announced the fall of the city of Laon, only fifty miles north of Senlis, that I finally pulled myself together and induced an old golfing friend of mine, the Marquis de Saint-Sauveur, to drive me out to Senlis in his diminutive Citroen car. When we reached the bridge across the small Nonnette river, just to the south of the town, the gendarme on duty warned us: "You'd better make it fast, gentlemen; in twenty minutes we're going to blow up the bridge."

This left me with the problem of deciding in twenty minutes just what small part of our possessions my wife would want me to crowd into the back of that tiny car. The silver and our precious photograph albums were an obvious choice. After that I didn't do so well, but what husband would? It was with a heavy heart that I rode back to Paris through the Senlis forest that evening. The sound of the explosion at the Nonnette bridge made me wonder when I would ever see my house again.

A LITTLE over a month later, in early July, after Paris had fallen, my friend and bank associate Julian Allen and I bicycled out to Senlis, twenty-five miles on a hot sultry day. Julian was an experienced cyclist, but I was not, and those three hours along the almost deserted road nearly killed me. I have motored along that course hundreds of times and had always believed the road a flat one, but I learned better that day — we always seemed to be toiling uphill, and the head wind was most discouraging.

Finally we reached the linen-lined driveway leading to my high monumental gate, which looked shockingly unfamiliar with a great Swastika flag flying over it and flanked by two rigid German sentries. I walked up to one of them and announced in very halting German: "Dieses Haus ist mein." He looked startled and rather unbelieving, disappeared through the grilled gate into the courtyard, and returned with the corporal of the guard, who was followed by a sergeant. We

were beckoned through the gate and put in the charge of a rather weedy lieutenant who addressed us proudly in cockney English. I said I wanted to see the commanding officer.

While waiting in the courtyard, I was relieved to notice that my old Henri IV house looked almost intact and that two shell holes in the high tile roof had been neatly repaired.

The peaceful, paved old court where we had so often sat under sun umbrellas drinking cocktails was now a hive of Teutonic activity. Heavy-booted soldiers were tramping busily across my lawn glaring at us civilian intruders. I was able to get a glimpse into our oak-wainscoted salon and was horrified to see that bunks for sixteen soldiers had been built along the walls. As a tribute to the German Army, I must confess that that *boiserie* has survived practically intact — no carved initials!

We were finally ushered into the library and were greeted by a rather fine-looking oldish lieutenant colonel, who spoke to us in English. There was much clicking of heels.

The colonel told me that my house was now the *Kommandantur* for this part of the Oise Department. I protested that it was American property, and that the German Army had no right to requisition it. He replied that it was a question of "military necessity." I asked, "What necessity?" He explained that my house was the only one in Senlis with sufficient bathrooms to accommodate the forty-seven members of his staff. He offered to allow me to occupy my bedroom and to eat at the officers' mess. This invitation I naturally declined. And as the United States Embassy had by then moved from Paris to Vichy, I decided that I was quite helpless.

When we asked the colonel how he happened to speak such good English, he explained that he had been, for two years, a prisoner of war in England during World War I.

The colonel expressed great admiration for my house and assured me that I need have no fear about its contents. Even the wine cellar, he said, would be his personal responsibility. Just as we were about to leave, he asked us whether we thought the United States would enter this war too, and when we told him we considered it most likely, his reply was "Oh, my God, that would mean the end of Western civilization."

Before leaving the place, I asked to see my servants, two old married couples, who had been with us for over twenty years — François, Anna, Germain, and Louise Maury — two brothers married to two sisters. They were duly ushered into the courtyard, obviously greatly distressed at seeing *Monsieur* talking to the hated *Boches*. In fact my old butler François could not help calling out,

"Attention, Monsieur, ils vont vous photographier." The German colonel told me that these servants would not be permitted to live in my house "for security reasons," but fortunately they had their own houses in Senlis, where they lived throughout the war.

My old gardener, Lucien Picart, was allowed to remain in his quarters on the property and was employed by the Germans to keep up the garden.

Julian decided to ride his bicycle back to Paris, but being myself incapable of this feat, I preferred to wait for the evening train.

As I had plenty of time before my train left, I bicycled over to call on our old friends, the Comte and Comtesse de Coulombiers, who lived two miles away in the Château de la Victoire, a tragic name under the circumstances, and a tragic visit it turned out to be. These poor people had been able to return only that day to their lovely old place and had just learned of the death of their only son, killed in action in the French Army. The château was a shambles — every room full of filth and broken furniture. The vandals seemed to have taken a special pleasure in wrecking young Coulombiers's bedroom, his pathetic belongings strewn everywhere. A truly heartbreaking homecoming for the dear old couple. I am glad to say that the Victoire is now restored to its former graciousness and that the old count (his wife died last year) still lives there, the gallant mainstay of the local stag-hunting equipage, though he is now eighty-seven.

Most of the châteaux in the region suffered the same fate as Victoire, especially, of course, if their proprietors had left them, which they had usually been obliged to do. This is sad, for in many cases the French have been unable to repair or refurnish these old homes. Even the Rothschilds no longer live in their huge Château of Laversine overlooking the Oise River, which they have unsuccessfully offered to the French government for a school.

Not until August, 1944, did I see my house again. By that time I was on the staff of General Patton and had followed him across the Atlantic to Morocco, Algiers, Sicily, and England, campaigns described so vividly by my friend Charley Codman in his book, *Drive*. In our lightning dash across France we had reached a forest near Sens, east of Fontainebleau, when the general, who knew about my Senlis house and guessed my anxiety, very thoughtfully dispatched Codman and me on a "mission" to visit First U.S. Army Headquarters, which were then established at the Château de la Victoire.

After our official visit at headquarters, we dashed over to my house, which the Germans had left only two days before. My old servants, Anna,

Louise, and Germain (François had died during the war) were there to greet us, and what a greeting it was! My old West Highland terrier, Nicky, who had been lovingly tended during those four long years, was proudly produced and welcomed me with all the fondness of which he was still capable. He died the next day, and Germain, when writing to me to announce his death, said, "Nicky voulait tellement revoir Monsieur, mais c'est l'émotion qui l'a tué."

To my immense relief the old house was structurally intact, but the interior, in view of the German colonel's promise in July, 1940, was a distinct disappointment. No curtains, no carpets, no mattresses, no linen. I was glad that my wife was not there to see the desolation.

The wine cellar gave me one short moment of illusion. As I looked through the grilled door, I saw every rack filled with bottles — but every last one empty, as I soon discovered. I still own a typically neat and German "cellar register," methodically kept by the mess officer, Lieutenant Zappe. In it is recorded the cellar's contents as the Germans found it, with daily withdrawals duly initialed and each column eventually ending in "0." I have this register before me now. I note that Lieutenant Zappe certifies that on October 7, 1941, the *abgang* of Blue Label Martell brandy amounted to thirty-seven bottles. I wonder what they were celebrating!

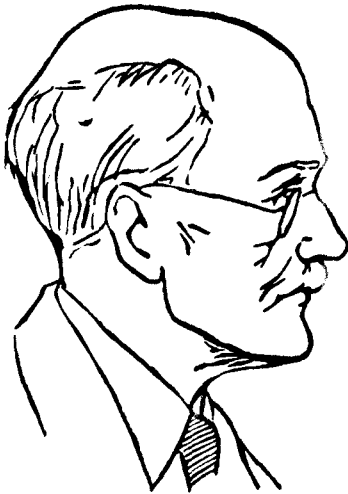
Most of our furniture, especially the smaller pieces, had disappeared, much of it having been shifted by German officers to other houses in town or in the neighborhood where they were billeted. Much of this we were able to recover — a rather unpleasant task in which the local gendarmery were most helpful and also our Senlis upholsterer, M. Leblanc, who was familiar with every stick of our furniture and had no hesitation in reporting to us when he had seen some of our pieces in other houses.

I remember one painful incident when we visited the house of a wealthy *notaire*. My wife immediately spotted one of our Moroccan rugs and told our gendarme friend that she knew it was ours. The *notaire* indignantly said that he had bought it many years before at the Bon Marché. The gendarme asked my wife where we had bought it. She replied "Aux Trois Quartiers." The gendarme flipped the carpet over, and there sure enough was the "Trois Quartiers" label. The gendarme rolled up the carpet and tossed it toward us saying, "C'est à vous, Madame."

We are now back thankfully living in our refurnished house, which shows little sign of enemy occupancy, except for marks of metal-studded boots on our stone stairs.

BOOKS AND MEN

When Gilbert Murray received the Order of Merit, the London TIMES said, "He might equally have earned it by his success in transmitting the light of Hellas to a generation that is forgetting the Greek tongue — or by the noble failure of his long works for peace." Some of the interesting facets of this great classicist's career are shown in the portrait by his former student and friend, C. MAURICE BOWRA. Sir Maurice is himself a British classical scholar and literary historian, and since 1951 has been vice chancellor of Oxford University.



GILBERT MURRAY

BY C. MAURICE BOWRA

WHEN Gilbert Murray died on May 30, 1957, it was hard to believe that he was ninety-one years old and had spent the first thirty-five years of his life during the reign of Queen Victoria. Not only did he keep his full physical and intellectual faculties to the end, but to people at least half a century younger than himself he seemed to be somehow a contemporary so well abreast was he with a changing world and so able to notice and enjoy new impressions and points of view. Yet Murray owed much of his peculiar eminence to being an authentic Victorian, who, like other Victorians, was compounded of contradictory elements. He combined assurance and doubt, classical precision and romantic vagueness, intellectual independence and intransigent prejudice.

For this his origins were partly responsible. He was born into the old "governing" class, which found an outlet for both its ambitions and its sense of responsibility in administering territories which

were still colonies. His father, Sir Terence Murray, was president of the legislative council of New South Wales, and his elder brother became an enlightened and highly capable governor of British New Guinea. But this orthodox lineage was tempered by a strain of Irish blood and membership in the Roman Catholic Church, which Murray forsook at the age of eleven. Though there was an aristocratic distinction in his unfailing, irresistible courtesy and in a certain quiet dandyism in his dress, he saw himself as a rebel, while his adversaries saw him as a crank.

In his Australian childhood he was horrified by the brutal treatment of aborigines and formed his first sympathies for the oppressed. His speech, which was admired in the United States as a model of the English accent, owed not a little to a slight Australian twang, which mitigated what might otherwise have been too mellifluous an utterance. He went to England in 1877, and, except for short visits abroad, remained there for the next eighty years, exerting a powerful influence over many generations at Oxford, where he lived. But he could never be fitted into any accepted category. In the academic world he was suspected as a man of letters and a man of affairs; in the world of politics he was always unmistakably a professor. Yet in both he moved on equal terms with his more strictly professional colleagues. He was sustained by a Victorian confidence and pursued his own ends with an assurance characteristic of his generation and his class.

Murray had a very distinguished appearance. The high, domed skull of the scholar was matched by a fine mouth and a remarkably resolute chin. He had no airs or affectations and was charmingly courteous to everyone with the true courtesy which comes from being really interested in others. He never lost his lithe and easy movements or his upright stance. Even in old age he could walk up a ladder without using his hands and was a master of adroit and hilarious gamesmanship at tennis. He was a fast and determined walker,

who would go straight through a wood regardless of boughs or brambles, or step lightly along ice edges or the brinks of crevasses in Switzerland.

As a boy at Merchant Taylors' School, London, and as a young man at St. John's College, Oxford, Murray laid the firm foundation of an intellectual equipment which was to be his stand-by throughout life. He was brought up on the old classical curriculum and made to study Latin and Greek, and very little else, from quite early boyhood. A wonderful memory, a naturally studious temperament, a brilliant, eager mind, and a real passion for ancient literature, not merely for its contents but for its use of words, marked Murray from the start. When he went to St. John's College in 1884, he won all the university scholarships and prizes for classics. Murray liked Greek more than Latin, and though his knowledge of Latin poetry was always remarkable and he would take Ovid's *Metamorphoses* on his holidays, it was to Greek that he decided to devote his life.

The way lay open. In 1888 he was elected to a fellowship at New College, Oxford, and in the next year, when he was only twenty-three, he was appointed professor of Greek at Glasgow. Even in those adventurous days this was regarded as risky by some cautious Scots, and his more traditional colleagues were disturbed by his red tie, which in fact he wore for purely aesthetic reasons, and by rumors that he was not only a teetotaler but unsound on theological matters. At Glasgow, lectures, which began at 7 A.M., were preceded by prayers, and Murray confounded his critics and appeased his own conscience by reciting the Lord's Prayer in Greek. He stayed at Glasgow for ten years, and then, on the advice of his doctors, who thought that he had not long to live, retired to Surrey.

His health soon mended, and retirement meant no more than a change of scene and a slight change of work. He took advantage of his leisure to study for a short time in Germany under the magnificent Hellenist, Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff. Wilamowitz records that he received a letter from Murray "in elegant Attic," and Murray used to recall that, when he himself got right what the German students had got wrong, the great man would bang the table and snort indignantly: "Only the Englishmen!"

At home Murray moved in literary and dramatic circles, and some of his translations of Euripides were admirably produced at the Court Theatre in London. In 1906 he came to Oxford, where New College created for him a special post which still allowed him plenty of time for himself, while he was able to resume his old taste and capacity for teaching. When in 1910 Prime Minister Asquith, who knew and admired him, appointed him to be

Regius Professor of Greek, he could well argue that no one could rival Murray's claims for the post. In Oxford Murray stayed till his retirement in 1936, and for another twenty-one years afterwards as professor emeritus.

MURRAY's life was shaped by his love of Greek. He liked almost everything about it. In the language he admired the effortless ease with which even the most complex thoughts can be expressed, the ability to say much in a short space, the uncorrupted and untarnished purity of the individual words, the absence of pomposity, evasion, and ambiguity, the generous gamut of possible effects from closely argued prose to majestic poetry. He felt that though modern languages might have increased the range of expression in technical fields, in all things that really mattered Greek usually "had a word for it," and a better word at that. He carried large parts of Greek literature in his memory and was never at a loss to illustrate a theme or an idea or a linguistic usage.

He was an incomparable teacher of Greek. I was fortunate enough in 1920 to be a member of a class of four whom Murray took in Greek composition. He would set adroitly chosen pieces of English to be translated into Greek prose or verse. They were often far from Greek in their substance and manner, and many times what we produced must have seemed to him deplorably barbarian, but he never said so. He corrected the mistakes without making too much ado about them, praised what he thought good, and then he would produce his own version, which was the real, right thing and made the whole affair look wonderfully straightforward if only we set about it in the proper way. Though we could never hope to approach his consummate mastery, we did at least develop a feeling for the essential qualities of Greek and begin to see how they could be used.

As a teacher, Murray enjoyed all the delights of a lively curiosity and found endless scope for its exercise, but though he agreed with Aristotle that the pursuit of truth is a first duty of man, he did not agree that it is sufficient as an end in itself. He felt rather that the duty of a teacher is indeed to discover the truth but also to expound it, and that in the end it leads to results outside itself. Though he delighted in scholarship, he never persuaded himself that it was enough; he must get others to share his enjoyment, and if he could do this, they would lead richer and more rewarding lives.

Though Greek was the soul of Murray's outlook, he related it to other material which was not

easily combined with it, and this accounts for some of the more surprising paradoxes in his personality and his achievement. As a boy he felt the overpowering impact of Victorian Romanticism. When in the eighteen-seventies he first began to read poetry, his heroes were not only the Greeks, but Swinburne, Morris, and Rossetti, who appealed to him all the more because they were, in their different ways, rebels.

His love for poetry, which he regarded as a religion uncontaminated by superstition, made him wish to write it. The only original poem which he published was a versified Egyptian tale, *Nefrekepta*, and he soon realized that he was not a creative poet. He turned instead to translation, and from various pieces in his *Ancient Greek Literature* (1897) to the *Knights* of Aristophanes (1956), he produced a long series of translations into English verse from Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, and Menander. Through his translations, especially from Euripides, he appealed to a public far wider than any he could reach through his more scholarly works and won an extraordinary fame. They were acted with considerable success on the commercial stage, and the sumptuous production by Max Reinhardt of his *Oedipus Tyrannus* caused a sensation in 1914.

His translations earned Murray the friendship of Bernard Shaw, who put him as Adolphus Cusins into *Major Barbara* and got Granville Barker to play the part with an uncanny verisimilitude. Euripides, who had never been a first favorite with English readers, won a much belated renown and was credited with having played in Athens of the fifth century B.C. the kind of part that Shaw now played in London. In the first decade of this century, Murray's translations were almost the only new verse in England to command a large sale.

Murray's success came the more easily because he presented Greek poetry to the English-speaking public in an idiom with which he felt at home. The high Victorian manner, mellifluously romantic and even archaic, was still regarded as the only way to write poetry. There were indeed subterranean rumblings of revolt, but most educated readers took no notice of them and welcomed from Murray something they liked and understood. Murray turned Euripides into the style of Swinburne and Morris; Swinburne provided a model for the choruses, Morris for the rest. In recent years sophisticated taste has on the whole turned against these translations, and critics tend to repeat, in rather less cogent words, T. S. Eliot's sharp little criticism that "as a poet Mr. Murray is merely a very insignificant follower of the pre-Raphaelite movement." It is under-

standable that the young Eliot, in his ardent search for a cosmopolitan, colloquial diction, found nothing to help him in Murray's translations, which were regrettably reminiscent of his own first poetical contributions to Harvard periodicals. Yet Murray could hardly have done otherwise than he did. A man who was born in 1866 and began to write verse in the eighteen-eighties could scarcely anticipate even the dehydrated manner of H.D., which Mr. Eliot, oblivious alike of Milton and Arnold, recommends as suitable for Greek choruses.

If Murray had been a fully creative poet, he would no doubt have created a different style, but in that case he would not have been content with mere translation. It was because his poetical talent was essentially derivative that he never altered his style or brought it up to date with new fashions. Swinburne and Morris, having done sturdy service for Euripides, were called in to help with Aeschylus and Sophocles, while parts of Aristophanes, who needed different handling, profited by the example of W. S. Gilbert, famous for his part in the Savoy Operas but also responsible for Murray's Christian name.

Though Murray's later versions of Greek tragedies have a sharper edge than the earlier, they are all composed in what is essentially a single idiom. The trouble is that translations are usually the preserve of those who respond with a special power to the work of others and feel the need to reproduce this response for themselves, but just because they are made in this way they pick up a style which lies ready to hand, and their work bears the unmistakable marks of its origin and its time. As soon as a new style emerges, they become out of date, and this has been Murray's fate as it is the fate of many gifted translators. In time, perhaps, his translations will be revived not merely for the dissecting laboratories of students writing theses for the Ph.D. but because of their real merits: their unfailing resourcefulness, their undoubted melody, their ingenuity in turning Greek into the vastly different idiom of Victorian English.

A MORE serious criticism of Murray's methods is also urged by Mr. Eliot: "Professor Murray has simply interposed between Euripides and ourselves a barrier more impenetrable than the Greek language," and he refers explicitly to one or two places where Murray uses images which are not visible to the naked eye in Greek nor easily inferred from it. The accusation is fair enough and was indeed current in Oxford before Mr. Eliot gave his imprimatur to it.

Murray certainly adorned his originals, but he did so consciously and with a set purpose and was ready with his defense. In his view, English, after centuries of hard use, had lost the first freshness which survived in Greek, and he had to compensate for this by giving an emphasis which the Greek itself does not possess and does not need. It might be doubted whether this was the best way to do it, but we can hardly dispute that there is something to be said for it. If we stick too closely to the Greek and translate literally word for word, we are liable to get only the bare, dry bones and to extinguish the living breath. The problem may, of course, be insoluble, but in fairness we must admit that it is at least real and that Murray tried to solve it. He found in Euripides something which not all scholars have found, and did his best to convey it to others in a language which they could understand and appreciate.

It was characteristic of Murray that when he practiced the parallel art of translating from English into Greek he allowed himself no liberties and produced Greek verse which is not only very close in sense to the original English but delightfully lucid and firm and, above all, Greek. The two arts illustrate the two sides of his character, the romantic and the classical. It was this unusual combination which was responsible for much of his power both in teaching and writing. He was without question one of the greatest teachers of his age in England. His lectures at Oxford were both a revelation and an inspiration to young men and women who had indeed been taught Greek at school but seldom been allowed, still less encouraged, to treat it as a living thing. Murray, who believed passionately in Greek as an intellectual discipline and thought the study of it more useful than that of English or modern languages, believed no less passionately that it was also a great deal more, that it was an exalting experience to be shared and assimilated and enjoyed.

In his exposition of Attic tragedies he began with the establishment of the text and the precise meaning of the words, and to both he gave his trained and careful attention, but this was only the start from which he moved to his dramatic and imaginative interpretation of the poetry and the drama. His own experience of the stage stood him in good stead, and he had clear and cogent ideas as to how a play should be acted. But more than this was his feeling for the movement of the whole; for the significance of the choral songs, which he read as if they were music and not prose cut into arbitrary sections; for the mounting tension which leads to a climax; and for the actual climax when it comes. The whole performance was done quietly, but every word was chosen with

consummate skill, and strong reserves of emotion would come to the fore as Murray unfolded the doom of Agamemnon or Oedipus. His explanations were swiftly and surely delivered, as when he explained Clytemnestra's summons of Cassandra — "She wants another victim" — or marked the stages by which Jocasta comes to see the hideous truth about Oedipus. Everything fell into its place, and the whole masterpiece emerged in its strength and wealth from Murray's concentrated, eager exposition.

In the years immediately after World War I, when Oxford was full of young men battered and stunned by bloodshed, Murray brought them back to civilization and through his evocation of the Greek past made them feel that they had after all fought for something which was worth defending. In the national scene his work was even more significant. For at a time when reform was in the air and a classical education seemed to many an outdated and useless luxury, Murray demonstrated that it could do more than almost anything else to restore sanity and balance and perspective after the indescribable devastation of war.

By uniting scholarship and imagination in his lectures and his books, Murray satisfied both sides of his conflicting nature and indulged alike his classical sense of order and his romantic yearnings, his pleasure in words for their own sake and his desire that they should make an impression on the world, his respect for the past and his rebellion against it.

Among professional scholars he had some unrelenting opponents, notably at Cambridge. When Henry Jackson, Regius Professor of Greek, saw in the preface of Murray's *Ancient Greek Literature* the opening words: "To read and re-read the scanty remains now left to us of the Literature of Ancient Greece, is a pleasant and not a laborious task," he scrawled in the margin "Insolent puppy!" Murray's old forerunner at St. John's, A. E. Housman, who after strange vicissitudes had come to be feared as the most savage scholar of his day and who was appointed in 1911 to the chair of Latin at Cambridge, devoted much of his inaugural lecture to a denunciation of Murray and his methods. The editor of Manilius had long prevailed over the author of *A Shropshire Lad* and did not approve of scholarship being mixed with poetry or of scholars displaying a love for literature. Even in Oxford there were those who regarded Murray as "brilliant," but the word was not meant to praise him.

Yet Murray was attacked for his outstanding virtues. It was idle, and worse, to wish him to conform to ordinary methods of scholarship; for that would have ruined his unique gift for teaching and interpreting Greek. But while those who

did not know him might maintain a contemptuous superiority toward him, those who knew him succumbed to his indisputable mastery of his subject. At meetings of learned societies he was always able to take a leading part just because he knew Greek poetry by heart and knew what it meant. He would remind his fellows of this or that passage or supply what was obviously the right interpretation, and no one could gainsay him. Even before 1914 his chief battles were won. The younger generation looked on him as their master, and though he was sensitive to criticism and saw no excuse for *odium philologicum*, he was sure enough of himself to go his own way.

EVEN so, scholarship was not enough. Murray had always been actively interested in politics as a radical who disapproved of the South African War and advocated votes for women. He was vigorously abetted by his wife whom he married in 1889. Lady Mary Howard was a daughter of the ninth Earl of Carlisle and came of a family noted for its aristocratic distinction and its political independence. She combined a warm heart, a noble courage, and brisk intelligence with a strong element of Puritanism and a delightful way of saying just what she felt. She converted her husband to abstention from both meat and alcohol but failed to persuade him to follow her example in becoming either a Quaker or a member of the Labour Party.

In other political activities she gave him energetic encouragement, but his personal admiration for Asquith and Grey modified his earlier radicalism, and it was partly from trust in them that he supported the entry of Great Britain into war in 1914. He saw it as a crusade for what he most valued in European civilization, but once it was finished, he was determined that it should not happen again.

With men like Smuts and Robert Cecil, Murray worked hard for the League of Nations and for a machinery to make it effective. In England he was a pillar of the League of Nations Union and its president from 1928 to 1938. He would spare himself no trouble to make its objects known and would think nothing of spending hours in explaining them to small groups of people in remote places. He did the work because he believed in it, but he was rewarded by the pleasure which he found in its personal and dramatic aspects. Though he cut an unusual figure at official dinners as he sipped his barley water or ate nut cutlets, in council he carried considerable weight and on the platform he was an eloquent speaker.

But he always seemed rather too fine a creature

for the rough-and-tumble of politics, no matter how high-minded, and his ability to see more than one side of a question was sometimes construed as an inability to make up his mind. Indeed, so far from being an implacable doctrinaire, as academic persons are supposed to be when they take to public affairs, Murray was unusually supple and resourceful. He enjoyed the intricacies of maneuver and felt that compromises and concessions were inevitable if any progress was to be made. He was probably at his best at meetings of the International Committee of Intellectual Co-operation, which was a faint anticipation of UNESCO and dealt with cultural and educational matters on which he could speak with authority.

If at times he wondered whether he was really doing any good, he would derive confidence from some of the men with whom he worked. In the early days of the League he formed a deep affection and admiration for Nansen, who fulfilled his ideal of what a hero in the modern world ought to be. Once, when Nansen went to stay with the Murrays, he announced to their horror that he was going out fox hunting. They tried to dissuade him on the ground that he had no suitable clothes for it, but Nansen was not in the least perturbed and toured a series of undergraduates' rooms until he got all that he wanted.

Murray admired too the intellectual agility of Beneš and the stirring eloquence of Briand. The League of Nations provided him with the kind of drama that was near to his heart and brought him into touch with men who shared some of his ideals but who were in other ways unlike him.

MMURRAY embodied much that was traditional in English culture. Despite his affection for eccentrics and rebels and misfits and his own advanced views on certain subjects, he was, in the best sense, conservative in many important respects. He was extremely fond of literature, but his tastes were formed in boyhood and altered very little afterwards. Apart from Greek, he liked the great masters of the classical manner, such as Milton, Racine, and Goethe, and he remained to the last a devotee of the Victorian poets. He was not very interested in modern poetry and failed to see even the splendor of Yeats's later work.

His most curious blind spot concerned Shakespeare, about whose work he went as far as George III in thinking much of it "sad stuff," while he positively disliked Shakespeare's frankness on physical matters. An ardent young undergraduate, who was much distressed by Murray's

low view of Shakespeare, once played his last card and said, "But surely you like *Twelfth Night*?" Murray answered, "I think it's a disgusting play." On the other hand he greatly enjoyed the irresponsible frivolity of P. G. Wodehouse, and once, in a Swiss hotel, when Murray was reading aloud from a Wodehouse book, he caused such hilarity that he was told by the proprietor that if he did not stop he would have to leave.

On morals and politics Murray had unexpected limitations. Though he was a man of unusual understanding and charity, he was strait-laced on personal morals and even felt that J. M. Keynes was a doubtful accession to the Liberal Party because of his tolerant views on morals. In politics, though Murray believed in peace, he was not a champion of it at all costs, and he had no hesitation about approving the declarations of war by Great Britain in 1914 and 1939.

More surprisingly, he had in him a strain of the Victorian imperialist who thought that it was sometimes permissible for a "higher" civilization to impose its will by force on a "lower," and he went so far as to give modified support to Sir Anthony Eden in his Suez adventure. Yet Murray would do everything he could to help the oppressed and the persecuted. Refugees from Hitler were given a warm welcome at his house, and he was indefatigable in his efforts to make the odious reality of the Nazi system known to his countrymen.

MURRAY had an enchanting sense of humor. Those who knew him only from his books might never have surmised his whimsical and original fantasy. His academic stories were quite unlike the usual legends and had a charming absurdity, like "I knew a learned Turk. He knew all about Cicero, and had read everything about Cicero. No one has ever known so much about Cicero. . . . He hated Cicero."

He was equally unexpected about the figures whom he had heard and seen, from Gladstone to Baldwin, and liked to tell how Asquith, on being asked by a distinguished American lawyer if he knew anything about the American constitution, nodded and said, "The worst in the world!" His wife did not always approve of Murray's stories and once said sternly to him, "That's not true, Gilbert, and you know it." With a gentle smile he answered, "I may have dramatized it in my mind" and proceeded to tell another. His resourcefulness was no less ready when he was faced by situations not quite to his taste. Robinson Ellis, who had an old-fashioned scholar's taste for impropriety, suddenly said to Murray, "Tell me,

Mr. Murray, are you interested in incest?" and Murray replied politely, "Yes, in a general way."

His letters and post cards usually contained some touch of gaiety or fancy. When the *Oxford Book of Greek Verse* was in process of compilation, he was asked whether it should include something by the stridently un-Hellenic poet Timotheus, and he answered, "We had better put him in. Otherwise T. S. Eliot might complain." When he was eighty-seven, he sent me a post card on a point of scholarship and added a postscript: "I'm getting terribly old, but don't tell anyone."

Murray bore his advancing years with apparent ease. Late in his eighties he would catch an early train to London to attend some committee meeting or address a learned society. In Oxford he would appear unobtrusively at classical discussions, where he always showed that old age had in no way diminished his mastery. His patience and his tolerance gained a new serenity. Seeing him called to one's mind the lines of Sophocles:

The wise never grow old; their minds are nursed
By living with the bold light of day.

Even after his wife's death he still had his inner resources and his old loves to sustain him. About his last weeks there is some mystery. His daughter, who was a convert to Roman Catholicism, introduced a priest to her father. Murray took a liking to him and in his illness allowed himself to be blessed by him and made some sort of statement to him. This was taken to mean that after eighty years of apostasy he had returned to the faith of his childhood. It is possible that he did, but he was gravely ill, and what was thought to be an act of submission may have been made without any real understanding of what it implied. It is at least significant that about a week before he died, Murray was walking in his garden with Mr. Hugh Lloyd-Jones, who was working with him on Aeschylus, and, pointing out two houses on the left, said: "That one is a mental home, and the other is a Catholic community. So if anyone in this house develops either trouble, he has only to cross the hedge." If Murray had known that his ashes were to be placed in Westminster Abbey, he would have been pleased and touched, but he would also have been amused.

To those who had known Murray, his death was indeed the end of an epoch. He belonged to an age more spacious than our own in its intellectual curiosity, in the wide scope of its interests and tastes and aims, in its firm roots in a civilized past and its courageous approach to the future, in its charm and its courtliness and its wisdom. It was impossible to know him without loving him, or to love him without being revived and encouraged and inspirited whenever one saw him.

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

THE summons to jury duty is something one opens with a groan, but I must say that each time I have served I have come away with a feeling of reassurance. The men and women in the jury pool are on their mettle, and they know it; they are nervous when they enter the court, and although some of this wears off, what does not wear off is their respect for the judge. In their attentiveness they are swift to realize that the judge is their referee, that the opposing counsel are special pleaders, and that the witnesses are as vulnerable as they, the jurors, might be under the given circumstances. This feeling of "There but for the grace of God go I" is always present in the jury room. I remember during Prohibition one juror saying to a group of us while we were waiting to be called: "I warn you boys that I won't find against any motorist charged with driving under the influence unless he's done real harm. I take a drink sometimes before I drive home, and I'm damned if I'll be a hypocrite," and another juror saying, "I don't see how we can accuse a man of playing the numbers when we all do it ourselves."

This fellow sympathy can result in a spontaneous verdict, as it did in a case of alleged high-jacking. The driver of the truck defended himself, without a lawyer, and with an honesty and indignation which were transparent; the lawyer for the trucking company, charging conspiracy, was a shuffler of papers and a master of insinuation. His manner was contemptuous, and he antagonized the jury in less than forty minutes. Jurors are just as irritable in the face of warped testimony or downright lying. In a rape case on which I sat, it was perfectly apparent that both sides were skirting the truth. Innocence was not a party to the proceeding, yet there was the child, and the question was how much the young man could honestly contribute for its upbringing.

It is my experience that a jury is most susceptible during the first fifteen or twenty minutes of the trial. Here is the opening narrative as it is pre-

sented by the first witness, and if the witness has a colorful idiom and is being led on by a skillful lawyer, the jury will receive impressions which are lasting and which, by a deft touch here and there, can be made to confuse the issue. I remember a murder case involving three Negroes: the dead man, the accused (it had taken years to apprehend him), and the single witness, whom I shall call Jenkins. The lawyer for the accused was himself a Negro, mellifluous and polished, and the opening testimony as he drew it from little Mr. Jenkins was a thing of beauty. It appeared that the trio had been drinking and gambling in a lodginghouse bedroom; Jenkins had been cleaned (except for his insurance policy, which he wouldn't play for), and while he dozed on the couch, the other two played passionately on.

"And what woke you up, Mr. Jenkins?" asked the lawyer.

"The knives did. The knives were out and the blades were crying."

"And how would you describe Mr. Smith? [The victim.] Would you say he was excited?"

"Yes, sir, he sure was excited. He was more — he was ambitious!"

"And then, what did you do?"

"I sprang between 'em, brave as a lion!" — which indeed he had done, with the result that his cheek was laid open from his ear to his chin. We saw the hairline of the long scar, but more than that we heard the pleading of the lawyer not to judge these men by our standards but to remember "the law of survival . . . self-defense." Through this comitragedy the excuse of "self-defense" was woven like a thread. The accused, a formidable figure, was never put on the stand; instead his lawyer lead him over to our box and ripped open his shirt to show us a most appalling scar.

We were a shaken jury when we were locked into our room, and the first vote was ten to two for acquittal. But there were two of us who had some experience with wounds, and when we pointed

out that Jenkins' cut and the great welt on the chest of the accused could never have been sustained in the same fight, the emotion began to change. Nine hours later we went back into the court to have the first fifteen minutes of testimony read back to us. Then we knew that the big fellow had been looking for trouble from the start. Verdict: Manslaughter, second degree.

Juries can be misled, but they keep on trying, and it is my conviction that in the majority of cases their findings are right. The most noticeable difference between my recent term and my first, which was served under Prohibition, was not in the jurors but in the witnesses. I should say that the morality of the witnesses has declined, particularly in the civil suits. People trying to gouge the Metropolitan Transit system, people claiming preposterous indemnity for trivial or nonexistent injuries, were an ugly demonstration of this "something for nothing" age. But murder will out, and so will dishonesty, and it was reassuring to note with what conscientiousness the jury would settle down to figure out the costs when injury had really been proved.

HOW AUTHORS WRITE

The most distinctive feature in the *Paris Review* since its first issue has been the series of literary interviews which the young editors arranged with the leading writers of our day, men and women of the stature and diversity of E. M. Forster, Mauriac, Faulkner, Dorothy Parker, Thornton Wilder, and Françoise Sagan, to name a few. For reasons of economy this was the only way the *Review* could hope to attract such sought-for contributors to its columns, and the book which has resulted, **WRITERS AT WORK**, edited by MALCOLM COWLEY (Viking, \$5.00), a collection of sixteen of the dialogues, is a refreshing tribute to the eagerness and preparation of those who asked the questions and to the writers who gave so generously of their time and thought. For those who like to go behind the scenes of contemporary writing, these discourses, so frankly inquiring, so laden with experience, are a must.

These sixteen, as might be expected, are in agreement on only a very few points: They agree, most of them, that writing is "fun"; that three or four hours' work is the maximum for any one day; that what Angus Wilson calls "the gestatory period" is important and of unpredictable length, and that a first draft of a story had better be written at top speed with the filing and polishing to come later, although to this Dorothy Parker says she needs six months to do a story.

What gives the book its fascination is not the general agreement but the differences. I found

myself absorbed in Mr. Forster's architectural discussion of his novels, particularly of his *Passage to India*. In Robert Penn Warren's interview, the cultivated sensitive Southerner is speaking, and I like the account of his growth and of the redefinition of his ideas from *I'll Take My Stand*, through the novels, to *Segregation*. I was surprised by the prodigality of Simenon — a one-man factory, he — and the humbleness of Sagan. Dorothy Parker may be her own worst critic, and certainly she has no illusions about her poetry when she says: "My verses. I cannot say poems. Like everybody was then, I was following in the exquisite footsteps of Miss Millay, unhappily in my own horrible sneakers. My verses are no damn good. Let's face it, honey, my verse is terribly dated — as anything once fashionable is dreadful now." But her prose is in a class by itself, sharp-edged, probing, in a voice unmistakably her own. There is always a temptation to read aloud or quote from a book like this, and I cannot resist doing it with Parker and Thornton Wilder.

INTERVIEWER: How about Hollywood as provider for the artist?

PARKER: Hollywood money isn't money. It's congealed snow, melts in your hand, and there you are. . . .

Thornton Wilder in his turn was asked to consider the problems confronting young writers: "Is advertising or journalism or teaching English a suitable vocation?" asked the interviewer. Thornton's reply is a classic. "I think all are unfavorable to the writer. If by day you handle the English language either in the conventional forms which are journalism and advertising, or in the analysis which is teaching English in school or college, you will have a double, a quadruple difficulty in finding *your* English language at night and on Sundays. It is proverbial that every newspaper reporter has a half-finished novel in his bureau drawer. Reporting — which can be admirable in itself — is poles apart from shaping concepts into imagined actions and requires a totally different ordering of mind and language. When I had to earn my living for many years, I taught French. I should have taught mathematics. By teaching math or biology or physics, you come refreshed to writing."

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By **CHARLES FERGUSON**

often unscrupulous development of our natural resources, and the corrupting effect of power and wealth upon the individual. In *ICE PALACE* (Doubleday, \$4.50) she has moved her setting to Alaska, our last frontier, and again she is writing about big strapping men: Thor Storm and Czar Kennedy (the very names spell strength), Thor with his Norwegian heritage and Henry George philosophy, Czar with his Yankee shrewdness and his greed to own the whole place. They came over on the same boat, pioneered together, and for fifty years have rivaled each other. Now, as Miss Ferber puts it, they are waging "a silent persistent battle for the welfare — as they saw it — of the girl Christine." Chris is their solitary grandchild, born in the carcass of a caribou in a howling blizzard; she is twenty-five when the story opens, unmarried, black-eyed, golden-haired, hard to curb. The question is, Who will do it?

This reads to me like an old Morality. Czar's associates from Outside, the boys from Seattle — Dave Husack, Sid Kleet, and Cass Baldwin — are the very embodiment of those predatory commercial interests which have been trying to monopolize Alaska for the past half century. For reasons of profit they oppose statehood, and for the same reasons they would suppress every local spokesman with the courage to oppose their schemes. The history of Seward's Purchase, the story of the early reckless days, of the potential locked in these vast northlands have been carefully built into the novel, but the pity of it is that by her process of overenlargement, Miss Ferber makes the picture seem less than believable.

Part of the trouble is traceable to her extravagant phrasing. I am prepared to believe that everything in Alaska is larger than life, except human nature, which I suspect must be pretty much the same there as it is here. Yet in phrases like these the author does less than justice to her people: "Oscar's little eyes narrowed to slits"; "A little cold white flame of dislike shot from beneath Czar Kennedy's eyelids"; "he ruffled the silver plumes of his hair"; "tossing the amber stuff down their throats with one quick backward jerk of the head"; "Sid Kleet's steely voice cut the tension"; "Her hatless head was like a golden torch"; "His lethal gaze searched the crowd, passionless and coldly menacing as the eye of a Colt .38." Phrases like these are as subtle as brass knuckles. Apart from such theatricality, the virtue of this book is the fact that Miss Ferber cares deeply about the future both of Alaska and of mankind. As she makes clear in Thor's last statement to Chris: "What a lovely world. The loveliest. We've had it, a gift, for a million million years, and now we're throwing it away. A pity. Alaska, the arsenal. It should be free."

BOOKS THE EDITORS LIKE

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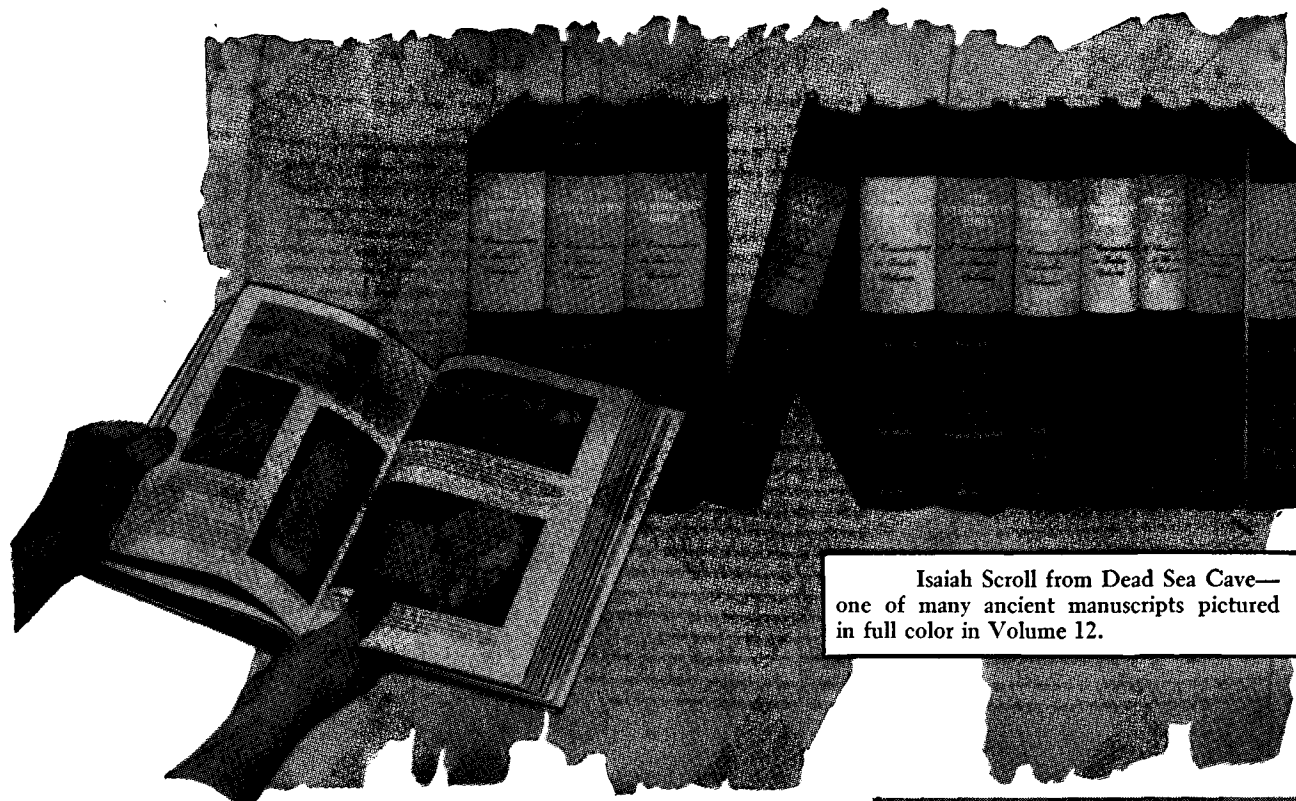
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Reader's Choice

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

First novels can be almost anything, including accidents that only a hopeful publisher could love. This month has produced two that are worth notice as accomplished work and interesting reading by any standards. Both *THE CROSS OF BARON SAMEDI* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.50) by *RICHARD DOHRMAN* and *DENNIS MURPHY'S THE SERGEANT* (Viking, \$3.50) have military backgrounds and concern the power of evil.

Mr. Dohrman's book tells a story that is very old, basically very simple, and as sound today as it ever was: a good man's struggle against the wickedness of the world. Now of course this theme can easily become didactic or saccharin, and the author deserves nothing but praise for the skill with which he has avoided tract and treacle.

The novel is set in Haiti during the brief U.S. occupation of the late twenties, and the hero, Lieutenant Wiley of the Marines, is in charge of a remote hill district where he is supposed to be keeping the peace and putting some starch into the local constabulary. Wiley is a Vermonter with firm notions about his responsibility to his corps, his immediate duty, the prestige of the United States, and his own private version of what constitutes proper conduct. In the confusion of service friendships, voodoo rituals, Haitian politics, and a disastrous marriage, these responsibilities become irreconcilable. Wiley really tries to compromise like a sensible twentieth-century man, but in the final crisis proves as splendidly intransigent as Don Quixote.

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them all in perfect order, *The Cross of Baron Samedi* is as thick with interest as a briar patch with thorns. It is not an easily readable book, however, and this fact is due to M. Dohrman's prose. The author has removed the word "nor" from the English language and has reinstated a number of other words that have roosted in Roget's *Thesaurus* for decades, none of them previously missed. When he writes conversation he is direct and idiomatic. When he writes what Lieutenant Wiley is thinking, he begins sentences in the middle and charges off in all directions. If his object is to distinguish the lieutenant's thoughts from objective events, he certainly succeeds, but the device has the unfortunate side effect of making Wiley seem muddleheaded, a condition which all his actions deny.

The Sergeant is a much shorter and simpler book, describing in unpretentious style the influence of a veteran professional soldier on a boy serving the standard stint in the Army. Sergeant Callan is a dour ex-hero and a stickler for military correctness. When he arrives at a comfortably sloppy supply depot in France (the time is vaguely the present), the men ticket him at once as a hard case, a poor outlook for everybody. They are quite right. Working by technically legal means, taking sly advantage of each man's individual weakness, the sergeant quickly has the whole group under his thumb, too cowed to enjoy even the few miserable pleasures available to them. He then takes on the more difficult job of gaining complete moral control of Private Tom Swanson. The sergeant's appetite for power appears to be insatiable, and is undoubtedly vicious. The fascination of the novel, which all but compels reading at one sitting, is the question of where Callan's limits lie and what will happen when he reaches them.

As a study of a discreet bully with the law on his side, Sergeant Callan is horribly convincing. He roars like a lion and coos like a dove, grows earnestly paternal and blubbers in fits of misunderstood virtue. No matter what he does, the undercurrent of malice remains unmistakable. His weakness is that he himself does not recognize the motive behind his contemptuous hatred for other men; when it finally comes to the surface he is as startled as anyone.

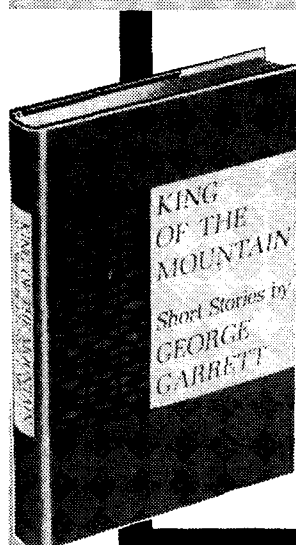
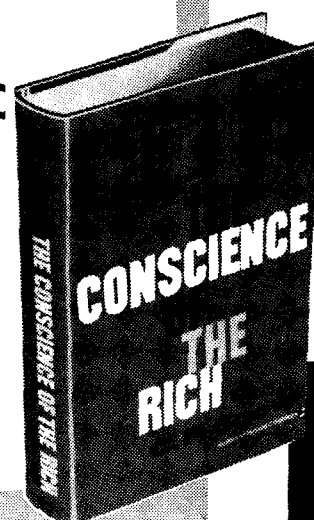
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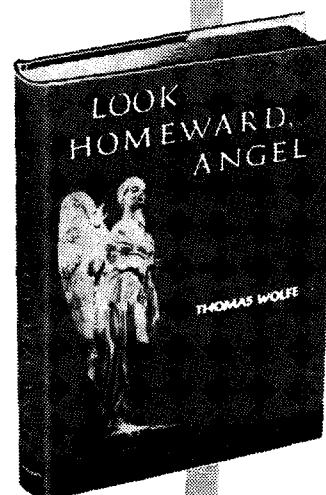
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Young Swanson, a relatively uncomplicated character, is nicely developed within his limitations and makes an entirely suitable foil for Callan. Bright enough to be wary, he is too inexperienced and good humored to resist entirely the sergeant's attempt to remake him in his own image, while Callan's psychotic ingenuity converts each conceded inch into an ell. Their struggle develops the eerie ferocity of any good story of demonic possession, and ends with a satisfactory bang.

Mr. Murphy's control of his characters and his plot wavers only when Swanson is off the post and dealing with his French girl friend. This girl and her family represent the normal world from which the sergeant is trying to lure Swanson, a fair enough scheme, but they are too blatantly angelic to be convincing. They are not a patch on the sergeant for interest. Mr. Murphy can claim distinguished company in his predicament, if it's any consolation. Milton had much the same trouble. Somehow the devil always gives an author more scope.

THE YOUNG T.R.

In his introduction to THEODORE ROOSEVELT: THE FORMATIVE YEARS (Scribner's, \$10.00), CARLETON PUTNAM diffidently confesses that he undertook a detailed life of Roosevelt because, when he himself wanted to read one, he couldn't find any. He also admits to a liking for his subject. These are good motives for any biographer and they have caused Mr. Putnam to turn out an admirable first volume.

To anybody whose memory doesn't reach behind the 1914 war, Teddy Roosevelt is likely to be identified as the man who made noises about a big stick or, even worse, as the bugler in *Arsenic and Old Lace*. The enthusiasm that he aroused in his own time remains a mystery. It is this failure of comprehension that Mr. Putnam has set out to correct by showing how the world looked to a man of Roosevelt's generation and how Roosevelt looked to his contemporaries.

The method is perfectly sound and has clearly required an immense amount of digging. Mr. Putnam has had access to a number of unpublished papers and diaries and has made good use of them. Bit by bit he builds up a picture of the Roosevelt family, of the conscientious elder



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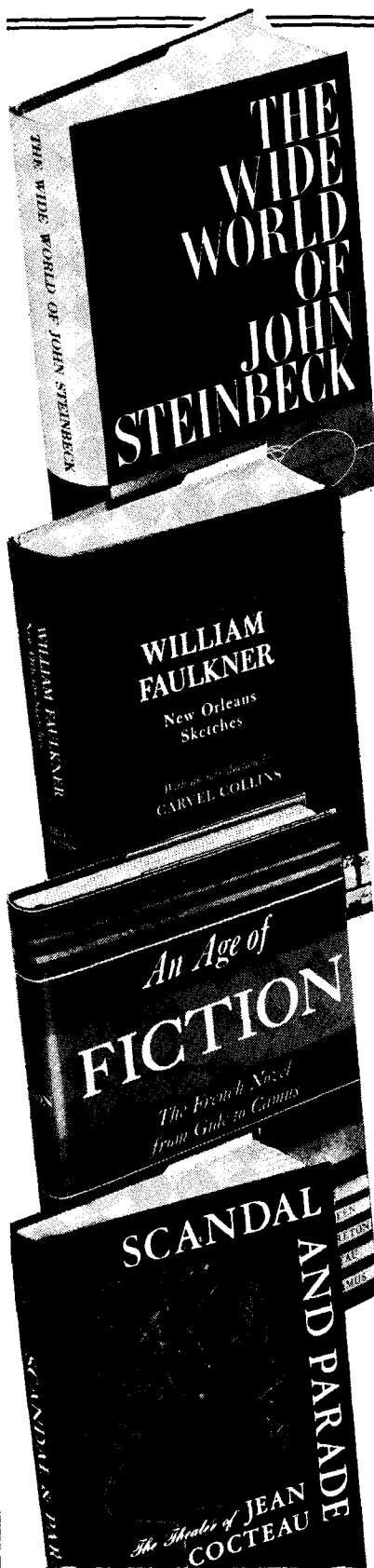
Theodore and of his wife, a Southern beauty whose peppery, amusing, affectionate chatter crackles out of letters a hundred years old. Largely by adroit use of anecdote and quotation, Mr. Putnam makes it clear that the Victorian insistence on moral correctness, financial honesty, good manners, and church attendance had no element of hypocrisy in the Roosevelt tribe. These people believed in their way of life and were proud of it. Because they were proud of it, they must have been much less burdened than later generations imagined. No more burdensome, probably, than a faith in psychiatry or Cadillacs.

Since Mr. Putnam wishes to show Roosevelt in his own time and place, he makes no attempt to re-pose him to fit a later landscape. There is no speculation about repressions or subconscious desires. The author acknowledges that the general sickness of all the Roosevelt children may have had a psychosomatic cast, which is a generous concession in view of his description of New York City at the time. With sewage stagnating in the gutters and unfortunate immigrants packed into the slums like eggs in a crate, the wonder is not that children were sick but that the population didn't die off wholesale.

Despite his distress over Roosevelt's habit of describing every girl he liked as pretty and sweet, Mr. Putnam makes a charming story of the young man's courtship, which was very romantic and late Victorian on the one hand, and quite modern on the other: he wore out a dog cart and reduced a horse to sheer bone. The marriage was idyllic but short. At twenty-five, Roosevelt was called home from the Albany legislature to find both his wife and his mother dying. His grief at his father's death had been intense and prolonged. It is not entirely unreasonable that he never spoke of the dead bride again even to their daughter.

The final chapters of the volume cover Roosevelt's growing influence in politics, his interest in reform, his scuffle with Blaine, and the start of his lifelong love affair with the vanishing frontier. The description of his try at cattle raising in Dakota is excellent. Roosevelt naturally was present only at intervals, but his absence does not deter Mr. Putnam from a thorough account of the terrible winter that froze out the cattle business on the Little Missouri. As the author points out: "Hermann

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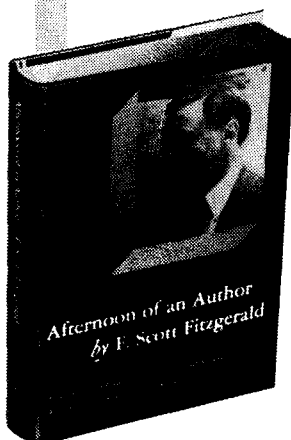
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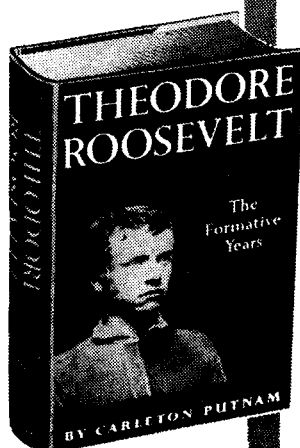
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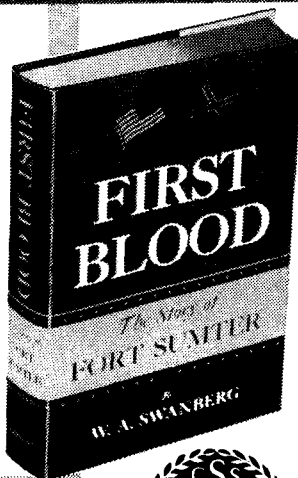
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And the wind about, blowing
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As a woman blows out a lamp."

That wind blew Roosevelt out of ranching.

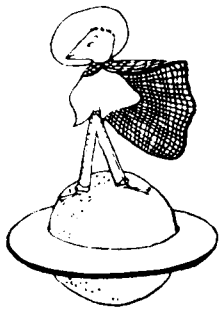
By the end of the book, Mr. Putnam has created a decided feeling of personality. His Roosevelt is, at twenty-eight, a rather formidable, decidedly likable young man, perhaps a little too sure of his world but still agreeably flexible about what he intends to do in it, and above all, real, a state of things that neither affection nor research guarantees in a biography.

POETS AND THEIR TRADE

5 PENS IN HAND (Doubleday, \$4.50) is a collection of ROBERT GRAVES's essays, stories, and recent poems, a sort of pudding which, prodded anywhere in its 360 pages, will obligingly disgorge a plum. The essay material includes some further remarks about *The White Goddess*; a splendid recipe for discovering what a poet is really about, with Milton, to whom Mr. Graves will never become resigned, serving as guinea pig; disrespectful but well-founded notes on entrenched scholarship; speculations on mythology; literary reminiscences, crisp and lively; and a few book reviews of permanent interest.

The stories are labeled "mostly funny," and they are. They are designed in a manner that is no longer officially fashionable, being based on compact situations worked out in action with an unexpected flip at the end. The danger of the form is that the reader will detect the flip before it comes. Mr. Graves rolls his narrative along at such a clip and disposes his red herrings so beguilingly that detection never catches him. The tale of the worthy couple who become obsessed with making compost heaps that they cannot bring themselves to degrade by use is a fine bit of deadpan lunacy, and all the stories, with their speed, neat construction, and witty prose, fill me with a desperate nostalgia for the days when short stories were expected to be short.

The poems which round out the collection are a mixture of light and serious. Mr. Graves adheres sternly in his own poetry to the principles



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of grammatical logic and lucidity in which he finds Milton so wanting. It is a system which, in less expert hands, might lead to ossification, but Mr. Graves's verse grows continually more easy and resourceful. All the poems are elegant, and the best of them glitter with the light that never was on land or sea.

I WANTED TO WRITE A POEM (Beacon Press, \$3.95) by **WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS** is a curious little book, subtitled **THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE WORKS OF A POET**. Miss Edith Heal, the editor, conceived the idea of a bibliography of the works of Dr. Williams, each title to be followed by whatever comment the poet chose to make, and brought the list together in a series of conversations with him.

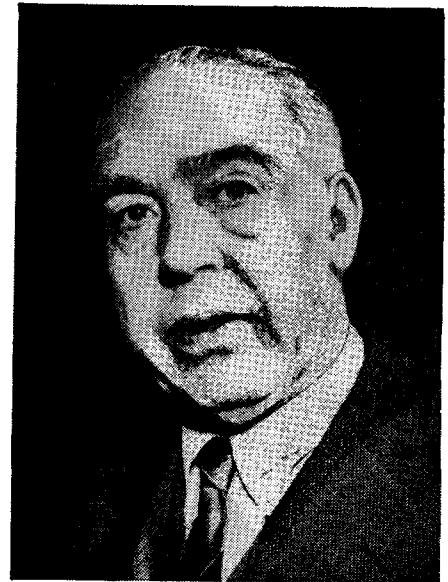
What Dr. Williams has to say about his books is various and unexpected. Sometimes he merely recalls publishing details; sometimes he explains what he was trying to do or how he intended to do this but did that instead; sometimes he goes off into memories of what else was happening in his life at the same time. There is little about the technique of writing but a strong impression of the energy and devotion that underlay the process.

The early section of the book is the most rewarding, for there Dr. Williams describes his amazed discovery of poetry and his first attempts to write it. It began as a secret pet, but in college he started to take it out for airings. "This was my Keats period. Everything I wrote was bad Keats." He knew Hilda Doolittle, then a freshman at Bryn Mawr, and eventually roused his courage to show her a poem. "It was an ode, after Keats I presume, on of all things the skunk cabbage." Miss Doolittle's response fortunately was not fatal.

SPY GAME

THE COUNTERFEIT TRAITOR (Holt, \$3.95) is another of those all but unbelievable spy stories that have been popping up ever since World War II. This one seems more fictional than most because **ALEXANDER KLEIN**, in writing it, has chosen to handle the affair as if it were a novel, providing conversation lavishly and making no distinction between what he has invented and what he has on the direct authority of the people involved. From a scholarly point of view, it's a deplorable

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method, but it does produce a rattling tale.

The spy in question was — still is — an oilman named Eric Erickson, born in the United States but for some years a citizen of Sweden and conducting his business there. At the start of the war, the United States ambassador to Sweden persuaded Erickson to try to use his business connections to collect information on the synthetic oil industry in Germany. This took some doing, for Erickson had first to establish himself as a reliable Nazi sympathizer, a masquerade that alienated most of his Swedish friends. Even so, the Germans were suspicious and it was not until Erickson recruited Prince Carl Bernadotte as a confederate that he contrived to get into Germany.

Once the game was under way, Erickson succeeded in poking about on ostensible oil-buying expeditions and in enlisting helpers inside the German oil industry. The information he brought back to Stockholm hung around in the Allied files for months, but eventually enabled them to bomb the daylights out of German oil and cause disastrous difficulties for all German military machinery. In the final months of the war, when there was no German oil available for Erickson to buy, he, his wife, and Prince Carl confected a truly fine hoax. They advanced a scheme for building a synthetic oil plant in Sweden to help supply Germany, and Erickson managed one last survey around the Reich to study how the mythical Swedish plant should be set up.

On the whole, *The Counterfeit Traitor* is a story of slow, careful planning which paid off, and of steady suspense but little outright violence. At one point, Erickson had to scamper over German ruins in pursuit of a small boy who had bolted with a dangerous document, and on another occasion he knifed an inconvenient witness in a telephone booth. At least, Mr. Klein claims he did and describes the scene in nerve-racking detail.

It is probably unreasonable to complain of any account that gives due credit to a man who performed valuable service to this country at the risk of his life and the loss, fortunately temporary, of his friends, and who took no pay for his trouble, but there is something about the tone of Mr. Klein's telling that makes the whole story seem faintly shabby. Mr.

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Klein too often gives the impression that truth is not quite good enough.

REMEMBER THE ALAMO

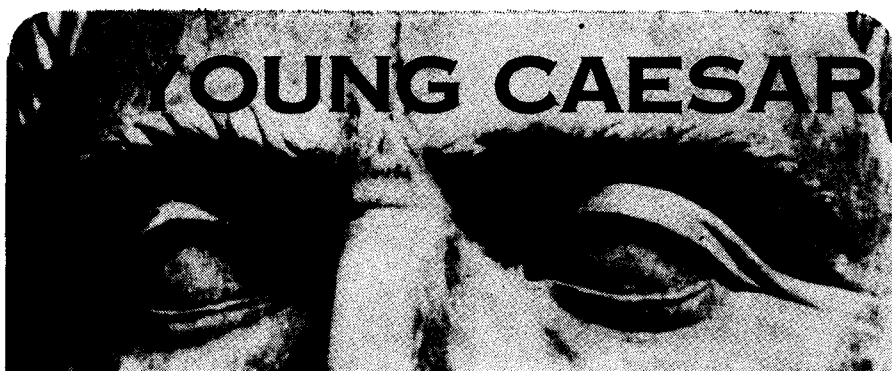
In **13 DAYS TO GLORY** (McGraw-Hill, \$3.95), **LON TINKLE**, book editor of the *Dallas News* and a professor at Southern Methodist University, retells the story of the siege and fall of the Alamo. The first few pages do not do the book justice, Professor Tinkle having yielded to the temptation to invent a journalistic opening which history neglected to provide, but once this hurdle is out of the way, it's a good piece of work.

With the stage set, the couriers off for reinforcements, the Texans installed in the old mission, and Santa Anna's troops settling down for the siege, Professor Tinkle gives the history of the principal figures on the Texan side. Part of the Alamo's epic character is certainly due to the quality of the men who died there: Crockett, the extravagant humorist; the ambitious young hothead, Travis, who turned out to be as good a commander as he thought he was; and James Bowie, the old eagle, who never lost a fight or started one. Professor Tinkle does well by them and also explains the events that led up to the Texan rising against the Mexican government. It's a complicated undertaking, but by clever interweaving of past and present, he manages to get in the background without obscuring the battle, and even to elucidate the political squabbles and military bungling that prevented any relief from reaching the besieged.

The Alamo was held because the Texans supposed it would be disastrous to abandon San Antonio to the Mexicans; yet the Alamo was lost, the garrison killed to the last man, and in a matter of weeks the victorious Santa Anna bumbled into San Houston's trap at San Jacinto and was chewed to bits. But possibly the Texans would not have won such a victory at San Jacinto without the war cry of "Remember the Alamo!"

WOES UNLIMITED

THE GREAT DAYS (Sagamore Press, \$4.50), the latest novel by **JOHN DOS PASSOS**, is a disappointment. Mr. Dos Passos habitually views almost everything with disapproval and in the past has produced some persuasive support for his position.



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but this book is no more than a querulous wail that men grow old and Utopia does not arrive.

Specifically, *The Great Days* is the story of Roland Lancaster, one of those immensely powerful and popular foreign correspondents who seem so much commoner in fiction than in fact, now down on his luck, out of a job, and trying to enjoy a fling in Havana with a redheaded girl. The girl is the sort of neurotic baggage who raises immediate doubts about her companion's good sense, and nothing Mr. Dos Passos has to tell about Lancaster's previous life dispels the suspicion that the man just isn't very bright.

Whenever the going gets rough with the redhead, Lancaster takes to reciting his autobiography to himself, and by the end of the book he has skimmed over thirty years of history. (Difficult, that girl.) He has indeed had a hard time. His sons (whom he has neglected) have turned out poorly. His wife (whom he could not have loved so much, presumably, had he not loved travel more) is dead. His friends are, and always have been, brutes or slob or drunks or all three at once. He has suffered the immense agony of reporting, uninjured, the Pacific war and the Nuremburg trials, and *still* nothing turns out right. It would be a terrible indictment if Lancaster were a convincing representative of Americans in general, but the fellow is too dreary, too humorless, too fantastically adept at making the worst of every situation to be anyone but himself. The case is not helped by Mr. Dos Passos's prose, which sets one foot ahead of the other with all the grace of Frankenstein's monster.

There is a certain melancholy interest to be had from trying to identify the originals of the government officials and literary figures that Lancaster meets. The author dodges *lèse-majesté* by referring to "the president" and "the vice president" and keeping both safely off stage, but Lancaster's idealistic friend Thurloe is plainly Forrestal, and that looks like Harold Ickes among the sweet potatoes. This is a dull game, though, and a poor substitute for the penetrating study of our times that this novel was intended to offer.

THE WORLD OF EVELYN WAUGH (Little, Brown, \$6.00), selected and edited by CHARLES ROLO, the *Atlantic's* regular reviewer, has recently been published.



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*Cradle Song, Josiah Gilbert Holland, 1819-1881

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Accent on

Cooking is a way of creating profound expressions in those who are attracted to it. We know too well the cook who is spice-happy or who will drown everything in red wine or stew it in beer. Even as I write, I find myself thinking hungrily of *carbonnades flamandes*, a beefsteak in beer, as experienced from *The Penguin Cookery Book*, page 164, but there are cooks who, after a success of this sort, would cause beer in half-barrel lots to engulf the whole menu. Others are cracked on the use of sea salt, curry, tomato paste, or sour cream. A man may decide — probably after reading the leaflet surrounding the bottle — that food is always the better for a dash of Angostura, an attitude which I discarded immediately on finding out what a dash did to the omelette I made under the leaflet's guidance. Some cooks specialize in nationalities; the traveler home from Scandinavia becomes a *smörgåsbord* nut, and it's rum or nothing for him who is just back from a trip to the West Indies.

These preoccupations are harmful to good living, for their result, more often than not, suggests that one might fare more contentedly with the heat-n-serve offerings of the supermarket's freezers. To be interested in food, judging from the accomplishments of the fanatics, is a waste of time and money and a blight on social conversation as well. (Per-

haps society will someday settle the hash of the man who invented that apostrophe-n midsection for the drip-n-dry, heat-n-cat trade.)

It is a relief to find so authoritative and inventive a cook as Peggy Harvey, whose excellent book, *Season to Taste*, was recently published by Knopf. She is a member of no cult, expounding neither fad nor hobby, but bringing us all sorts of new and sumptuous recipes. Having just experienced a dozen or more dinners based on *Season to Taste*, I believe *Atlantic* readers would find the Peggy Harvey approach well worth testing in their own kitchens.

It must be admitted that some of Peggy Harvey's entrees represent quite a lot of work. They are not difficult but simply painstaking, and there is, of course, a case for the singlehanded, no fuss-n-bother (it's getting me) man who argues that it's easier to pop a good leg of lamb into the oven than to venture with broth, a *roux*, and ingredients to mince and sauté and simmer. True enough. Yet a forenoon spent on Peggy Harvey's modestly titled chicken casserole yields a dinner dish fit for the fanciest occasion, while watching this entree develop into all its ultimate richness is downright good fun. It would be unkind to give away Peggy Harvey's formula, but the main components will give you an idea of it: chicken, mushrooms, rice, butter, cream, and one pint of raw

oysters, this last a characteristically Harvey twist.

She seems to simmer more chicken dishes than she roasts, a practice all too infrequent nowadays in most households, and her chicken Suzanne is another simmered production of great distinction, this one enlivened by a half cup of good bourbon at the finish, which provides a subtle flavor that stumps even the old hands. For some reason Peggy Harvey leaves the bones in for chicken Suzanne but discards all such in her casserole recipe. I discarded all the debris in preparing both dishes, and I should add that one way of making sure that no bones, fat, skin, and gristle turn up in the final product is to do the discarding yourself.

I shall long remember the moment when the host of a fantastically expensive restaurant in New York, whose hospitality I have always mistrusted, was giving his rather mechanical greeting — the No. 2 bow and smile, I judged — to the man who was taking me to lunch there. The menu seemed unexciting, and I had settled for a coquille of chicken breast. Just as the maestro was condescending his nod and "I-hope-all-is-to-your-satisfaction-gentlemen," my teeth crunched on that great cap of cartilage and bone which resides at the upper end of a drumstick and which had no business being in the dish anyhow. I managed to exagger-

ate, in pantomime, the problem of extracting this outrageous substance from the mouthful that I was munching and my amazement at encountering it in such surroundings, and the great man quickly found business elsewhere.

So, in the security of one's own kitchen, *Season to Taste* discloses many schemes worth trying. Of its grilled leg of lamb Dekker, which calls for broiling a boned leg of lamb seasoned with powdered sage and garlic, Peggy Harvey writes: "The odd thing is that the meat does not taste particularly like lamb. . . . The meat . . . is of varying thickness and, if the cooking time is, as I

recommend, between forty-five and fifty minutes, there will be some rare meat, some faintly pink, and quite a lot well done. If there is no one in the group who cares for underdone lamb, the cooking time for the cut side may be extended for ten or fifteen minutes." Ours came out well done and wonderful, and just as good cold the next day.

We were charmed also by Peggy Harvey's Creole pot roast, a venture with olive oil and seasonings. Of this recipe she predicts, and correctly, "The liquid from the cooking provides a thin gravy," and on this count I found that adding a handful of barley resulted in a thicker gravy

more to our liking. But the "thin gravy" produced by her recipe for beef in milk is a faultless accompaniment to rice or a baked potato.

Season to Taste undertakes only relatively few categories and is not the comprehensive cookbook. It is divided into eight chapters: First Courses and Luncheon Dishes, Sauces, Entrees, Vegetables, Salads, Desserts, Soufflés, and Menus. What it lacks in volume it makes up in the author's own standard of what a good meal ought to be and in her great gift for telling the reader all that he needs to know besides the recipe itself.

CHARLES W. MORTON

The Only Husband

BY R. G. G. PRICE

R. G. G. PRICE lives in Sussex and has contributed much light writing and literary criticism to PUNCH. He writes for the ATLANTIC on a variety of subjects.

Psychologists have converted the world to the belief that being born an Only Child is almost worse than being born deformed. Some psychologists go further and throw grave doubts on the probability that the Oldest or Youngest Child will ever grow up mentally normal. The parent who intends to do the best for his family should have only Middle Children, presumably killing off the first and last born. The Only Child gets too much of the parents' love or hate. He is selfish, criminal, mentally unawakened, a bad father in his turn — and, since the growth of psychosomatic medicine, liable to more than his fair share of disease; any corporation that gets too many Only Children on its payroll will be heading for bankruptcy.

It seems to me that most of the dangers that threaten the Only Child are just as likely to threaten the Only Husband. Even though there may be areas of the world in which polyandry flourishes, even though there may be large numbers of eupeptic bigamists, even though in societies with a high divorce rate no husband of a popular girl need ever feel lonely, there is still a large number of Only Husbands and I think it is time that psychologists got round to investigating them.

Like most things if you really sit down and think about them, they turn out to be pretty unhealthy.

The Only Husband is liable to have to sustain the full impact of his wife's love-hate. If she is a very loving wife she may undermine his



maturity. Instead of presenting him with a series of situations of increasing complexity, she is apt to solve his problems for him. For example, the Only Husband cannot find his socks. In many homes, instead of making him work out for himself where they are likely to be, the wife dashes off and finds them. If she is turning the hate on, the Only Husband feels unwanted. If he is receiving the full impact of her love, he determines to make no effort at all next time.

To carry the example of the socks a little further: if the Only Husband had other husbands in the home with him, he would find his wife's cherishing care spread out among

them and, while not finding himself in the dreadful position of being totally excluded and always having to find his socks for himself, he would learn by experience that only one time in four, perhaps, could he expect his call for help in dealing with a situation to be answered. He might eventually learn the satisfactions of helping his wife to find her stockings and even, provided he had it in him in the first place, learn the deep sense of achievement to be gained from helping the other husbands to find *their* socks.

The Only Husband is liable to want to draw attention to himself, to be the center of things instead of just one member of an integrated group. He may even get to the point of insisting that his wife leave the household chores to applaud his imitations of Frederic March. When he meets other husbands at parties he sulks at having to share the limelight with them. He is a bad listener and a bad audience. He becomes boastful and overbearing, though sometimes he goes to the other extreme and retreats into his shell and becomes paralyzed with a shyness that may easily turn to sulks. If there is such a thing as the opposite of a catalyst, he is it.

The Only Husband is apt to fuss over minor ailments in order to gain even more of the love and sympathy to which he feels entitled. He falls off things, low things. He suffers flesh wounds. He feels vague diseases coming on and demands such forms of preventive medicine as rest, hot drinks, and temporal massage. If his wife is a woman who takes her duties to her neighbor

seriously, he will receive the news that she is going out to indulge in community service with wild claims that she ought to stay home and look after him. When his wife is ill he is apt to feel ill too, though in a more interesting way. He will do what he can to help her but he will expect it to be remembered in detail and he will, before long, be busy establishing himself as a more baffling patient than she has ever been.

The Only Husband tends not to progress from the Pleasure Principle to the Reality Principle. He becomes emotionally disturbed when things are as they are and not as he wants them to be. In acute cases the Only Husband will try to break them if he can get at them. If the trouble is something you cannot throw across a room, like a bank, he broods darkly on getting after those in control with a disemboweling knife. He is in the habit of appealing to his wife to agree that the nature of things should be altered in his favor. The overindulgent wife may well ruin his judgment and his capacity for adjusting to the world he lives in by agreeing; whereas the wise wife will point out that there are many other husbands in the world and their rights must be considered too.

The Only Husband must be encouraged to go out and meet others. Membership in community organizations can do wonders for him. So can participation in such sociable sports as golf. It is probably true that joining in the life

of a golf club has saved many an Only Husband from mental disease, ulcers, uxoricide, grand larceny, and indulging in Art.

Except in rare cases, it is better that the Only Husband should not be sent away from home for long periods. At one time it seemed that such male companionship as would be afforded by being a drummer or the like would be valuable in helping the Only Husband to come to terms with the world — of course with periods of holiday at home. But nowadays it is thought that deprivation of wifely love and care may result in as serious deformations of character as excessive tenderness. It seems best that the Only Husband, while enjoying frequent short absences from home, should live within the family environment. The Wife-Husband bond is, it is now believed, essential to psychophysical health, and where the courts sever it the services of a marriage bureau should be called in to ensure that the Only Husband does not feel deprived but is placed without delay in the care of a woman who will come to replace the wife he has lost.

I have no space to go into detail about all of the many pitfalls that await the Only Husband. It is unfortunately necessary to omit the problems created by the existence of children. The lines on which such situations can be resolved may be suggested by a consideration of the best way to treat the Only Child whose mother neglects him for dogs.

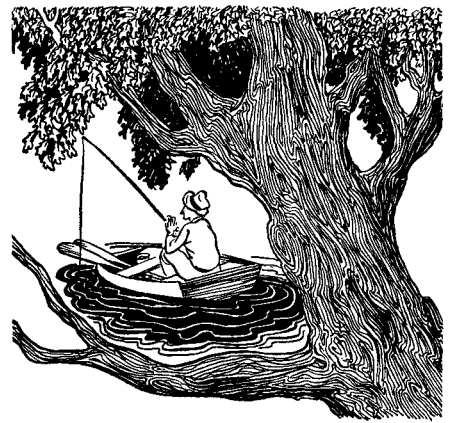


AN EYE FOR AN EYE

BY JEAN SEWELL STANDISH

My kindest critic looked at me,
And in his pupil I could see
My image, convex as a kettle,
Cretin and absurdly little.

Enraged, I gave him stare for stare;
I trust he saw reflected there,
Black and bulging as a pot,
A small Mongolian idiot.



Fishing Is

BY FRANCIS W. HATCH

Fishing is not alone the intelligent pursuit of shadowy creatures beneath the surface of still or hurrying waters.

Fishing is the discovery of pale pink arbutus, flowering in the shelter of an oak leaf. It is the flaming candelabra of a cardinal flower standing erect in a shadowed brook; the fragrance of a wild strawberry; or the shy beauty of a wild rose blooming in the root loop of a weather-beaten stump. Fishing is the awareness and enjoyment of these and other miracles, by the hundreds, along the varied margin of a watercourse.

Fishing is the pause beneath a covered bridge, when, overhead, a passing car sheds shimmering particles of dust which turn to a golder shower in the slanting rays of a waning sun.

Fishing is a pipe enjoyed, back against rock, listening to liquid love poured on the dampening air of the evening by a hermit thrush unseen.

Fishing is a drink which any wise physician would prescribe at the end of the day, the perfect antidote second only to sleep, for weariness. And if perchance a clumsy boot has filled to brim with water but lately mountain snow, a drink, indeed holds power to save a life.

Fishing is companionship with company of men, each of whom along the stream or around the fire divesting himself of all distinction of the world, reverts to the simple man, welcomed and respected by others who are similarly blessed with the power to comprehend.

Onward the Lemmings

BY R. P. LISTER

R. P. LISTER is an English free lance whose poetry and light articles appear frequently in the ATLANTIC.

I only once met a lemming socially, and that was on the lower slopes of a mountain called Akka, not far from the shores of the great lake Luoktanjarkajaure, which few but Lapps can navigate and none but Lapps can pronounce.

This lake is one of a string of lakes joined together by rapids. We had been navigated up it the day before by a Lapp called Lars Pitto. Pitto was small and square and wore a



peaked hat with a huge bobble of scarlet wool on it, falling forward over his forehead. His boat was an open boat with an outboard engine, effective enough for the purpose except that it broke down every hour or so. The journey consequently took nine hours. Sometimes repairs could be executed on the spot, while a heavy sea threw the boat about, the thunder bellowed, Pitto peered at his plug by lightning flash, the rain trickled steadily into the open cylinder, and all idle hands baled out with billycans. On other occasions it was necessary to row ashore on various uninhabited islands, so that Pitto could blow through the petrol line, freeing it of its present obstruction but providing plenty of material for future ones in the shape of fragments of scarlet wool from his plume, which commonly got into his mouth while he blew down the pipe.

The next morning, however, when I met the lemming, was one of those warm, sunny mornings of the brief arctic summer when the mountains

and the lakes doze in the heat, the birch and willow scrub buzz with a million man-eating mosquitoes, and the previous day's storm seems an improbable memory. In the company of a scientific Swede called Gustafson, I was strolling down toward the lake from the solitary hut on the slopes of Akka, enjoying the sunshine and the quaintly mingled smells of the steam rising from my sodden *anorak* and the anti-mosquito jungle-oil with which we were both liberally smeared, when we spotted the lemming sitting in the scrub a yard or two away from the trail.

I was not formally introduced to the lemming, but I have since learned that his name was Lemmus Lemmus, of the family Microtinae. He was five inches long and covered with tawny yellow fur. He did not run away when he saw us, but backed up against a birch root and looked as fierce as he could, which was not very fierce. Lemmus Lemmus is rather like a vole, and is about as successful at looking fierce as a vole would be, except that a vole does not try.

We squatted down to look at Lemmus, slapping away the mosquitoes which were eating our knees through our trousers, while Lemmus looked fiercely back at us. He seemed a rational enough creature; and yet the lemming legend, Gustafson told me, is quite true. Lemmings breed very fast, and when there are too many of them for the amount of food they can find in the district, they all set off in their thousands to go somewhere else. They make for the lower-lying land and the distant sea, and on the way they eat anything that is handy to be eaten, which is mostly stuff that the people of those parts would prefer to eat themselves. Lemmings are vegetarians so do not actually eat the cows; but the cows have to get along on what the lemmings leave.

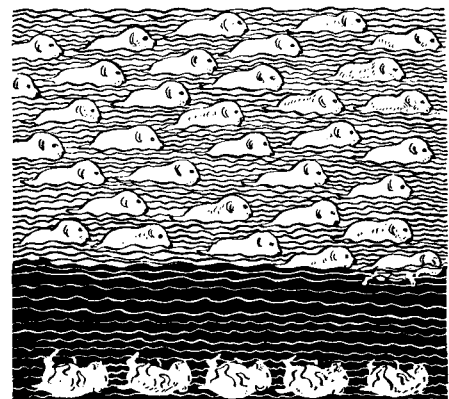
The lemming horde is understandably unpopular. On its journey, which may take many months, it is attacked and set upon from all sides. Eagles and hawks and crows swoop down and treat the horde as a perambulating larder; reindeer, in the upper reaches, and cattle and goats lower down stamp around among it,

obliterating whole companies and battalions of the army with their hoofs. Like all armies, it suffers from epidemic diseases, so that division after division is reduced to platoon strength by lemming fever.

Nevertheless, the lemmings move slowly but implacably on, undeterred by these disasters. When they encounter rivers or lakes they plunge unhesitatingly in and swim across. If a river is too swift, or a lake is too wide, the lemmings that choose to cross there are drowned by the thousands; but there are still plenty more. All the time they are having lemming babies, and by the time they reach the sea, despite the numbers lost, there are quite commonly more of them than when they set out.

There is something very human about lemmings. Once they get the idea that there is always a better place further down the road, it possesses them completely. Somewhere ahead there is the lemming paradise, a place where the grass is greener and the birch shoots are sweeter; where it is never necessary to munch the lichen off the rocks till the grass comes up again and the dwarf birches sprout new leaves in the spring. Inspired by this belief, they make their way onward and ever onward, with a devotion and self-sacrifice which would be called inhuman if it were not, only too recognizably, very human indeed.

My own lemming, Lemmus Lemmus, showed no signs of this idealistic madness. He seemed a quiet, amiable creature, contented with his lemming wife and his arctic-summer birch shoots. When we stopped staring at him so closely and retreated to a few yards' distance, he ceased to back up against his birch root and went off into the scrub, where, stalking him cautiously, we watched him enter his cozy little nest in a tussock at the base of a



desirable rock. Clearly it would only be when the idea, the cause, the great adventure, got hold of him, together with a certain hunger in his stomach, that he would set off with his fellow millions for the glorious if imaginary lemming paradise far away.

For the lemming's idea never leaves him, once he has it. He does not, as the popular belief sometimes

maintains, have any notion of mass suicide. He merely comes to another piece of water which is in his way.

Since he has not yet met perfection on this side of it, it must clearly lie on the other. He has crossed pieces of water before. So he plunges in, and swims. This piece of water, though, happens to be the Atlantic Ocean, or the Gulf of Bothnia, as the

case may be; and when he gets tired of swimming, that is the end of Lemmus Lemmus.

Man, however, as the scientific Gustafson assured me, always makes sure before he sets out exactly where he is going and whether there is a reasonable chance of his getting there. I have sometimes wondered since whether Gustafson was not something of an optimist.

Dream House

BY JOYCE MUELLING CURRY

JOYCE MUELLING CURRY is a housewife in Brisbane, California, and this is her first appearance in the ATLANTIC.

I hear the housing market is getting soft. Good. Perhaps if people slowed down in their buying of houses they would have time to reflect upon what they personally would like in a house, not "what Everybody is getting these days." I do not know who Everybody is — and while I have no wish for a libel suit, I must say I think Everybody is a totalitarian minority imposing its views upon the unsuspecting majority, which just wants to get along.

I am tired of being told I shouldn't want a dining room in my home because Everybody dispenses with that compartment these days. I am tired of being told I must have an automatic dishwasher in my home as Everybody has one these days. I am given to understand that the right to dine in a dining room, and to enjoy doing dishes manually, went out with burgundy (Everybody is drinking *vin rosé* these days). I am given to understand that if my address is not Lakewood, Crestwood, Lakeview, Crestview, or a reasonable facsimile thereof, I should move.

I must state that I am not altogether alone in this crabbed view that I have. (How's that for the name of a suburban tract — Crabbed View?) I have a very aggressive friend who succeeded in having a full wall installed between kitchen and dinette (dinette — meaning the other end of the living room) instead of the scanty partition which Everybody knows is essential for the quick and efficient serving of food. It took quite some bit of ingenuity

to persuade the contractor that this change in design was not impracticable. For six months she alternately lost weight to prove she could negotiate the three-foot aperture she craved, then gained weight to prove she was too fat ever to hurry, and would always find time to locate said door.

I used to enjoy visits to the apartment of a particular couple who used innovations like a mirror arrangement for watching television from the bathroom and occasional tables made by stacking glass blocks and glass shelves just so. Suddenly they realized that Everybody was moving to Rolling Hills — or was it Rolling Park? Our first trip to their house found us hoping their car would be parked in front for means of identification, or that the houses on their block would be spaced properly so that we could catch the number and stop before passing the whole row of houses.

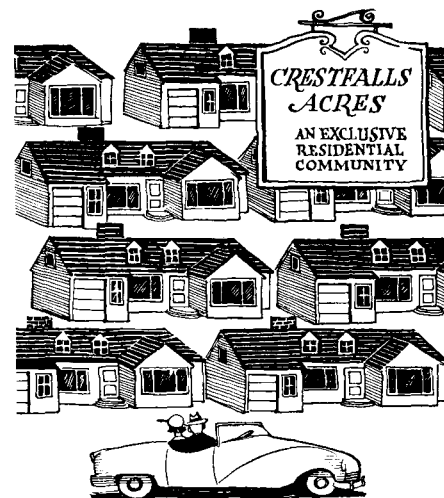
These difficulties mastered, we arrived, to find that all new furniture had been purchased to grace the new home. Modern furniture, of course, for that is what Everybody is getting these days. The effect was that of a doctor's waiting room, with the addition of a television and a picture window.

Picture window — that used to mean a window with a view, but now it seems to have evolved into a kind of window that Everybody has. The view through this particular picture window was of an identical living room in the house across the street, though I noticed our friends had a different style of television from that of their neighbors across the way. The last time we visited there, however, our friends had a new television. Everybody had the new style, they said.

When we were in the market for a house, our friends would say, "Have you seen the new home in Crestview Manor?" or Lakewood Park or

Crestview Park. We would dash out to see this distinctive new home, which inevitably turned out to be merely a furnished sample of all the others in the tract. I suppose Everybody should be allowed to have what Everybody wants. But it can lead to difficulties.

There was the case of the man who returned to his Lake Edge home late at night from a poker party, opened the door, and went straight through to the bedroom without turning on lights, so as not to disturb anyone. It was when he got into bed and found that his wife was on her own side of the bed that he knew some-



thing was wrong. One wonders that this should be his first clue that he was in the wrong house, but it seems that Everybody is installing the new Handee clothes hanger for closet doors, and of course the Brite-Stripe Tacon pajama is a must.

Last week our most recently married friends called to invite us to dinner in their new home. Don't remember now if it's in Manor Park or Manor Dale — or maybe it's Dale Manor. "We can watch television after," Mary said. "I'll take my African violet out of the front window so that you can tell which house is ours."



Record Reviews

BY JOHN M. CONLY

Bartók: Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion

Stravinsky: Concerto for Piano and Winds

Carl Seemann (in both works) and Edith Picht-Axenfeld, pianos; members of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Thomas Scherman conducting in the Stravinsky; Decca DL-9963: 12"

The Stravinsky concerto is a brisk, no-nonsense piece which the composer wrote in 1924 for himself as virtuoso; a good companion to the masterpiece on the overside. Bartók's 1937 sonata is one of the wonders of the modern musical world, a work of inspired imagination. It gallops, glides, capers; tinkles, thunders, whispers; captivates at first hearing and gains with every successive one. Here is, I think, its most successful recorded performance, in part because just the right degree of room resonance was captured by Decca's German engineers.

Beethoven: Concerto No. 1; Concerto No. 2

Cor de Groot, piano; Willem van Otterloo conducting Vienna Symphony Orchestra; Epic LC-3434: 12"

Let us hope this commences a series, because it probably would be a very good one. The playing and recording here are quite as satisfactory as the accomplishments of Rubinstein, Krips, and RCA Victor in the same concertos. And here you also get both works on one disc instead of two. Highly recommended.

Brahms: Violin Concerto

Erica Morini, violin; Artur Rodzinski conducting Philharmonic Symphony of London; Westminster XWN-18600: 12"

I have a theory that all conductors are in love with Erica Morini, so readily do they modulate their or-

chestral voices to her refined and subtle interpretations. If so, I applaud them (and especially Mr. Rodzinski), because here is my favorite among latter-day recordings of the Brahms concerto. Miss Morini offers virtuosity without vanity, and the orchestra is really Beecham's Royal Philharmonic, beautifully led. What more do you want?

Herbert: Cello Concerto No. 2

Peter: Sinfonia in G

Howard Hanson conducting Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra; Georges Miquelle, cello; Mercury MG-50163: 12"

Victor Herbert's Second Cello Concerto is said to have inspired Dvořák to his famous venture in the same form. It is worthy in itself as well, full of melody, rhapsodic in style, to me rather reminiscent of Elgar. Johann Friedrich Peter (1746-1813) was a Dutch-born Carolina Moravian who only once in his life broke out of hymnody, to write six secular string quintets of which this is one. It is performed as scored, but by a string orchestra, and in my house it has been mistaken for Boccherini and Christian Bach, which speaks very well for it. Hanson plays both works in exactly the proper spirit and, as always, the Mercury-Rochester sound is ravishing.

Lalande: Symphonies pour les Soupers du Roi

Mouret: Symphonies and Fanfares

Marais: Suite from Alcione

Jean-François Paillard conducting Léclair Instrumental Ensemble; Westminster XWN-18538: 12"

What was good enough for D'Artagnan is good enough for me. Wherein perhaps I commit an anachronism; these semimartial entertainments were written for the court of Louis XIV, but they are certainly fit for parading musketeers, full of trumpet-dazzle and rat-a-tat-tat. I enjoyed them immensely, and I was aided no little by most excellent sound reproduction.

Ponchielli: La Gioconda

Gianandrea Gavazzeni conducting Anita Cerquetti, Giuletta Simionato, Mario del Monaco, Cesare Siepi; other singers; chorus and orchestra of Maggio Musicale Fiorentino; London A-4331: three 12"

La Gioconda is a lovely opera. Ponchielli and Boito, the librettist, melodramatized all seriousness out of Victor Hugo's tale of Venetian skul-

duggery. There are thrills retained, of course, but when the going gets too grim or gory, a happy festive chorus breaks out in the background or we are given the *Dance of the Hours* (scrumptiously played here). There was an older LP *Gioconda* on Cetra, whose assets were one: Maria Callas. The London is all assets — the two leading ladies rating high among them — except for Mario del Monaco, who really ought either to mend his ways or take up residence between two slices of rye bread. His overacting can't spoil this, though. It's delightful.

Schönberg: Moses und Aron

Hans Rosbaud conducting Hans Herbert Fiedler, Helmut Krebs; other singers; dual chorus; Orchestra of the Nord-deutscher Rundfunk; Columbia K3L-241: three 12"

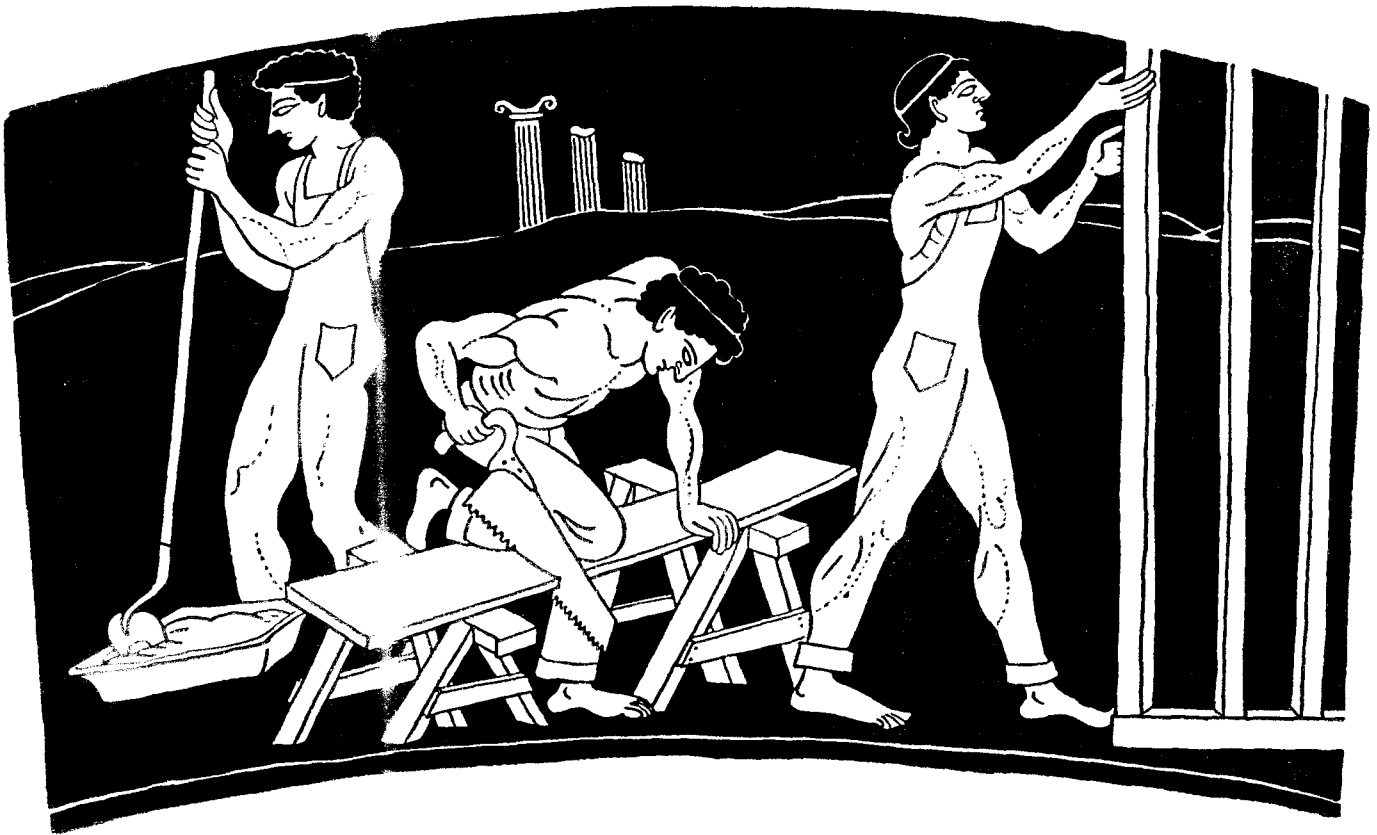
In Arnold Schönberg's twelve-tone opera, finished in 1932 and presented here by Columbia as a red-letter event, Moses is the selfless seer who has the Word, the Truth, and Aaron is the glib operator who cannot understand but can sell. This is not exactly the way I recall the story from the Pentateuch, but it is a good basis for a grim, gripping, and agonized opera. Moses, the vessel of the inexpressible, has a terrible time, and this is unmistakably the same terrible time that Arnold Schönberg had, so the emotional content is genuine. The whole thing is monumental, sonically as otherwise. It cannot be recommended unconditionally: some people couldn't endure it, others will love it.

Schumann-Byron: Manfred

Sir Thomas Beecham conducting actors, singers, BBC Chorus, and Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Columbia M2L-245: two 12"

Byron's *Manfred* is a dramatic poem which is unstageable, unreasonable, and almost unreadable, but which is in part almost wrenchingly beautiful when recited and, further, admirably suited to musical setting and to presentation on records. Beecham (after Schumann, of course) saw this, and to him we owe this spellbinding largess, perhaps the most gorgeous combination of spoken word and musical accompaniment ever contrived. The reverie in the Colosseum, for instance, will have you breathless; you will want to hear it again and again. All I can say is, go get this album.

pleasures and places



GREECE: BARGAIN IN BEAUTY

BY ELEANOR PERÉNYI

Around the world with an electric drill — this might well be the title of a travel book dated 1958. Nowadays, one leaves an apartment in New York (or Chicago or Los Angeles), where riveting signals the dawn, only to find oneself similarly awakened in Rome, Athens, or Istanbul. The sound is not wholly objectionable. It is a peace-time noise, the raucous herald of prosperity, and returning to Greece after an absence of several years, I found it ringing pleasantly in my head. To philhellenes — a curious company who have ranged from Byron to Henry Miller — this daily racket is good news, because it means that a beloved country has taken the long road to recovery.

For most of Europe this means recovery from the last war. For the Greeks, who have the unhappy distinction of living in the most persecuted nation on the continent, the

case is otherwise. To them, World War II and the civil war that followed it were like the thirties as once described to me by a Southern Negro. "The trouble with the Depression," he said, "was that it came in the middle of such hard times." So it was with Greece, the bloody playground of invaders from Xerxes to Hitler and the scene of earthquakes, floods, and civil wars past counting. Today, as one watches an Athenian sidewalk being newly laid (but made of Pentelic marble, thank Heaven, like the old), or peers through the scaffolding at the newly washed face of a saint in a mosaic, one sometimes wonders what is being restored. The damages of the Peloponnesian War? The ravages of the Turkish occupation? Or the more familiar German-made rubble? It could be any of them. One's impression is that Greece is recovering (as the adman would say) from not one,

not two, but all her past ills at once. It is a happy sight.

There are two convenient ways to go to Greece: by air (Air France has a daily service from Paris in its fast, comfortable Viscounts) and by sea, from New York or Italy. The Orient Express is, travelers say, not what it used to be, and though an increasing number of tourists are tackling the motor road from Yugoslavia, it seems wiser to wait for the ferry service, now in the works, which will enable motorists to bring their cars from Italy to a still-to-be-determined Greek port. But as of now, Athens is the point of entry and the best place to face certain facts of Greek life. One of Europe's bargain countries, Greece is also one of the most undeveloped, not really prepared for the flood of tourists who show every sign of following what Cleveland Amory has called Gresham's law of resorts: artists, followed by good millionaires,

followed by bad millionaires, followed by everybody. And everybody may not be happy here.

To begin with, de luxe hotels are rare. Possibly in this category are the King George and the Grande Bretagne (\$6.50 to \$8.00 single)—the latter now officially, though not in local usage, renamed the Petit Palais in deference to the Cyprus question. Hotels of any class are few, and the grand restaurant does not exist. The best food in Greece—the fish, the lamb and fruit and vegetables, eaten only in season and fresh as morning—is in inverse ratio to what is paid for it. Ideally, it is eaten in a humble *taverna* under a trellis of vines, at workingmen's prices. The famous resinated wine is likely to be an acquired taste, and the local fire-water, tasting of licorice and called *ouzo*, is not for everybody. The best drink is water. Greeks know their springs as Frenchmen do their vineyards, and can be seen drinking the waters with a gourmet's gusto. There is pitifully little to buy, unless one is in need of an imitation classic vase or an ill-fitting hand-woven blouse. Beautiful raw silk by the yard is to be found *chez* Gladys Stewart Richardson (Stadium Street, 3A), and a tempting collection of antique embroideries and old jewelry is found all along Pandrossou Street, in what was the old bazaar. But that is all.

The light of Greece

Lacking as it does so many of the mainstays of European travel, Greece is however well worth visiting. This is a country kept pristine by its very deprivations. Almost no road signs mar its bare, mountainous landscape, pierced everywhere by the ink-blue sea and bathed in that rare essence which is the light of Greece (and the despair of amateur photographers, who are apt to mistake its intensity for glare and fail to allow for its delicacy). Those who avoid the guided tour (private cars, costing twelve cents a kilometer, are recommended) can visit the pine grove at Olympia or climb the terraces of Delphi

unmolested by the man who wants to sell them a post card. The charming little tourist pavilions, put up or in construction by the government at all the major and some of the minor points of interest, have staffs who do not seem to have learned the technique of the open palm. And even though you travel first class on an island steamer, you will be in more or less democratic proximity to the tethered goats and basketed chickens of the steerage passengers—and perhaps chagrined to find that they are often disembarked before the gentry. This simplicity, which is quite different from mere crudity, is the enchantment of Greece. It is the secret of the temples, stripped to their bones and still beautiful, and of the tiny Byzantine churches, furnished, when in use today, with all the naïveté of a country parlor.

Greece is of all countries the most uncluttered. Her best moments are her silences, broken perhaps by the music of goat bells. Her loveliest hours are the early morning and evening. These facts alone decide the best way to do the prescribed coverage of the mainland. By motor coach, the five-day all-expense guided tour comes to a munificent \$55 per person, and you will be shunted, usually at high noon, through all the first-water ruins. By hired private car from the same agencies, the tour would be about \$250, a flat rate for any number up to four. (Hotel expenses extra.) Two couples, say, would find the difference in price negligible, the difference in pleasure enormous. Guideless, it is true you may never learn that the Tholos at Delphi is “of late fifth century B.C. Attic style, though its purpose is unknown.” But you will have seen it in its finest hours—not noon—with plenty of time to wander, ponder, and pick a

bunch of blood-red anemones among its stones. As for information, Hachette's *World Guide to Greece* sees all, knows all, and tells everything. It also costs \$8.50 (the price of a round-trip ticket to the island of Mykonos) in this country, and it is best to wait to buy it in Athens' fine bookshop, Eleftheroudakis, on Constitution Square.

Last summer, a good many people seemed to be whizzing over Greece in their own cars; by license plate, they were mostly German. Whether many Americans will be willing to risk a blown gasket in a district where the nearest town may be a “goat village” (as the shelters for these animals on the winter slopes of Parnassus and other massifs are called), and the nearest human being an only-Greek-speaking shepherd, is another matter. However, it should be noted that every road has its pyramid of stones pointing to its imminent improvement; that all road signs come in two letterings, the Greek and ours, and that gas, aside from the expense as everywhere abroad, is not a problem. Each year, moreover, sees new and fascinating areas for travel being opened up.

Church in the clouds

At this writing, the most exciting of these is Thessaly, in the north. This ancient home of centaurs and witches is practically untouched by tourists and possesses one of Europe's great natural phenomena, the Meteora, which could be described as the Grand Canyon with Byzantine monasteries. A forest of 2000-foot rocks, reared like prodigious stalagmites or menhirs from the Thessalian plain, it was the refuge of a troubled fourteenth-century Church, and in its prime had twenty-four monasteries clinging to its pinnacles. Four remain, one of which is a tourist

pavilion. It is no longer necessary to be hoisted up by basket, but the climb on foot is hair-raising enough. The accommodations, former cells, are simple; the supper one gets is cooked in basic Greek, and often eaten by oil lamp because the management has not



as yet quite grasped the workings of the dynamo which is supposed to supply electricity. But the little church in the clouds, still serviced by three monks, is a golden cave of Byzantine wonders, and a night spent in these solitudes, with no sound but the



chanting of the monks and the drip of perpetual moisture from the caves, is an experience not to be missed by anyone who is a connoisseur of atmospheres. Women, incidentally, forbidden Mount Athos — like every other female thing including chickens and cows — can get an idea of monasterial Greece nowhere but in the Meteora.

Every Greek seems to have his island, to which, come summer, he returns, sometimes from as far away as the United States. You see him, this Greek-American or Anglicized Greek, looking rather bewildered by his own preference for a beach bare of resort hotels, a seaside café where nothing is offered but *retzina* or *ouzo*, when he could have gone to Miami Beach or Bournemouth — and happy in a way he can't explain. No wonder. There really is no explaining the enchantment of the Greek islands. The late Kazantzakis once said that to be afloat on the Aegean was the sum of human happiness. To this it could be added that the lawny shapes of the islands, drifting on a satin-blue sea, look wonderful from the air, too.

A few years ago, one visited the islands only by private yacht or in a series of decrepit steamers long since sold off by the safety-minded shipping companies of other nations. (On one I remember all the cabin keys were mysteriously labeled "Victoria Hotel, Vancouver, B.C.") Today, a whole new fleet of fast and attractive little vessels is tethered at the dockside of the Piraeus, each marked for a destination more al-

luring than the last: Aegina, Poros, Hydra, all a day's round trip. Further afield are Crete, with its sea caves and, it must be admitted, slightly MGM ruins; bone-white Mykonos, famous for winds; and Rhodes, so romantic that the austere and hardheaded Greeks rather disapprove of its Italianate flavor. All these islands have good accommodations: at Rhodes, the Hotel des Roses (\$8 single, with meals); on Crete, the new Astir pavilion; on Mykonos, the government pavilion or the Paralos, an elegantly furnished little inn opened last year by a young American painter.

If time presses, a pleasantly easy way to cover all the major and a number of the more obscure islands is one of the five-day cruises sponsored every year by the National Tourist Office, with bookings available through any tourist agency. The price, which includes a cabin for two with all meals and expenses, starts at \$150 and goes down. Even the private yacht with crew and every luxury is within ordinary view. (For further information about this daydream, write the Horizon Travel Agency, 14 Nikis Street, Athens.)

Air travelers should apply to Olympic Airways, which has service to all the islands large enough to sustain an airport via its rattletrap but reliable DC-3s. Like the boats and motor coaches, Greek planes invariably take off at the crack of dawn, which is why the lobby of any hotel where foreigners stay in Athens is apt to be humming with activity from 6 A.M. onwards. (Breakfast aboard the plane is coffee plus three kinds of sweet pastry — a good reason for breakfasting in the hotel.)

The classic scene

The ability to get up early and plenty of staying power on the road are necessary conditions for Greek travel, which may be one reason why so few people ever seem to give Athens more than a passing glance. They're just too tired from seeing the rest of the country. Or it may simply be the first discouraging impression one gets, particularly if arriving from Italy, of a rather dusty city, singularly lacking in palaces, gardens, great perspectives. There is the Parthenon, yes — perhaps the only ruin in the world that really lives up to its reputation. There is the Agora,

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the U.S. contribution to the classic scene — a sort of wasteland (which involved the demolition of a large part of the old Turkish quarter) bounded on the east by the glassy whiteness of the reconstructed Agora, complete with aluminum windows and linoleum floors. There is the superb national museum, Hadrian's library — not much by, say, Roman standards. What remains is the life of the people themselves, the private life, as it were, of a city, and this must be almost exactly what it was in the fourth century. True, the modern Greek no longer goes to the Agora to meet his friends, but you'll find him in an outdoor café on Constitution Square, drinking endless cups of sweet, sedimented Turkish coffee (foreigners should order this "metrio" — moderately sugared) and chewing on the pistachio nuts sold by every passing vender. Unlike the Spaniard, he eats at the American lunch hour in one of several simple but good restaurants like Vassilis or the Capri (both on Jan Smuts Street) or Kalamia (Stadiou 3), after which he shuts up shop till 5 p.m., which the tourist had better do, too, if he isn't to spend several frustrating hours trying to get past the sealed doors of his travel agency or a shop. After sundown, it is standard operating procedure to go to Floca or Zonar, two famous and indistinguishable cafés on Venizelos Street, the respective merits of which are a matter for dialectic hair-splitting among Athenians and the staff of the USIS, whose office is in the building upstairs.

Athens after sundown

If he considers himself really Westernized (and Greeks still speak of "going to Europe"), the Athenian will go, and take visiting firemen, to a night club. But except for Chez Lapin, on the waterside near Phaleron and very pretty in summer, these are mostly dispiriting purveyors of *le jazz hot* in rooms even hotter.

Infinitely more exciting, and uniquely Hellenic, are the myriad little *tavernas* in town and country where the wild and curious native music called *bouzoukia* is played on ancient instruments and where members of the clientele rise as the spirit moves them to perform an improvised, solitary, and Dionysiac dance. Though they are done in public, before an audience of other patrons, it is considered bad form to applaud

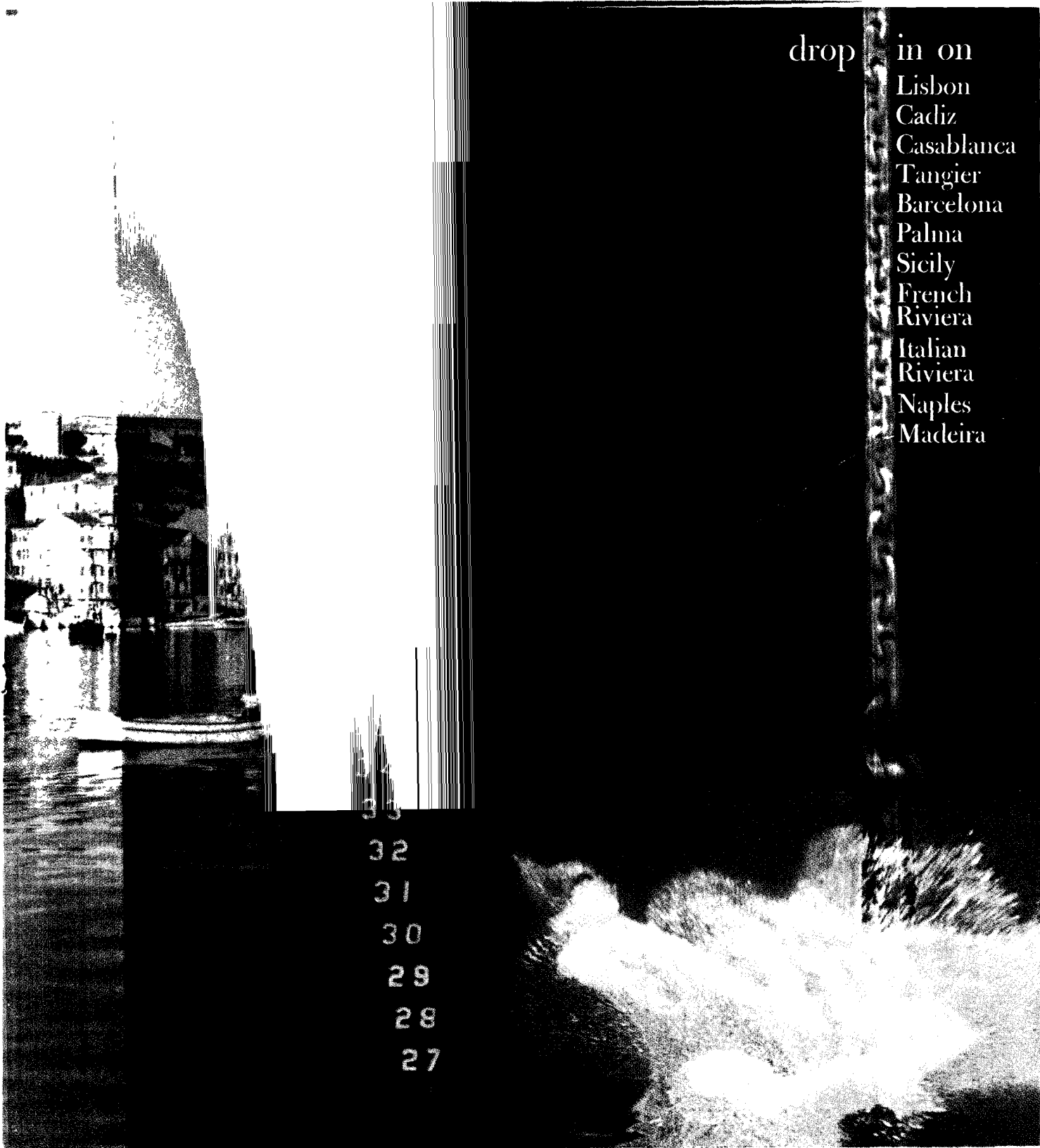
these strange dance meditations, which may be one of the oldest art forms in the world. Because of language problems, as well as the unwillingness of the people to make a show of their "quaint customs," it is



a good idea to have a Greek friend along as pilot and as protective coloration. It will be all but impossible to stand treat to him or his friends; Greek hospitality is as punctilious as the Spanish. But if one can manage it, a splendid evening of food and drink in a *taverna* costs about \$2 per person — possibly the cheapest entertainment in Europe.

Most Athenian hotels are clustered around the center of town, a convenience for shopping and the early morning take-off. But people with a little more time should know about two very agreeable alternatives: the Hotel Cecil, which rates as first class by Greek standards, about twenty minutes out of town in the flowery suburb of Kifissia, where one can still drive around in horse and carriage; and, opened last summer, the delightful beach resort of Glyfada, twenty minutes away in the opposite direction on the Aegean. Astir Hotels are the owners here, and their creation, an oleander-bordered crescent of sugary sand with perfect bathing, plus a series of handsomely designed little cabanas, bungalows, and a restaurant, is so attractive that last summer a number of people were deciding to make it their headquarters on a future trip. A day on the beach costs 50 cents, which includes the use of cabanas. Renting a bungalow, with two meals a day and all service, is \$15 a day for two.

In the July ATLANTIC, Eleanor Perényi will write on Istanbul for Pleasures and Places.



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